

# **Road to Kingdom**

– Oukoku e Tsuzuku Michi –

**- Volume 13 -**

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**[ Light Novels Translations ]**

# Chapter 176

## Mature Lady Donburi

**-Aegir POV-**

“80 men from the escort unit have arrived.”

Myla stands straight and salutes immaculately to show off to the kingdom army protecting the mansion.

The heavy cavalry lined up around the perimeter of the mansion only total 80, but they should be enough to intimidate anyone who gets close.

If I didn't speak with Erich beforehand, there would have been a big fuss about whether the rebellion was still going on.

“80 of you?”

The escort unit was strengthened to 100 men if I remember correctly.

“Those 20 fell out of our ranks due to the strict march. All of them are new recruits. I will retrain them later.”

“I see, don't push them too hard.”

I was thinking of hugging Myla and giving her a kiss, but there is something else I'm more curious about.

“Hey, you-...”

“...”

The escort unit is a squad consisting of select elite forces from my personal army. Naturally, most of them have strong builds which make even Gido, who has a relatively large constitution as a member of the mountain tribe, look small. Amongst those muscular men, there is an individual who is clearly smaller than those

nearby, wearing a helmet with the visor lowered. I can't see the person's face, however this one smells nice.

“ ... ”

I strike the helmet with my fist.

“Auu!”

A high-pitched female voice.

I continue rapping the helmet, to produce vibrations and an echoing sound which should be quite annoying to the person wearing it.

“Au! Haau~! S-stop it please.”

“What are you doing, Celia?”

The helmet was removed, revealing Celia inside who I ordered to stay at home and rest.

“I ordered you to wait obediently at home, didn't I?”

“Uuu... well, I-...”

“When she heard Lord Hardlett was attacked, she begged to come along no matter what, and I didn't have time to spare to convince her otherwise.”

Myla sighs in resignation.

Apparently she wouldn't listen to anything if it wasn't “you can come with us” and even clung to the horse's back without letting go.

“I got on a horse, but my arm is fine! And also-...”

“Celia... you disobeyed my orders.”

I look at her with a stern expression.

Celia immediately goes quiet and her face turns pale.

Really, what was she thinking by wearing all this heavy armor, what would she do if the bone shifted out of place?

“Um... um... I... couldn't just sit still... so I went against orders...”

Aah, now she's starting to cry.

“Geez, come on, let's take off this heavy armor, we can't change the fact that you're here now. You'll just have to recover obediently here.”

I embrace Celia and remove the armor.

“I'm truly sorry. I will accept any punishment... wait, that's not armor! Those are my clothes! Wah, the soldiers will see, please stop-!”

I got carried away and took off too much, leaving Celia in just her underwear. She can be seen quite clearly by the escort unit and the kingdom army so I should take her into the mansion.

I carry the half-naked girl on my shoulder and bring her into the mansion. Some quiet murmuring can be heard from behind me.

“Look... they're going to do it, right?”

“Of course, you think the feudal lord-sama will just leave things unfinished?”

“Is the ‘thing’ we saw last time going to fit in that girl?”

“Won't it just make her ass and vagina into one big hole?”

“Don't say whatever you feel like about me... Aegir-sama, let me down please-! Kroll, you bastard, don't look this way! I'll crush your eyes!!”

There, there, what a cute ass.

I'll rub it lots.

The escort unit takes the place of the kingdom army, who leaves the mansion in their care.

Even though the ringleader has been captured, there might be some stupid people who would take advantage of the chaos.

It is better that the kingdom army has the freedom to move around.

“In the end, we're back to the same lineup.”

“It seems so.” “Yep! But it’s fun!” “Pipi’s here too~” “...I’m sorry.”

Everyone, besides the dejected Celia who disobeyed orders to get here, looks like they’re in good condition.

Myla wanted to talk with Irijina and Pipi to get an accurate picture of the current state of affairs, but the both of them are holding their heads in distress, unsure of what to say.

I don’t have anything to do, so I’ll just relax.

Celia, who changed into her everyday clothes, is resting on my knee like a cat. Rubbing her ass as I enjoy her scent and her warmth really calms me down.

“Umm.”

“I’m not angry anymore. But you need to listen to what I say from now on, got it?”

“I understand. More importantly-”

“Hm?”

“Is it alright if you don’t go to Lord Radhalde or His Majesty? So much has happened after all.”

“I’m just on standby, it should be fine.”

“Is that so? I wonder if that’s really the case...”

“It’s fine. You don’t have to worry about that, just relax and eat your sweets.”

As expected, the luxury goods in the capital are not even close to the ones in Rafen. When I put the cream confection, too sweet for me, in Celia’s mouth, she becomes all happy.

It might just be my imagination, but she feels heavier than the last time she was on my lap.

“Pardon me. Um... at the front door...”

The one who interrupted this relaxing time was Kroll.

“Aegir! You’re here, aren’t you!?”

Promptly following him with loud footsteps is Erich.

“My, my, look who it is...”

Celia flails about and gets off my knee in a panic.

“I told you, the two of us were summoned by His Majesty and scheduled to appear in front of him this afternoon! You didn’t come even after so much time had passed, and I thought-...”

“...”

Oh yeah, the letter which came in response to grant entry to the escort unit did include something about that.

Hmm, I forgot because I didn’t have someone to manage for me.

“We don’t have time anymore! Hurry up and come with me.”

Celia looks at me as if saying “I told you so”.

That gets you a finger in the ass.

“Hauua!”

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## Royal Palace

While looking on in amazement, I was taken to the palace where Erich, Kenneth and the King take their places around the table.

“I hear the three of you endured hard times because of this incident.”

“No, not being able to prevent this rebellion is my fault as the person responsible for leading the army.”

Erich lowers his head, which the King replies with a smile.

“The Royal army is an organization which deals with foreign enemies, catching some bugs hidden within the city is outside their expertise. I won’t blame you for that.”

“Yes Sire, I hear that Your Majesty took action to apprehend Hoover. All that’s left is to stop the villains who are taking advantage of the disorder to run wild in the city, so I’ll add the palace guards to the kingdom’s army and tell them to remain on high alert.”

“Good, I’m counting on you. Nevertheless, the three of you here were targeted by the underhanded tricks of the rebels, yet still you remain strong – how fortunate.”

“I wouldn’t know what I would have done if Lord Hardlett wasn’t at the dance hall. I take this opportunity to thank you on behalf of everyone here.”

Kenneth lowers his head to me.

I’m sure he would have survived even if I wasn’t there since he ran away immediately.

“Not to mention there were close to 100 men attacking Lord Hardlett’s mansion, which were actually wiped out instead... his valor certainly doesn’t put his name as a war demon to shame.”

I wasn’t the one who did that though.

“The story is circulating amongst the soldiers. About how he dismantles his enemies and finishes them off with a breath of fire.”

The King and Kenneth laugh.

The two of them probably think it’s a joke, but Erich’s eyes aren’t smiling.

Information probably reached him since the personnel who cleaned up the mess of corpses was the kingdom army after all.

“Talking about funny stories, something happened at Radhalde’s place too, right?”

“Yes, those ruffians targeted my mansion thinking the ceremony being held was a party...”

It seems like Erich’s mansion was attacked right when he was holding a ceremony to appoint his corps commanders.

Unsurprisingly, the participants belonged in the military and everyone carried swords

on their hips unlike the officials in the dance hall.

The people who assaulted Erich immediately had more than two times the amount of knights and commanders draw swords against them and were suppressed in no time.

“The end game was weak... such a foolish, half-baked plan. “

“It certainly stood out as a careless plan. However... it is still a painful loss.”

Erich lost a leader who had 15,000 troops under his command – one of his corps commanders.

He was in poor health and just so happened to be in his own home.

“Even fools who have status wield considerable power.”

Kenneth also lost a few importantly ranked subordinates.

Having a lot of subordinates is tough.

Oh, this alcohol is pretty tasty.

“As I thought, it’s imperative to secure a larger force of personnel. We’ll expand the scope of the royal institution and... improve the quality of talent as well.”

“I have no objections to that.” “Naturally none here.” “I agree.”

I’ll just answer like the others.

“The two of you are likely occupied with military and government affairs. Hardlett, you don’t have anything in particular you have to do, right?”

Not good. This conversation is going in a bad direction.

“Well I have to ensure the cultivation of the southern lands and make sure the seeds for the wheat in springtime are sown...”

“That will be left to your subordinates, which is why you are here now. You will stay here until the audience in spring where you will visit the royal institution and help develop gifted individuals. I’m sure you can teach the students some crucial intangible qualities.”



“...I understand.”

Afterwards, the King and Kenneth decided on many other things in a good mood and now the visits I’ve been making to the school whenever I felt like got changed to mandatory periodic visits.

Kenneth is probably the one who wanted to get the King to order me to go to the school.

On the other hand, Erich is making a slightly sour expression.

Although I think I’m the one who looks the most displeased right now.

“Can I ask someone to be my assistant in the lessons?”

Kenneth nods greatly.

“Of course. Leaving it all to you may not be sufficient in teaching the students the standard practice and the finer details.”

In that case, I’m still safe. I’ll leave 90% of the work to Myla.

I’m almost certain that she would love to be an instructor.

An image of her firmly whacking the desk with a teacher’s baton in one hand while the students stare intently at her comes into my mind.

“...Seriously, if you just took it easy at Kenneth’s party, we might have been putting flowers beside him at the funeral by now.”

Erich complains to me as we make our way back home on the shaking carriage.

“The Government Affairs Commissioner was the first one who went into hiding. I’m sure he would have stayed alive.”

“He’s completely inept at fighting, yet he’s got a knack for sniffing out danger. That’s why he’s so irritating... and also, I wanted to talk about how you attended a ball held by his faction first.”

I made sure to keep that information vague... but he realized.

“Well, that’s because escorting his wife, who was in the carriage, would be the gentlemanly thing to do.”

"I'm sure he lured you in with the pretty ladies. That guy is really-..."

Bullseye, as expected of someone who's been with me for a long time.

"There are a great number of teachers in the royal institution who are female as well. In particular, most of those in domestic affairs are subject to Kenneth's influence. That's why in order to avoid that, he made it a point to assign the females who were former secretaries and assistants as teachers. Women are often kicked out of a faction, you see."

"What did you say!?"

I stand up in the carriage and hit my head on the roof, prompting Erich to glare at me.

"With that said, don't lay your hands on them! Women who can teach are valuable! I won't tolerate them getting pregnant and becoming your lover."

"I don't think I'll do something as thoughtless as that."

"Seriously, one day you will ruin yourself because of your love for women."

"How harsh."

While smiling, I can feel my dick raise its head up slightly.

"So, those guys who attacked your mansion... they were burned pretty nicely. Don't tell me it's because you can actually spit fire."

"Hahaha."

"It's not like a siege weapon was brought out. Witnesses nearby claim that they sighted fire raining down from the sky. Is it perhaps a spellcaster?"

"Maybe."

Erich sighs and shakes his head.

"Geez, where do you find people with such varying talents... is that individual planning

to enter the army?”

“That’ll be impossible. The kid is faint of heart after all.”

“A woman, huh...”

“Yes, I don’t want to let her out of the palm of my hand. “

“Well, I don’t care what becomes of a single magic user. However, watch over her to make sure she doesn’t use her power in the city.”

Magic users are powerful forces in small scale battles, but they can’t shoot their spells endlessly so they won’t be able to affect much in a battle involving tens of thousands of people.

More often than not, having a talented commander is more important.

That’s why Erich backed off this issue so easily.

It may not be a good idea to let many people know about this though.

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That night, a modest banquet was held for Myla and Celia. The escort unit guarding the perimeter of the mansion were given delicious food and alcohol too.

“There are no abnormalities in Rafen?”

“Yes, nothing much has changed... Nonna-san getting chided by Carla-san for her selfishness happens daily though.”

That sounds just like them as usual.

“Also, the number of Aegir-sama’s children has increased again.”

“What?”

“The maid girl who you got pregnant earlier gave birth and came to greet us after she recovered.”

Aah, that girl... I can’t remember her name.

“Several girls from the mountain tribe brought their children over as well. They said they won’t go back home until a name was chosen for their kids so they’re staying in the mansion right now.”

“I see, I see.”

It’s bad those girls have to wait because I’m not there.

As an apology, I’ll inject my seed into them again before they return to their territory.

“You really are the enemy of all women. You’ll be stabbed eventually.”

“I would be satisfied if I got stabbed by a woman.”

The area became lively and Dorothea, who was accompanied by the children, happily enjoyed the feast as well.

I’ve given her plenty of gold, but she doesn’t really buy any fancy things.

According to Adolph’s information, the cost of living for Dorothea and the kids is just a fraction of Nonna’s allowance.

“Nonna-san is the strange one here!”

“My salary for this month was spent all on alcohol! Wahahahaha!”

“Irijina-san, please stop buying it by the barrel.”

Irijina, who saw that a banquet would be held, went and rolled a barrel of alcohol from the store.

There are plenty of children here so I don’t think they would consume that much alcohol, but it’s already half empty.

Most of it disappeared into Irijina’s stomach.

“Ehe” “Your hair is all white.”

Alice is sitting in the corner of the room timidly sipping her alcohol while Pipi is messing around with her.

Nevertheless, the girl looks over at me happily and doesn’t show any signs of disliking it.

Her hair is still white now, although the roots of her hair are faintly becoming red

again.

“This kind of atmosphere... it’s so warm and I like it...”

“Come towards the middle more. It’s boring if you just stay in the corner.”

“I-I’m gloomy, so... it’ll dampen the mood of those around me...”

Alright, then I’ll make Alice even happier.  
I lift the girl up and sit her beside Irijina.

“Oooh! Alice should drink too!”

“I don’t... need so much... so-”

As if Alice didn’t say anything in the first place, Irijina fills her cup to the brim with alcohol.

“Don’t hold back! People are happy with just alcohol and fights!”

Women need to be added to that list.

“Wahahahahahaha!! That’s great!!” “I-it reeks of alcohol... my ears are ringing...”

She won’t have to worry about her gloominess if she’s beside Irijina.

Eventually Irijina was snoring loudly and was tossed into bed with Kroll and a few other guys as the banquet came to an end.

This night isn’t over yet though.

“Dorothea, Mel... can I borrow you for a bit?”

“Of course.” “...yes.”

They could tell my intentions already just from my words.  
The two of them followed me with flushed faces.

Dorothea asked the eldest girl to help the other younger kids go to bed.

“Uun, Mama have fun with Aegir-sama.”

“Hey now, what’s this kid saying!”

What a pleasant sight.

“Now, let’s get to tasting your bodies.”

I have the two of them stand beside the bed and remove their clothes.

“Womens clothing is pretty easy to take off.”

“Uu... I’m already old but it’s still feels embarrassing.”

“It’s been a while since I last saw Dorothea, but your body hasn’t changed much.”

I pull up Dorothea’s hands which were trying to cover her breasts and genitals and then give her a kiss.

“Oh, the hair is nice down here. Did you trim it?”

“Geez!... My beloved was coming so of course I’ll clean up a bit.”

How cute.

“It’s embarrassing if it’s just us. Hardlett-sama should strip too.”

“Of course.”

I pull my clothes off and stand boldly in front of the two women.  
It goes without saying my dick is already erect.

“Ah... amazing.”

“It’s so big...”

The two of them exchange gazes before Dorothea climbs onto the bed and lays on her back, while Mel lays on top of the other woman on her stomach.  
Their 4 aligned holes lure me in.

“Wonderful. What a delicious looking mature lady donburi.”

“Calling me a mature lady is so mean of you! “ “I’ll cry!”

Their butts wiggle about despite their protesting.

I climb on the bed on my knees and hold their thighs as I stir their holes with my tongue and fingers.

My actions produce a pair of high-pitched squeals.

“It’s fine to be a mature lady, you’re my cute mature ladies... though!”

First, I’ll thrust into Dorothea on the bottom.

“Aaoh!”

I pump my hips and reach out to squeeze Mel’s breasts at the same time.

“Kya... if you squeeze them so much...”

Just like that, milk squirts out of Mel’s breasts.

The spraying white liquid splashes on Dorothea’s face.

“You two have such wonderfully soft feeling holes.”

I pull my cock out of Dorothea and insert it into Mel, using my fingers to replace the void when Dorothea leaks out a sad whimper.

“I won’t be able to taste such a ripe and supple feeling from a young girl. You two are the best.”

“T-that’s because... Aegir-san is too big. Aauu!”

“N-normally the tightness of a young girl is better... aaahn!”

I rock my hips harder and the two women on top of each other shake with every impact I make against their bodies.

“You two want to be with men besides me?”

“That’s not it at all. I’m Aegir-san’s wife.”

“I also think you’re the last man for me.”

“Right? In that case, who cares about the norms. I also love mature ladies, so everything works out.”

“T-thank you very mu-... already reaching my limit!”

“So intense! I’m cumming!”

“Hahaha, I’m not even halfway there yet. I’m gonna keep going... prepare yourselves.”

Dorothea and Mel clasp their hands together and stare at each other.

“We’ll probably be fainting together.”

“Probably. I’m sure we’ll both have lewd looks on our faces as we lay on the bed with seed dripping from our holes.”

Perhaps getting even more turned on from that image, the two of them press their lips together.

Being shown that fuels my arousal and I thrust quicker and harder.

“Aaaaau!! AAah-!!”

“Dorothea-san, think about it carefully.”

As I work to bring Dorothea to orgasm first, Mel draws herself close to Dorothea’s ear and whispers to support me.

“W-what is it, aaah-! Incredible!”

“Aegir-san is 23 this year. Considering our ages... he’s like our son, you know?”

“S-son?”

“Yes, Dorothea-san is getting pierced by a young kid, is brought to tears, and will finally cum.”

“Don’t say that, it’s embarrassing!”

“I’m cumming too.”



“Ah, wait... if you cum now, I’ll get pregnant...”

Mel continues as if preventing Dorothea from resisting.

“The one going inside Dorothea-san right now is your son.”

“Eeh...?”

Dorothea stares at Mel with eyes clouded in pleasure as she approaches climax.  
I don’t stop moving my hips.

“Children are selfish creatures. Even if you say no, they’ll still cum inside.”

Mel turns around and winks at me.

“Mother Dorothea. I can’t hold it anymore. It’s going to leak out.”

“You can’t... if you let out so much inside... then a baby will-...”

“Sorry mother... I’m cumming inside.”

“Aaah fine. What a helpless child... next time... you can’t though...”

Dorothea has a remarkably strong maternal instinct.  
Her rational mind was clouded by her lust and she easily grants me permission.

“Cumming! Mother!”

I pull back as far as I can without completely exiting her hole then give her one final thrust of my hips.

Her hole soaked in pleasure loosened and I was able to push myself in really deep.  
In that deep area, my cock twitches and a large amount of thick semen gushes out.

“Aah! There’s so much of iiit... nnnnhh.”

Dorothea cums at the same time as her legs tense up and stretch out before her entire body loses strength.

“Fuu, that felt great.”

“...you’re terrible. How could you cum inside.”

“You told me before that if you get pregnant with your own child, you would treat the other kids differently. I don’t think so though.”

“ ...”

“I believe you’ll become the best mother. It would be such a waste if you didn’t have at least one child of your own.”

“I’m already 44. There’s no way I can get pregnant.”

“Well, then we better test that theory.”

I pull Dorothea close and exchange a deep kiss with her.  
However, my balls were grabbed tightly from behind.

“...And you’re going to leave me alone?”

Mel puffs her cheeks and pouts.  
She’s such a cutie, that’s why mature women are the best.

“Of course-”

I push Mel down and lean over her.

“Not.”

I penetrate Mel in one thrust, and her passionate moans resonate throughout the mansion.

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### **-Third Person POV-**

Side Story. A Few Days Earlier

Rafen

“Kroll... please stay safe.”

Alma looks up at the starry sky and wishes for her lover’s safety.

After receiving notice that the mansion in the capital was attacked, Myla and Celia departed with their troops.

From that point on, the girl’s sleepless nights continued.

But there was nothing she could do.

She could only pray to the night sky to keep her lover from harm.

“They’re fine. The letter didn’t mention anybody getting hurt.”

The one who covered Alma’s shoulder with a blanket was Melissa.

“I should have went together with them too.”

“Come on, close the window and get in bed. Exposing your body to the cold for too long isn’t good. You wouldn’t want to be sick when Kroll returns, do you?”

“No... I understand.”

Alma obediently lowers herself to the floor, clasps her hands together and prays.

“I pray that you keep Kroll unharmed.”

The girl offers her prayers to the moon.

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Capital

“Are you sure?”

“Yes, Kroll-sama.”

Under the frosty sky in the back alley, the girl places her hands against the wall while Kroll who is wrapped in a mantle pushes his hips forward.

“Ah! It’s inside... so big... Kroll-samaa.”

“I-I’ll make you feel good!”

The silver-haired girl gives herself to the young man and moans sweetly. Unlike previously, most of the dirt on her body has been removed, her clothes are neat and tidy and a comb has been run through her hair.

“Letting me take a bath... and even giving me clothes.”

“It’s fine. More importantly, concentrate.”

The sound of their hips bumping against each other continue for a while, though eventually the man groans and everything goes quiet.

“Thanks for your all efforts.”

The girl separates her hips and droplets of semen leaks out onto the ground.

“You can still continue, right?”

“Yes, if that’s what Kroll-sama wants.”

“Alright, then let’s go to an inn.”

“Oh no, it’s-... doing it outside is enough for a girl like me. Going so far to use a bed to embrace is such a waste.”

“It’s okay!”

Kroll makes the girl hold onto a silver coin.

“That’s too much. 20 copper coins is enough for me...”

“I said it’s fine! In return... doing business with anyone else besides me is... you know...”

The girl carefully puts the silver coin in her pocket and smiles.

“I understand. From now on, I will only let Kroll-sama embrace me.”

Kroll’s face softens from the girl’s smile.

“Giving me so much... mom will be happy too.”

“Your mother?”

“Yes, my mom gets sick a lot, but I can give her something good to eat with this.”

The girl stoops down and licks Kroll’s juice-covered dick clean.

“Then, shall we go?”

“I’ll service you as much as you want.”

With the silver-haired girl wrapped around his arm, the young man looks up at the moon with a slovenly melting expression.

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Protagonist: Aegir Hardlett. 23 years old. Winter.

Status: Goldonia Kingdom Margrave. Great Feudal Lord of Eastern Area. King of the Mountains. Friend of the Dwarves.

Citizens: 155,000. Major Cities – Rafen: 22,000. Lintbloom: 3500.

Assets: 63,100 gold

Accompanying: Mel (concubine), Celia (adjutant), Myla (commander), Leah (lover), Irijina (escort), Pipi (escort?), Dorothea (lover), Alice (lover), Kroll (cheating man)

Sexual Partners: 153, children who have been born: 37

# Chapter 177

## Female Teacher's Worries

**-Aegir POV-**

The students earnestly listen to me speak.  
To be precise, it's not me speaking, but Myla.

"In an advantageous situation, soldiers should be deployed in a straight line toward the enemy as much as possible. In a disadvantageous situation, align diagonally and fend off the impact."

Myla uses various tools in her fervent speech addressed to the enlivened students.

"An assault by cavalry may seem powerful at first glance but even infantry can stop them if they don't err in how they deal with the attack. On the other hand, if we were the cavalry charging in, we won't suffer any decisive hits as long as the enemy hasn't established control and order."

She's serious and explains based on theory so she's perfect as a teacher.  
Looks like I picked the right person for the job.

"Everyone, make sure that you completely memorize these formations and their compatibilities. They are all formations of old and the enemy will certainly be knowledgeable about the standard practices too. However, don't underestimate them – 80% of battles can be won with by-the-book tactics. Conversely, if there is even a slight deviation in the formula, defeat is but a foregone conclusion!"

I sit beside the passionate Myla and nod greatly.  
I actually snuck some alcohol in with me in my pocket but I'm having a hard time finding a good opportunity to drink it.

"Then, later we will be heading outside to the parade grounds to physically try rearranging ourselves in these formations. If you guys can't do them yourselves, it'll be impossible to teach your soldiers."

Myla's tone is harsher than usual.

I guess she's trying to maintain the dignity she has as a soldier.

What a cutie.

The students are getting a more enriching lecture than usual and are barely keeping up.

Because of that, they didn't realize that the only thing I said in this class was "Go ahead, Myla".

With that, the morning lesson is finished and next is lunch followed by the training on the grounds.

"Fuuu... I'm tired."

"Good job. You did well."

Myla wipes the sweat off her brow which accumulated despite it being midwinter, probably because she was talking continuously for close to two hours.

"I have to confirm the location to prepare for the afternoon lesson. Please excuse me as I leave for a brief moment."

"Oh come on, we should eat lunch together first, no?"

"No, I can't show ineptitude from the start. I'll be going."

Myla rushes off in a hurry.

As expected, she loves this kind of thing.

But now I don't have anyone to eat with me.

I don't have any acquaintances here, so I have no choice but to invite a random girl to eat with me.

Wandering around the school building, I find a girl dressed like a teacher who sighs as she walks.

She looks to be in her late 20's, with average height and weight, brown hair, and a slightly lacking chest area.

Her looks don't scream pretty but she has an old-fashioned cuteness to her.



Her thighs look healthy and plump so I'm sure it'll feel good if I climb on top of her in the missionary position.

"Good day, what's the matter?"

"Haa, I wonder... eh! Margrave Hardlett! H-how rude of me!!"

The flustered woman bows to me, lowering herself even more than she already is.

"You didn't do anything disrespectful at all. I should be the one to apologize for addressing you so suddenly."

I bring myself beside the woman who is still shrinking back in fear.

"I actually don't have anyone to eat with, so would you like to join me if you don't either?"

"Eh? That's too great a privilege for me. Besides, I'm not that rich so I wouldn't be able to accompany the Margrave to the shop he chooses... and my clothes..."

The girl's clothes are neat and tidy but insufficient for a place where nobles would usually meet.

"Hahaha, I'll pay for the meal at least. Plus, places where you have to adhere to formalities isn't my thing either. I'll take you to a nice place where we can get a quick bite to eat."

I grab the hand of the still hesitant girl and bring her along with me to eat.

Her hand is white and her skin is smooth.

I'm sure her hand would feel amazing on my dick.

The place I took her is a place I often frequent in the capital, a place where their stir-fry meat and vegetables are tasty.

The store is open to commoners as well so it isn't pretentious.

"It's delicious, I love this kind of food!"

It looks like she's happy.

“I always thought the Margrave was someone high above the clouds so I would have imagined you going to a fancier place.”

“I didn’t have the greatest upbringing either. “

I’m pretty sure there aren’t too many people who’s in a better place now but had a worse childhood than me.

“By the way, I would be grateful if you told me your name.”

“Ah! How rude of me... I’m Polte Brandt! My father is..... a domestic affairs official working for a Baron. I also wanted to help my father, which led to me to accept the position as teacher here. I have rank but I’m not a noble, so please refer to me as Polte.”

“Polte... what a nice name. Please address me as Aegir too.”

“I couldn’t! If others heard me doing so, I’ll be buried in the ground.”

The two of us smile – a nice atmosphere.

However, there isn’t much time until lunch break is over, and if I don’t get back Myla will be in trouble.

“You’re fine with Polte, right? How about you join me at night, when class is over. You might be able to resolve the problem you were sighing about earlier too.”

“A-at night? “

“Yes, there are stores which have delicious meat but aren’t open in the daytime.”

Polte’s expression was dyed with wariness.

The groundless rumors of my indiscriminate eating of women have been spread around after all.

“I don’t mind if you want to invite other teachers as well. There are rumors about how slovenly I act with women anyways.”

I say so mockingly.

Polte chuckles sheepishly, unsure whether I was joking or not.

“Alright. My clothes may look like this, but I’ll gladly accompany you for dinner too.”

“Sure, we can’t drink alcohol during the day after all.”

Our midday meal ends in a harmonious manner.

Now I just have to get back to school without Polte realizing my erect cock.

Myla’s zeal carried over to the afternoon lessons too.

“The important thing about forming battle ranks is not how pretty they look! It’s about speed and precision, unlike a ceremonial parade, so you don’t need to act in concert as long as you’re roughly together!”

“Always be aware of your surroundings. If the person beside you falls over, the person directly to the right will have to close up the gaps since the enemy will be breaking through those holes if you leave them vacant.”

“They’re having a hard time.”

If we were just training soldiers, it might have been enough to teach them how to line up, but we need to teach them the importance of formation to make them more knowledgeable as commanders.

Myla shouts desperately while beads of sweat runs down the side of her head.

“Alright, let’s take a short break, and then we’ll get into anti-cavalry formation next!”

The students collectively collapse on the spot.

The sweaty Myla returns to my side.

“Good work.”

“Thanks, though I might have gotten too into it.”

“Nah, I just think you’re really suited for this kind of thing.”

“I enjoy teaching others.”

She knew she couldn’t flirt with me in front of the students so she distanced herself a little from me.

“But I’m only able to teach them the military aspect. I can’t provide any assistance when it comes to domestic affairs.”

That’s the problem.

In terms of military instruction, I can speak based on experience from past fights but domestic affairs was completely left in Adolph’s hands.

It’s bad enough that I don’t know anything, but I don’t even know what should be taught.

“Well, I’ll just think about it later.”

“Because you’re irresponsible.”

“Anyways... I thought there would be more opposition than this.”

There weren’t too many people born of high-class nobles amongst the commander prospects but a lot of them were the younger folk related to either knights who served Goldonia for generations or connected with smaller feudal lords. I was prepared for Myla, who was part of the enemy army that surrendered not too long ago, to receive harsher criticism.

“That’s because of Lord Hardlett. You’ve been sitting beside me with a scary expression on your face... so nobody is courageous enough to take an impolite attitude against me as your assistant.”

“There were students who disagreed though” – Myla adds.

My eyes might have narrowed because I was sleepy.

In any case, it would be found out immediately that I took a nap since all 20 of them were staring in this direction.

I don’t mind that happening, but being asked by the King makes things many times more annoying for me.

“It’s still better in the commander team. Many of those in the domestic affairs official team have parents with considerable status... so it’ll be even more annoying.”

How troubling.

Myla must have caught her breath as she stood up straight.

“Break’s over! Everyone, line up!”

Standing and making a scary expression is the most I can do here.

And then the long-awaited night came.

“Myla, thanks for all your hard work today. You can go home first and rest up.”

“Yes, it really has been exhausting... and what about Lord Hardlett?”

“I have some business to attend to at school. Sorry.”

“No... business... well, that’s fine.”

Myla turns around and gives me a few glances as she heads back to the mansion. Maybe she sensed something.

“S-sorry for making you wait!”

Right when Myla disappeared out of sight, Polte rushes over in a brisk jog. It certainly appears she’s not the fittest person.

“Waiting for a woman is also a man’s duty after all. Now, let’s get going.”

I recall the lessons about manners towards women taught to me by Nonna as I escort Polte to the store.

The woman must not have thought I would be this courteous and is blushing while shrinking back in fear.

We head to a place where people of a higher class than those of the store we visited earlier in the day – wealthy commoners to lower class nobles and knights – gather.

“I heard the Margrave was a livelier person.”

In other words, she probably meant the rumors of me being violent and uncivilized. Most of it isn’t wrong though.

“I’ve been told that a lot. Although most of it is on the battlefield.”

“Ufufu, but you’re quite the gentleman. I wonder if the rumors about you and women are also embellished.”

Polte seems to be fond of the store’s red wine.  
Seeing how her second glass was emptied already, I quickly refill it.

“So... what made such a pretty lady like yourself sigh earlier?”

“Ah...”

Polte hesitates a bit.  
She must be wondering whether it’s alright to tell me.  
But I can imagine what it’s about.

“Is it about noble children?”

“Eh!?”

I casually guessed, but it looks like I’m right.  
Her father is a domestic affairs official supporting a Baron’s household, equivalent to a knight class, so he certainly doesn’t have much standing.  
Considering how she is his relatively young daughter, even the lower class nobles and knights can look down on her too.

“I also came up from being a commoner. So I have similar experiences.”

My personal backstory is pretty well-known, so the girl nods and begins to tell me her situation.

“I’m sure you are aware of who Miss Gretel Beltz is from the team I’m in charge of.”

Well, not really.  
The headmaster of the school mentioned the names of the few kids who have high-class noble parents in advance but I’ve already forgotten all about them.  
If they were pretty ladies, I would have seen their faces when I was going around each class though.

“She’s the proud fourth daughter of Count Beltz... I’m just the daughter of a low class

clerk..."

Beltz, Beltz... he might have been at Kenneth's party or maybe not.

"A group of children of other nobles gathered around her too so it's hard for the other teachers to say anything..."

"I see."

Students must study under the instructors within the school regardless of their parents' standing. But that is just a surface opinion, and the instructors deep down inevitably feel somewhat reserved in their lectures when they consider what would happen after graduation, for the children of the high class nobles will often take positions higher in rank than the teachers after they leave the school.

"Especially in my case, where the Baron my father serves is the vassal of the Beltz family."

If it's her father's lord and his master's daughter, there's nothing they can say.

"Well that's a bother. Alright, I'll do something about it."

"Eh!? B-but I don't really-..."

"I get it. I won't get you involved. Please leave it to me."

Polte quietly bows her head.

"Well, your worries are resolved now. Let's fully enjoy the food and drinks here."

Trying not to scare her, I rest my hand on Polte's shoulder as light as a feather and then pour her some alcohol which is slightly stronger than the wine.

When Polte starts getting dizzy from being drunk, I tell her stories about the Teries River and the plains in the remote lands, as well as the unusual stories of the mountain nation's territory, which she listens to with great interest and drinks with more gusto.

"And then, an arrow went... bang, right into my body..."

I emulate the scene by lightly jabbing my hand into the woman's side.

"Noo~! That hurtss... ufufu."

Umu, she isn't on guard against me when I touch her body.

Eventually, the girl's head wobbles around unsteadily.

"It looks like I've gotten a little drunk..."

"That's not good. There should be a room on the second floor of this store that you can rest in. Let's go."

I wrap my arm gently around Polte's waist and guide her slowly to the second floor.

---

"Aaaaaaaaahn!! Hardlett-sama! It's so thick! It's so long! You're going to break meeeee!!"

The fierce sounds of flesh slapping resounds as Polte holds her face with both hands and throws her head back in pleasure.

"Polte! How does this feel!? Does it feel good!?"

I pull the tip of my dick up so it rubs against the inner wall of her vagina, then thrust deep into her after seeing an opening.

It feels a little tight, but it's still a pretty nice hole.

"I-it feels good, but you can't-!"

I roll Polte on the bed and thrust into her from above.

Polte isn't the largest woman, but her insides are surprisingly deep, swallowing 80% of my member.

"Take there."

We change positions and get into the cowgirl position so I can thrust up from below.



“Nooo! It’s piercing me so deep... y-you can’t do something like this.”

“You have such cute breasts, so pretty.”

I reach out my hands to completely cup her mounds.

“Noo~ My boobs are small!”

“They’re nice and cute. I’m gonna get rougher now, okay?”

“Hiiiiih~ please forgive meee–! Your penis is so big that it’s going to split me in half!”

“With your juices overflowing, you don’t sound convincing at all. Here look, I’ll rub here too.”

“Aaaaaaaaah! Why are you so good... it feels too good, even though it feels like my hole is going to tear, it’s so good!!”

After tasting the woman’s body for a while, I return us to the missionary position and get ready to finish things up.

“Aahiiiiih!”

“That’s the third time you came, isn’t it. Can I continue like this and cum inside?”

“N-no, don’t! Inside is no good!”

This is the first time she resisted for real, plus Erich told me not to get anyone pregnant either, so I guess I have no other choice.

“Alright... aah... cumming!!”

“Aaaauuuuuuuuu—!!”

At the last moment, I pull my cock out of the tightly squeezing hole which reached its fourth consecutive orgasm. My ejaculation erupts simultaneously and my cock which rests on the woman’s stomach sprays enough semen to cover her face and breasts.

“Guh! Oou!”

“T-there’s so much of it... it’s still squirting out.”

I wipe the seed-covered Polte with a wet towel as she flips onto her back and rests on my arm. At first, the woman buries her face into my chest without saying anything, but gradually breaks down into tears.

“The Margrave is really a person like all the rumors describe... I got eaten like this... uuu.”

“Don’t cry. Was it not good?”

“It was incredible... but this... being embraced by someone who’s married... is unfaithful.”

“Polte has nothing to worry about. Everything will turn out fine, so just relax.”

I hug the sobbing girl close and kiss her cheek and neck continuously until her sniffing turns into soft snoring.

I was pretty intense with her so she must be feeling tired.

“So the day isn’t over yet...”

I could just let her lie on my arm until morning, but Mel might sulk.

Myla was suspicious from the start, and Celia will make a fuss.

What can I do, I’ll just leave her here to rest.

I guess I’ll leave a kiss mark on her shoulder as proof of tonight’s lovemaking.

When I returned to the mansion, somehow everything was found out.

Mel sulked that I made a local mistress despite her being here, Myla complained about me eating a woman at a restaurant, and Celia objected to my actions in tears with the silent treatment.

Incidentally, I don’t see Kroll anywhere, where could he be at this time?

“Don’t change the subject!”

Good grief.

The next day, I leave the lesson to Myla while I take a peek in the room where Polte and the team she is in charge of is.

“If the area an average farmer can manage is wheat-... ow ow ow.”

Everytime Polte spreads her legs, she winces in pain.  
I might have been a little too rough.

“I wonder which one is Beltz.”

At that moment, one student stood up.

“Instructor, if you aren’t feeling well, shouldn’t you suspend the lesson? If you’re not teaching at your best, it’s actually a bother.”

“That’s right.” “As expected of Gretel-sama, the Beltz family’s beautiful daughter. <sup>1</sup>”

“I’m fine... au... haau”

I found her. So that girl is Gretel Beltz.  
She’s pretty so I’ll keep that girl’s face in my memory.

The girls chiming in after her are clamoring noisily too.  
I see, it does appear that she’s leading the other children.  
The domestic affairs official team allows plainclothes, yet Gretel’s showy outfit makes her stand out even more, basically telling everyone who the ruler of this team is.

The girl herself is fairly young but she looks like a fine woman.  
The curls in her waist-long chestnut-colored hair are pretty.  
Her face... definitely beautiful, and her strong-willed appearance compliments her high-class and haughty attitude.  
Her style of clothes emphasizes the size of her breasts and her plump figure, though she isn’t fat.  
If I hold her from behind and thrust into her while standing, I’m sure it would feel great.  
Indeed, she appears to be a selfish and sheltered girl, who’s also probably a virgin.

Ooh, Polte looks like she’s in a tight spot and about to cry.  
As promised, I’ll help her out.

“What’s the big fuss here?”

I open the classroom door and walk inside.

---

Protagonist: Aegir Hardlett. 23 years old. Winter.

Status: Goldonia Kingdom Margrave. Great Feudal Lord of Eastern Area. King of the Mountains. Friend of the Dwarves.

Citizens: 155,000. Major Cities – Rafen: 22,000. Lintbloom: 3500.

Assets: 63,000 gold (Rafen Annex Addition -100)

Accompanying: Mel (concubine), Celia (adjutant), Myla (commander), Leah (lover), Irijina (escort), Pipi (escort?), Dorothea (lover), Alice (lover), Kroll (miscellaneous affairs), Gido (escort squad)

Sexual Partners: 154, children who have been born: 37

# Chapter 178

## The Young Miss's Future

**-Aegir POV-**

"What are we fussing about over here?"

In order to rescue Polte from being attacked by the other noble girls centered around the Count's daughter, Gretel, I pretended to hear the commotion it caused and entered the classroom.

"Ah, Hardlett-sama!"

A look of relief washed over Polte's face as she saw me, while Gretel and the other students take their seats awkwardly.

"What's the big fuss?"

"No, it's nothing."

I'm sure it's hard for Polte to say anything.

"That's right, Gretel... was it? What happened?"

The girl faltered for a split second before clearing her throat once and standing up boldly.

"The instructor didn't seem to be feeling well, so I suggested that she take a break."

"Fumu, that sounds serious."

"...it's because Hardlett-sama pounded me so much with his dick."

A whisper that sounded almost like a pout leaks out from Polte under her breath, which she later corrects in a louder voice so everyone can hear.

“It’s just a slight leg pain, it shouldn’t affect the lecture at all.”

“She has stated herself that she’s fine. There’s no need for everyone to worry.”

I pull up a chair and sit next to the teaching podium.

“Margrave, sir?”

“I’m a little interested to learn about domestic affairs too. Let me listen to the lesson from here.”

Polte lets out a gasp of surprise and the students start murmuring amongst themselves.

“Now, please resume the lesson.”

“I-I understand. Umm... the extent of land that a single farmer can till isn’t simply limited to its area...”

I make it seem like I’m listening to Polte’s lecture but I’m actually just watching her ass shake left and right.

Knowing that ass belonged to me the other night is a really satisfying feeling.

“That’s why this much water will be necessary for the flood control at this extent.”

Almost as if the earlier commotion didn’t even happen, everyone is diligently listening to the lesson.

Some of the students, particularly Miss Gretel, appeared dissatisfied since they couldn’t just voice their complaints about the instructor while I’m watching.

The lesson proceeded smoothly after that and they were able to cover the necessary material to keep up with the curriculum.

Polte bowed to me with a look of relief on her face.

It’s fine, let’s go drinking together again.

I’ll embrace you after creating a better mood next time.

Leaving things like this isn’t enough though since the same thing would repeat itself

once I'm gone.  
I won't be able to stay with Polte forever either.  
Let's provide some additional motivation.

"Let's end the lesson here, now I have something to announce to everyone."

Everyone directs their attention to me.  
Gretel and her faction does the same.  
This girl... now that I look at her again, she's actually really pretty, and makes me crave her despite being a little childish.

"After you graduate and start looking for a job, you can't enroll in class anymore."

Erich also told me that very few domestic affairs officials are replaced so it's quite hard to find an opening even after graduation.

"Starting now, there will be periodic tests which measure your understanding. Those who score high will receive a letter of recommendation from me."

The students grow lively.  
Those who try to sell themselves to the feudal lord without any sort of connections won't even be entertained, whereas if you have a letter of recommendation, they'll at the very least schedule a time to meet.

"Of course, the subject of the tests... will be decided by the instructor and then compiled onto paper. That's all."

After saying that, I stand up from my seat.  
Simultaneously, the students who have been acting reserved around Gretel and company until now gather around Polte to ask about any unclear points they had with today's lecture.

Descendants of high class nobles like Gretel can rely on their own family in the worst case scenario, but there are an overwhelming number of students who can't.  
If their future jobs can be guaranteed, they wouldn't do something as foolish as lowering their grades.  
This means that the instructors who decide the scope and topics of the tests, including Polte, will experience an increase in authority.



I would gladly invite someone skilled to my territory to work for me too.

“Margrave Hardlett.”

“Hm?”

The one who called out to me was Gretel.

When I turn around, she grabs the edge of her dress and curtsies elegantly.

“What a pleasure and honor it is to meet you. My father sends his utmost gratitude for the incident at the ball.”

So he was at the ball after all.

“My father has already returned to his territory so I will thank you as a representative of the household of Count Beltz.”

“I’m also a noble of Goldonia. Taking down an enemy of the country is part of my duties, please tell him that it wasn’t that big of a deal.”

Gretel knits her eyebrows at my somewhat savage response.

Unlike Polte, she’s still just a kid, so she feels a sense of discomfort unless spoken to in a rather polite tone.

“In line with this, after today’s lesson is over, would you like to accompany me to a meal to deepen the relationship of our households?”

How did it come to this from the conversation we had?

“Yeah, why not.”

However, my mouth moved before I could think about it.

It can’t be helped, so I bring myself close to the girl’s ear.

“Students are restricted from any excursions except on weekends though. I’ll treat this as a special interview so please keep it confidential.”

“Yes, thank you for your consideration.”

I didn't think Gretel would be the one inviting me.  
She's practically asking me to sleep with her, isn't she?  
I'm almost certain.

The girl's still young, but her breasts are big and her body is fairly developed.  
I'll gladly accept this opportunity.

---

The lesson ends and I was supposed to return to class with Myla.

"Hey Myla... I have a special interview today."

"...with an instructor? Or a student?"

"A student."

"..."

"It's just an interview, but because of certain circumstances, I decided to have a meal with them as well."

"..."

Myla stares at me while stepping back.

"That's why I want you to tell Celia and Mel that it isn't anything strange."

"..."

Myla remains silent, returning to class while keeping her eyes on me.  
Hmm, this might cause a huge fuss when I get back home.

"Ara, did I keep you waiting?"

As I was thinking about what excuse to give the others, a voice calls out from behind me.

Let's concentrate on Gretel right now.

“No, women need time to get ready after all. Especially one as beautiful as you.”

I carefully escort Gretel who is wearing an even more extravagant dress than the one she wore for school.

As she’s puzzled by the difference in my tone of speech, I lead her to the carriage I had prepared ahead of time.

This kind of attitude is probably what she likes.

“Take us to the Gold Lake.”

“Very well sir.”

“...Gold Lake?”

The Gold Lake is the highest class restaurant in the capital.

In order to reserve this place and the carriage, we skipped out on afternoon classes.

“A suitable place is needed for a talk with a refined lady like you.”

“Oh my...”

Gretel probably doesn’t desire a place where she can eat in a carefree manner.

When we arrived at the restaurant, neatly dressed employees line up and lower their heads.

“““Welcome to our humble establishment. Magrave Hardlett, Miss Gretel Beltz.”““

“Did you prepare us a private room?”

“Of course, sir. Please follow me this way.”

The shop manager himself guides us into a private room in the back.

Inside the room, lights of different colors shine down on the table and other furniture from the jewel-studded chandelier, and there’s even an aquarium acting as the ‘lake’ in the name of the restaurant.

The multi-colored beams reflect off the water in the tank, creating a beautiful light show.

“Waah! It’s so pretty.”

Gretel pretends that it wasn’t anything special at first glance but she seems to be in a rather good mood based on her facial expression.

Maybe she’s experiencing something like this for the first time.

As the two of us take our seats, appetizers are quickly placed in front of us.

“I’m sure you already know, but I am just an ill-mannered simpleton of commoner’s origin. I may be ignorant about the manners and upset you as such, so please be easy on me.”

“I am aware. I will try not to pay too much attention to that while I’m here. Oh, this is good.”

Gretel gracefully picks up a serving of one of the appetizers and puts it in her mouth while drinking a glass of first class wine.

That expression shows how truly happy she is, which is good, because I was a little concerned whether this food would be good enough when I heard she was the daughter of a Count.

“Before we chat, let’s indulge in the food and wine.”

“Yes, let’s do so.”

After that, waiters would gradually bring many plates of food to us.

I thought that would be too slow and asked them to bring all of it at once, but these are all appetizers and my main dish is Gretel’s body so I’ll endure it.

“This here is a wintertime-limited black beast steak, directly from Rafen.”

Oh, it’s been a while since I’ve seen that meat.

“!? S-so good... who knew such delicious meat existed.”

She continues to conduct herself in a refined manner, but she’s still in her growth period as expected, and reaches for many more servings while checking my reaction. No matter what she said, she’s still just a young girl.

The girl has been drinking in conjunction with eating so her face is getting redder by

the minute.

It should be about time now.

“Miss Gretel, don’t you have something you wanted to talk to me about?”

I get close enough to her that our shoulders are touching and bring my face in towards her.

Initially, we ate while facing opposite each other, but as the girl got more drunk, our seats drew closer together.

Right now, I’m directly beside the girl.

“Ah, yes.”

Gretel looks at me and wipes her mouth gracefully.

“Ahem, there is a tremendous gap between my traditional, long-standing Count household and the house of the up-and-coming Lord Hardlett. Our family’s territory is in the north of the capital so there are very few chances to meet with the feudal lord too.”

“That’s true.”

“However, it must be some sort of fate for us to meet in a place such as this royal institution. I think we should further improve the interactions between both of our households.”

I don’t know what she means.

I’m pretty sure she doesn’t think of us new nobles too highly, yet she deliberately wants to exchange culture?

“Could you elaborate more?”

I stack my hand on top of Gretel’s hand.

I signal the waiter who brought in the dessert and tell him with my eyes not to enter the room.

“The fact is...”

Engrossed in the food, alcohol and atmosphere, Gretel becomes loose-lipped.

“I believe you know I am the fourth daughter.”

“Yes, that’s what I have heard.”

“Besides my three sisters, I also have five brothers. That’s not including the illegitimate ones.”

Oh wow, her parents worked hard.

“I am the youngest child and would be sheltered in our domain until they decide to dump me off to some random vassal or retainer.”

“Just like some piece of jewellery” – Gretel adds in a louder voice.

“I’m already 16. It wouldn’t be strange if they married me off tomorrow.”

Traditional nobles often view their children, daughters in particular, as tools for marriage.

Not only is she a tool as the fourth daughter, but I heard that daughters in similar positions to her are treated like a prize to a lower ranked noble partner in most cases.

“I want to live relying on my own strength. That’s why I enrolled in the royal institution despite the objections of my parents.”

It’s certainly true that even her parents can’t meddle excessively while she’s in school. I couldn’t imagine them picking a fight with the King or Erich just so they could make her drop out of school and marry her off to someone.

“I can understand that part. But why me?”

My tone reverted back to my usual tone, though Gretel doesn’t notice. She drinks more of the wine I recommend to her.

“My father thinks poorly of new nobles, but he would like a friendly relationship with a great feudal lord like Lord Hardlett. So if I were to act as the intermediary...”

“You won’t be seen as just a tool for marriage?”

I refill her glass with even more wine.

“Thazz righd, if I can also bolster my knowleje, and attain a responsible position in the kingdom then I can live on my oohn~<sup>1</sup>”

Is it alright to tell me that much?  
She’s completely drunk, isn’t she.

“Hmm.”

The girl doesn’t appear to be earnestly striving to learn though.  
In my opinion, it just looks like she’s acting all important around the instructors and doing no good but lots of harm.

“Well, I alsho want to study and lerhnn. But my prryyd~”

The pride of living as a noble has been deeply ingrained into her and she can’t bear lowering her head to anyone of lower rank.

It might be inevitable when she’s a child.  
Nonna acts spoiled all the time too.

“I’m a Count’s dawderr, but don’t get mussh allowanzz~”

The Beltz family isn’t poor by a Count household’s standard, but they aren’t an especially wealthy family either.  
They don’t appear to have the luxury of providing abundant funding to a fourth daughter who rebelled and went off to the capital on her own.  
That’s why she carefully chooses the dresses and accessories to maintain her own dignity within her team.

“I get it. Then I’ll speak highly of you to Count Beltz.”

“You will!?”

“Leave it to me. And we also need to get along better.”

I call the store manager and make sure he doesn’t speak to anyone about the events that happened tonight.

The girl also wants a relationship with me  
In other words, she has consented.

“Very well, sir. Tonight’s events will disappear from the memories of all employees here.”

“I’m counting on it.”

I provide support to the flushed and unsteady Gretel by hugging her and then take her inside the carriage.

We’ll be heading to an inn, where we’ll get to know each other intimately.

---

“Nnn, where is this place?”

Looks like Gretel sobered up.

That’s good, it would have been boring if her head was all fuzzy.

“You wouldn’t be able to return to the dorm if you were drunk so I booked us an inn. Now, shall we become one?”

“Drunk? How rude of me... Become one?”

Gretel is laying on her stomach while I’m on top of her, both of us are naked and my dick is already pushing up against her entrance.

There is a clear difference in size but she feels soft, so I’m sure I can push myself in without much problem.

“Eh? Eeeeh?”

“Here I go, Gretel!”

I grab her pretty little waist with both hands and thrust my hips forward.

Unexpectedly, I was able to push in my cock quick enough in the doggystyle position to instantly tear through her virginity, accurately hitting the deepest part of her hole. It made the once-in-a-lifetime sound of something being ripped.

“Ooh, that wasn’t so bad.”



“Haagh!”

Gretel throws her head back and her eyes widen in surprise.

Her mouth is opening and closing like a fish out of water although she couldn't make a sound.

“So you were a virgin like I thought. Thanks, I'll gladly eat you up.”

“Ah, aggh... gyaaaaaah!! Mmgh!”

I seal Gretel's mouth when she suddenly screams.

I'm sure everyone nearby would be shocked by that.

“You'll be fine, the pain is only in the beginning and you'll feel good if you just leave everything to me.”

It would hurt if I pound her deep right away, so I just precisely nudge the area near her entrance.

“Nnnnnnnnh—!! NNNnh—!!”

“That's right, I wanted to do something like this with you.”

I stand Gretel up while supporting her weight and put her hands on the wall.

I rock my hips in this reverse standing position and her ample bosom bounces up and down.

I can't get enough of this, this is the best.

“Nnnnnh—-!!”

I wonder if she's having trouble breathing, if so I did her a disservice.

“Puhah! W-what are yo-!! M-my virginity!! Noooooo!”

“You would have lost it anyways. Don't worry too much about it.”

“I worry!! I was saving my virginity until after marriage, when it would be taken in a more romantic setting...”

"It's already torn now so there's nothing you can do about it. Why don't you just enjoy yourself now."

"In the first place, this is rape! Getting me me drunk and then pouncing on me is just too much!"

What is she saying?

"Weren't you the one who invited me to eat with you?"

"And what does that have to do with this-!?"

"This meal we're sharing is to deepen our relationship, no?"

"That's right!"

"I'm a man and you're a woman."

"That's obvious!"

"Then nothing will started if this doesn't go in."

"Why does it have to be like that!?"

To silence the angrily shouting Gretel, I thrust out my hips.

"It hurts, it's really painful. Please don't move! How could you put something as big as a log in me-?"

"There, there, just leave everything to me."

In order to distract her from the pain of losing her virginity, I tease her sensitive clitoris with one hand and fondle her breasts with the other, then bend my body forward to kiss her lips.

"Nnmu! Even my first kiss! Nnnmuu!"

Her body won't feel much pleasure if I get too intense when she hasn't gotten

accustomed to me. I slowly gyrate my hips and caress her entire body.

Eventually, her cold sweat changes into a shiny glow which signifies her arousal. Her tight hole gradually coats itself with a syrupy fluid and has loosened up too.

“It’s feeling better, right?”

“Y-you’re wrong. Kyah!”

Gretel’s pretty legs start wobbling and it feels like her knees will drop to the floor at any moment.

“Leave it to me.”

I push the girl up against the wall to prop up her collapsing body. The price she paid for keeping her body upright is my cock burying itself even deeper, though she isn’t feeling any sharp pains because of the abundance of love juices.

“Your boobs are soft and big... they just draw men in.”

I don’t need to play with her clit anymore.  
I take both hands and grasp her breasts.

“Haau!”

“Your breasts are so big, yet your nipples are cute and tiny. It has a nice color too.”

I squeeze her tits while pumping my hips and then my dick reaches its limit. It might be due to the alcohol, but I’m pretty quick today. Oh well, the night is still young so I’ll let out one shot for now.

“Anyways, it doesn’t matter what reason but please hurry up and take it out!”

“Is that so? Alright, just bear with it for a bit.”

I grab Gretel’s hand and switch from a rhythmical bumping to more intense hip movements after my curt apology.

“Kyaa! What are you doing!?”

Her protest will do nothing to stop me in this moment. I suck on the girl's back as I push my dick deep inside for the final spurt.

"Uuu! Uuuuuu! Guoooo!"

Accompanying my beast-like growls, semen gushes out from my dick. There was a wet pulsing sound a few seconds later.

"Aah... feels so good..."

"It's hoooooot! What on earth-... eh? Don't tell me... no way... you released your sperm inside...!?"

Gretel wriggles in my arms as she trembles from climax. Don't worry, it won't end after just one shot. I'll make you cum from the doggy-style position too.

"S-stop it, anymore and I'll get pregnant!"

"No worries, I'll take responsibility if you do."

Gretel stops wiggling her ass in a desperate struggle to resist me. She stops and stares at me blankly but I don't remember saying anything shocking.

"R-really? You're really going to 'accept' me?"

Of course, I won't do something so cruel as to abandon you after you get pregnant. If you want, I'll protect you properly too.

"Of course."

"I'll be the wife of a Margrave... aaauu!"

I give Gretel's insides a deep thrust when she became obedient. It sounded like she was about to say something, but I want to thrust into her right now.

"You're too big it hurts... but... I'll endure it."

She suddenly became submissive.  
I'll have to reciprocate by making her feel good then.

"Your hair is really pretty."

She must take good care of her long, curly, chestnut-colored hair. Its glossiness and smooth texture are both top notch.

"Yes, I'm very proud of my hair. Are you interested in it?"

"Yeah, if you're fine with it... will you let me grab it?"

"No... is what I want to say, but this is for the future so I don't mind. Please do as you wish."

"Thanks, Gretel."

Her attitude towards me has really softened up, so it was probably the right decision to cum inside her.

I grab the girl's hair like reins and slam my hips into her harder than I did initially. Now that she's accepted me as a man deep down in her heart, her hole feels much better than before.

---

"That felt great, Gretel."

"Aau... aau..."

Gretel is lying prostrate on the bed with seed dripping out her ass.  
I ejaculated four times while she probably climaxed around ten times.

"I'll... service... you, woof<sup>2</sup>."

"Hahaha, I'll leave it to you."

As I lay on my back, the girl squirms close to my crotch.

“You really are big. To think something like this went inside me... woof.”

As expected, her fellatio technique is practically non-existent, but the way she carefully licks the entire shaft to clean every nook and cranny really stimulates my desire to protect her and my desire to dominate her.

When I gently stroke her hair, she smiles pleasantly.

“It’s all clean now... woof.”

“Hey, you’re still keeping that up?”

When I grab Gretel’s hair and thrust from behind her, it was as if two dogs were mating.

I got caught up in the moment, telling her to cry like the bitch she was, which seemed to get her really into the role.

“Ooon~<sup>3</sup>”

“Good girl, you wanna kiss?”

She sits in front of me, shaking her ass and looking at me with eyes hungry for something.

Apparently that’s supposed to be how she wags her tail.

“What a cutie.”

I can see the sun rising from out the window.

I won’t be able to make an excuse to Mel or Myla.

I’ll buy them flowers or something to improve their mood later.

I think about what to buy as I pet the whimpering Gretel who has climbed on top of me.

---

The Next Day, In Class

“Good morning, ladies and gentlemen.”

“Good morning.” “How do you do?” “Please treat me well today too.” “Woof!”

Everyone’s eyes concentrate on Gretel.

“...How is everyone today?”

Ever since our time together, she and her followers stopped their quibbling about the instructor.

And everyone lived happily ever after.

---

Protagonist: Aegir Hardlett. 23 years old. Winter.

Status: Goldonia Kingdom Margrave. Great Feudal Lord of Eastern Area. King of the Mountains. Friend of the Dwarves.

Citizens: 155,000. Major Cities – Rafen: 22,000. Lintbloom: 3500.

Assets: 62,970 gold (Food Cost -30)

Accompanying: Mel (concubine), Celia (adjutant), Myla (commander), Leah (lover), Irijina (escort), Pipi (escort?), Dorothea (lover), Alice (lover), Kroll (miscellaneous affairs), Gido (escort squad)

Polte (mistress), Gretel (bitch<sup>4</sup>)

Sexual Partners: 155, children who have been born: 37



# Chapter 179

## School Flower Garden

**-Aegir POV-**

“Peddlers are indispensable for small villages and cities without any full-fledged stores. If an environment for them to safely travel to and from is prepared, the business of the entire region would be invigorated.”

As I’m doing my rounds during the morning lessons, I also secretly check on how Polte is doing.

Everyone looks like they’re enthusiastically paying attention, meaning my strategy of offering a letter of recommendation has been effective in getting them motivated.

In addition, I offered to give gold to the top ranking individuals.  
Nobody should complain since it’s coming out of my own pocket.

It goes without saying that the individuals here are from poor families or a commoner’s household, who won’t be heirs, and neither would the children of higher class nobles like Gretel. The ones who would come here are those who got excluded from the right to inherit their family’s legacy and assets – children who are looking for their own way to live because their families don’t provide them with much financial support and don’t have the luxury to buy the necessary clothes and accessories to match their social standing.

Yet, that doesn’t mean everyone would be passionate about the lesson.  
For example, those who never had the intention to aim for the top in the first place.

“If you apply a heavy tax on the peddlers so easily, in many cases they’ll move to other regions and your revenue will decrease...”

“Is that a snide remark directed at my family!?”

A female student stands up abruptly.

She is... the second daughter of that Baron someone. She’s not particularly pretty but

her breasts are big so I'll remember her face.

If I recall, her family failed in managing their own territory and are currently strapped for money, so they plead other families for a loan everytime they attend a party, turning them into a widespread joke.

"T-that's not what I intended. I just said what was common..."

"My-! So you were implicitly ridiculing my family. How dare a mere daughter of a domestic affairs official say something like that."

I see, so her household applied a heavy tax on merchants which led them to run away, I understand now.

"Gretel-sama, such a rude person isn't qualified to teach! Let's have Instructor Polte leave."

The girl tries to get Gretel to share her opinion.

This doesn't look good, I'll have to step in if they make a big fuss.

"Just sit down, why don't you."

"Eh? Gretel-sama?"

"I said please sit down. I'm not familiar with the circumstances of your family, but you're being a nuisance to the instructor and everyone else. If you want someone to leave the room, then please leave quietly by yourself."

"No way..."

When Gretel chided her, the other students also join in.

The entire school is competing for the recommendation letter and the cash bonus, so if their team's lesson gets delayed, that would put them at a disadvantage.

The girl who spoke out gets blamed by the entire class and starts crying.

"Good grief, if there was a fuss about something as ridiculous as this, Hardlett-sama will think poorly of me-woof."

"Woof?"

“Pay no attention to that.”

It doesn't look like I have anything to worry about with respect to the lesson. However, everything isn't peaceful yet.

“Uuuuuu.”

The girl was unable to endure any longer and runs out the classroom crying. At this rate, the girl will never come back to school, so I catch the girl as she rushes out into the hall and hug her.

“L-lord Hardlett! Don't tell me, did you see what happened just now!? “

The girl's face turns white as a sheet.

“You don't have to be so frightened. What happened earlier was certainly bad, but everybody makes mistakes.”

I gently wrap my arms around the flustered girl and persuade her.

“But... I... was scolded by Gretel-sama... and even by Hardlett-sama...”

As I thought, she doesn't have anything against Polte. Nevertheless, it's because of her education up until now that the girl isn't particularly in the wrong.

“It'll probably be hard for you to stay around today so return to your dorm. Tomorrow, just give Polte... Instructor Polte, an apology. Miss Gretel isn't someone who would hold a grudge for every little thing. Naturally, it doesn't bother me either.”

“Hic... hic...”

The young girl who started to cry for real in my arms should still just be 15 years old. Mistakes come hand-in-hand with kids, but her breasts are nothing like a child's.

“Let's go somewhere without any people so you can calm down a little.”

With the crying girl still in my arms, I enter an empty classroom which has been designated for a new team.

---

“Hardlett-sama, it hurttss! That place is going to tear apart~”

“Endure it, this is a path all women must walk down.”

As I’m sitting on a chair, I thrust up into the girl who sits on top facing me, and also thoroughly rub the breasts which are disproportionate in size to her immature body. In order to endure the pain and shock of losing her virginity, the girl wraps her limbs around me and clings to my body.

“Harlett-samaaa~...”

“There, there, cute little girl. Keep clinging to me.”

I stand up halfway from the chair and resolutely swing my hips.  
The girl’s body shakes as if it was a doll before I finish my final thrusts.

“Cumming!”

“Ah! You’re cumming inside...”

I don’t hesitate to ejaculate and pour my seed into the girl’s womb.  
She looked like she wanted to say something, but just clinged to me after looking at her inflated stomach.

After we finish, the exhausted girl starts talking about her life story.

“My family doesn’t have much to spare in terms of funds and they’ve told me to figure something on my own when it comes to my meal costs.”

So that’s why she chose the Royal Institution. It’s true that if she’s in school, her food and living costs are free, plus it isn’t shameful to decline invitations to balls and banquets because of her life in the dormitories.

The girl’s clothes look pretty neat at first glance but I can tell there are signs of it being repaired.

“That’s why I can’t return home if I’m chased away from this place.”

“Don’t worry, if you apologize properly to Polte, I’ll help you out too.”

The girl hugs me tightly.  
What a cutie.

“But you can’t tell anybody about what happened today, okay? If you do, the both of us will be chased out.”

It’s mainly because I’ll get beat down by Erich.

“It’s... a secret?”

“Yes, a secret between the two of us.”

I tilt her chin up and give her a light kiss before the girl nods with a blush.

“I understand, Lord Hardlett... my beloved one.”

The girl pulls out my cock and sits on the floor, flicking her tongue all over my dick covered in semen and deflowering blood.

Her tiny face coupled with my large dick makes for quite the immoral sight.

“Haahm... Hhamo... Hardlett-samaaa~, I adore you.”

Hmm, noble daughters are surprisingly wimpy.  
If they’re like that, some bad men might take advantage of them.  
I’m glad I could do something before that happened.

By the way, I don’t remember the girl’s name.  
It’s kind of hard to ask with this mood so maybe I’ll ask Polte later.

---

After sending the girl back to the dorms, I pass by a chaste-looking female in the halls.

“Lord Hardlett, how do you do?”

“If it isn’t Madam Lahn, are you done with your lessons?”

“Yes, I only have lectures in the morning.”

Madam Lahn is an instructor for domestic affairs and a former secretary, and her husband is a domestic affairs official in the capital, but she took this position because of a lack of funds to take care of her six kids.

The lady of over 30 years is very picturesque, wearing an outfit which doesn't expose much of her body, so she can be said to be the prime example for how a woman should look like.

But I can tell how big her breasts and ass are despite them remaining hidden.

“I'm also free since the commander team is doing a practical exercise this afternoon. Shall we have some tea together?”

“Ara, then should we use the prep room? I secretly carried a pot with me.”

“I'll happily go with you.”

“Ufufu, I'm looking forward to this.”

---

“Aaaaaah—! It's just as fiendish as the rumors described... it's so big, but feels so gooooooooood—!”

“It's such an honor to be able to enjoy a treat like this. It really fires me up.”

The naked Madam Lahn is swinging her hips on top of me as I lay on the floor. Her ass was just too tempting when she was preparing tea, so when I pressed by erect cock against her as I pretended to help, this happened.

“So you're pretty backed up?”

“I'm still only 33... the woman inside me is burning with passion!”

“Your husband won't do it with you?”

“My husband likes young girls! I'm sure right now he's probably making another assistant of his into a lover.”

The sexually frustrated woman rocks her hips furiously as she anguishes.

Apparently her husband is 20 years older than her.

When she was 24, she was forcefully raped and impregnated in the workplace and then made into a wife straight after.

Since then, she's had one child every year until she reached 30.

"And when I passed 30, he suddenly... after making someone's body so naughty and then just leaving them, what a horrible person."

"Truly a shame, even though women in their thirties are this tasty. "

We change positions to missionary and I swing my hips intensely.

My thrusts are hard enough that even my own women feel pain, but Madam Lahn replies with a sweet coquettish voice.

Her vagina gently wraps my cock and its darkened flesh and lewdly engorged lower lips contrasts with her chaste outer appearance.

"Your body's gone through a fair share of men, you've fooled around, haven't you?"

"So you can tell... yes, I lure young men in busy areas. After being pulled into the back alleys, I couldn't undo what was done to me even if I said I didn't like it, and now I can't get enough of being gangbanged!"

So there's actually an unbelievably lewd wife underneath that virtuous appearance.

"But... aahn, I've never seen a dick as big as this one! Your body is incredibly muscular too... oh, fuck me and break this body of mine."

I don't need to hold back anymore.

I violently steal the madam's lips, pinch her nipples and raise my voice.

"Prepare yourself, you slutty woman! "

"Nooo~~ This huge dick is rampaging inside me and tearing apart my lewd hole~~"

I press down against her in the missionary position, then slam my hips into her in the doggy-style position again, until eventually the sensation of climax runs from my dick to my brain.

“How do you want to do it at the end!?”

“Let me get on top! I want you to screw me in the deepest parts!”

She gets herself in the cowgirl position, puts her hands on the table beside her and then raises her hips.

“Lower me when I orgasm. Slam it in all the way to the root...”

“You’ll break, you know?”

If she drops her hips like that, her womb might get destroyed.

“I’m prepared for that. Please grant this lewd wife’s wish.”

If she’s that prepared, then I can’t refuse her.

I move my hips while my tip is connected to her entrance to build up our pleasure.

Then finally, that moment came.

“I’m gonna cum.”

“Me too... drop me!”

The woman releases the hand supporting her body and her weight carries her down onto my dick.

“Guoo!”

“Aeeehhh—!!”

With a thump, my dick slides all the way into her hole.

I can feel the tip hitting the back of her womb.

She should be feeling an abnormal amount of pain but she looks happy as she’s foaming at the mouth.

I feel sorry for the married woman but I absolutely won’t pull out now.

If she resists, I’ll hold her down by force and plant my seed in her.



“I’m cumming inside, get ready.”

“Aaye... s’okay... dangerous today, but s’okay...”

“You’re going to bear my child.”

The two of us tremble from the pulsing of my dick and a fountain of cum jets out of my dick and into her womb.

Ejaculating so deep in her womb means there is nowhere for her eggs to escape.

“Aaaaaaah... so much... how many people’s worth did you pour in...”

“What a lewd lady, it felt great.”

Her stomach gradually expands, and since a stopper was put on the opening of her womb, none of the seed can flow out.

“Aaaaah... a seventh one... a seventh child ~”

“Work hard to raise this one.”

My ejaculation ended when her stomach bulged out enough that she couldn’t be distinguished from a woman in the last month of her pregnancy.

The pressure that the amount of seed put in her insides pushed my softened dick out.

“Hiiiiiiiiih”

A nasty squirting sound follows as the semen gushes back out of her vagina in an arc.

I was really enthusiastic this time, I didn’t think a lewd wife would get me going to this extent.

I’ll keep that in mind when looking around next time.

Thinking it’s about time, I was about to exit the room, but the madam clings to my leg.

“What’s wrong?”

“I-I’ll always be waiting for you! Please use me whenever Lord Hardlett has spare time or feels backed up. I don’t mind if you call on your friends to gangrape me, and you’re

free to use my ass too!”

When I stroke the underside of the chin of the woman as she pleases desperately, she responds by rubbing her cheek against me.

“After experiencing such a cock, I won’t be satisfied with ordinary guys anymore. Please continue to play with me from now on.”

“You’re such a bad person, even though you’ve got a husband.”

“On the days you play with me, I’ll make up an excuse to get my husband to spit out his seed, even if I have to use force. Even getting pregnant won’t inconvenience me.”

I thought the woman’s body was delicious as well, so I gladly welcome her advances.

“It will be an immoral love between two married people. Aah, how steamy.”

“What a lewd woman.”

“Ufufu, thank you very much.”

If I leave this slutty wife alone, I’m sure she’ll destroy her household as a result of cheating.

I’m glad I could prevent that for her six children’s sake too.

It still pains my heart so I’ll ask Mel to take care of me tonight.

I leave the cleaning of the room to Madam Lahn and then I realize something when I fix the appearance of my clothes.

I didn’t do anything today since coming to the school besides eating women.

I feel a bit bad for Myla, so I’ll check on how she’s doing.

---

“Too slow! There’s a proper sequence to follow to assemble the formation, and you’ll repeat this until your body remembers how to do so!”

I check on the designated parade grounds for the school and I see the students lined up while Myla shouts angrily at them.

Fumu, looks like several teams are working together to do drills that have them switching from a regular march to an anti-cavalry formation. Cavalry don't give you much time to respond to them, so it's better if they can be quicker.

"Instructor, I have something to say..."

One student spoke up to show their objection.

"What is it? Tell me."

"We can deal with the enemy even at the current speed if we just do our usual search for them. Shortening the time any more than this would be difficult, so wouldn't it be better if we practice other formations?"

"That only applies to practice, it'll take double the time in actual combat."

A few people grumble at Myla's comment.

"That might be the case for cowards..."

"We are descendants of a knight family, we won't display such shameful behavior."

"...anybody here who actually participated in battle?"

A tiny portion of the crowd raised their hands.

"I have yet to participate in my first campaign but I've heard plenty about the battlefield from my father who is a soldier."

"I've seen the battlefield from my father's carriage."

Fumu, I may have a chance to teach for once.

"Myla, may I?"

"Lord Hardlett? Where have you been? Uu, you stink of perfume."

"Who cares about that, more importantly..."

I whisper in Myla's ear and also lick her ear while I'm at it.

“I believe that is certainly the most optimal. But I’ll let Lord Hardlett demonstrate if he so pleases.”

I’ve decided what I want to do, and that is to test the students’ courage.

“Begin marching.”

On my instructions, the students start marching in a two-column formation. It looks neat and tidy, but that doesn’t mean anything, this training requires them to swiftly get into anti-cavalry formation on cue.

“No matter how many times we do it, it’s perfect. We’ve practiced it a lot after all.”

“We’ll see about that.”

I glance over at the side of the parade grounds where Myla raises her hand on her horse.

It looks like her preparations are done.

“All units, anti-cavalry formation—!”

The students stopped, as if they couldn’t wait for this moment. Then they look towards the edge of the parade grounds with a doubtful expression.

“What is that? A bunch of dust is being kicked up.”

“H-hey. Is that... heavy cavalry!?”

It was a team of 40 heavy cavalry chosen from my escort squad who were charging into the parade grounds from the edge.

There are three teams for a total of 60 people here – a reasonable amount

“Charrrrgggeeeeeee—!!”

The group collectively draw their swords and gallop forward in a single horizontal line.

“What are you doing? Get into anti-cavalry formation.”

The students hurry to make preparations, but are distracted by the approaching sound of hooves and couldn't cooperate well with each other.

"Move it!" "Uwah, don't trip me!!"

"They're more than half way here already!"

It should have been enough time for the students to complete their formation according to the training a little earlier, but they're still panicking in a clumped up mess.

A few scattered individuals gave up trying to group up and point their spears at the charging horses.

I raise my right hand.

"Uuuuoooooooooh-!!"

The heavy cavalry shout in a resounding chorus and shift into high gear. This is what a real charge looks like.

"Uwaah!"

"Save us!"

Two teams are completely out of sorts while the other team is in an uneven distorted formation.

Thinking this is about as much they can take, I raise my left hand and wave it.

At the last moment, the escort unit splits to the left and right to pass by the students. After the footsteps of the cavalry have gone by, the students raise their heads up timidly.

"If this were a real battle, you guys would be routed and torn to shreds."

I speak to the astounded students with a grin.

"You had time from the time they started charging to when they reached you. If you got into formation just like in training, you should have been able to handle them."

There are still some students who remain flat on their ass.

“The power of cavalry isn’t just their speed. Many soldiers often lose to the pressure emitted by the rushing of the horses and flee or get too frightened to move. I think you learned this the hard way.”

I help up one of the students who sunk to the ground before giving him a slap on the butt.

“If you don’t repeat the training and let your body remember the movements, you can’t move, right? The soldiers you guys will be training in the future will be the same way.”

Myla smiles bitterly when she came back just in time on her horse.

“As you can see, it was a tragic result. But it’s much better for it to happen here in training than in actual battle.”

The students are terribly rattled, and probably can’t continue with the drills or the lessons today.

“But I think they gained way more from this.”

“You’re right. Everyone, we’ll end lessons here today. You may be dismissed!”

Among the many students who stand up unsteadily and take their leave, one of them has their head down, and just stares at the ground.

“What’s wrong, you can’t move?”

The student is a pretty well-built male with short blonde hair.

“No, I’m frustrated, at the fact I couldn’t control the team.”

Oh yeah, this guy was shouting and trying to get the team together until the very end. It might have been crooked but it’s impressive that he could manage that.

“Well, that dumpling is as good as having no formation on a real battlefield.”

“Guha!”

I smile and put my hand on the shoulder of the student who is hanging his head.

“You’ll do a little better next time, you’ll do a bit better the time after that. The wonderful thing is that this isn’t the battlefield. You’re allowed to make mistakes here.”

The male student nods greatly and runs off.

“What was that guy’s name?”

“...As usual, you can’t remember any of the boys’ names. His name is Conrad Baltak, who is apparently the second son of a knight family.”

“Conrad, I see.”

I’ll remember only this guy’s name.

“Uuuu...”

After everyone left, a single female student remains crouching.

“What’s wrong... aah, I see.”

The bottom of her ass is wet, so she must have wet herself.

“Margrave... please don’t look!”

“Don’t worry, there are even some guys who did that. Come with me.”

Since the student is a girl, Myla was about to switch places with me, but I shake my head.

“I also have a change of uniform. Come here.”

“Uuu, even though I decided to abandon being a woman and become a warrior.”

Don’t say something so wasteful, you’ve got some pretty nice legs.

---

“Aaaaah! It went insideee!”

“How is it, wetting yourself is a thing of the past now.”

Only the girl’s wet pants and underwear were removed while I thrust into her half-naked body from behind.

The girl was a virgin too so blood and love juices are leaking from her hole.

“It’s a waste to abandon your womanhood since you’ve got such a tight clenching hole. I’ll teach your body so you won’t say something like that again.”

“I’m a woman! I’m the Margrave’s woman!”

“Well said, good girl!”

This is the third girl I’ve embraced today.

I’ll have to make sure Erich doesn’t find out about this.

Unfortunately, Myla will probably sense something.

I’ll buy some delicious food for tonight and throw a party, which I hope will somehow mislead her.

I think about such things as I rock my hips against the squealing girl.

“Kyaaaaah! It’s swelling up inside meee.”

This school thing is actually pretty fun.



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Protagonist: Aegir Hardlett. 23 years old. Winter.

Status: Goldonia Kingdom Margrave. Great Feudal Lord of Eastern Area. King of the Mountains. Friend of the Dwarves. Special Consultant for the Royal Institution

Citizens: 155,000. Major Cities – Rafen: 22,000. Lintbloom: 3500.

Assets: 62,950 gold (Banquet -20)

Accompanying: Mel (angry concubine), Celia (angry adjutant), Myla (angry commander), Leah (lover), Irijina (escort), Pipi (escort?), Dorothea (angry lover), Alice (lover), Kroll (running out of money), Gido (escort squad)

Polte (mistress), Gretel (bitch)

Sexual Partners: 158, children who have been born: 37

# Chapter 180

## How to Use a Madman

**-Aegir POV-**

After the morning lessons were finished, I pay a visit to the Hard-boiled Pavilion, the inn Andrei manages.

I enter the shop, coming into the eating area and bar which remains unchanged from the past, where I see the hard-boiled shopkeeper Andrei standing at the counter along with a busy-looking childlike female in the eating area – Andrei’s wife Natalie – who should be over 20 years old now.

“It’s been a while, Andrei.”

“Well look here... Margrave Hardlett, welcome, so nice of you to come.”

“You don’t need to be so uptight.”

“That’s not really possible. You’ve risen in ranks so much.”

The sad-looking Andrei lowers his head in a hard-boiled manner.<sup>1</sup>

“That’s not what I mean, it’s just troublesome if you leak information and then people make a big fuss about it after they find out.”

“What do you mean?”

“Actually...”

“Oh how popular... I get it. Then please don’t mind my rudeness as I talk to you like I did in the past.”

“Please do, and I’ll leave this with you in advance.”

I hand Andrei a few gold coins and he accepts it in a hard-boiled manner.

I have a bit of time, so why don't we make some small talk.

"So it looks like you were locked out by Dorothea."

Once Dorothea found out about his sexual disposition, she kept the kids away from him.

She kindly refused his visits while showing gratitude for all the help he's provided her.

"You won't progress forward if you're afraid of persecution. I will remain faithful to who I am even if nobody understands me."

"Be quiet, you pervert."

He said something impressive but the simple fact is that he's sexually attracted to children.

"Natalie-san, which table is this for?"

A cute little girl walks briskly while carrying plates of food. She looks a little over 10 years old but she's already been violated by this degenerate and has given birth to a child already.

"Oh that's right, let me introduce you."

Andrei brings over a young girl.

Maybe she's Natalie's child, but she's pretty big...

"My name's Rurumu, pleased to meet you~"

"I've been looking after her since last month."

Looking after? Those don't sound like words for his own child.

A chill ran down my spine.

"I don't want to think this, but is this kid..."

Andrei averts his eyes in a hard-boiled manner and gulps down some alcohol, but doesn't answer me.

I'll hand the girl some sweets and hear it from her.

"You called yourself Rurumu, right? How old will you be? Did this guy do anything strange to you at night?"

"I'm 7. Anything strange? Like when we play lovey-lovey?"

Aah, I thought so.

"Mister gets naked. And then I get on top of mister..."

Enough, I get it.

Looks like I'll have to call the guards.

"Wait. It's consensual."

"Quiet, pervert. Is it fun sleeping with a seven year old girl?"

"I'm doing it because it is fun!!"

"I-I see."

His energy made me unconsciously feel overpowered.

"In the past, I was in love with females in the early teens. But I eventually thought those under ten are good as well... and now I get excited by young children."

Andrei drinks his alcohol in a hard-boiled manner while talking to himself.

How far is this degenerate going to fall?

"Does Natalie know about this?"

"I'm sure she sensed something but she allowed it. As she gets on in age, she's become more open-minded."

Isn't she still just 21?

She looks like she's in her teens though, what are you talking about "getting on in years".

“Enough about this. I’m counting on you about the room. Just hand over the key if the visitor is a woman.”

“Got it. You’re a lecher too, eh?”

You’re the only person I don’t want to call me that, you damn pervert.

I have a reason for borrowing a room in the Hard-boiled Pavilion.

The females who I’ve connected with from the school consist of two instructors and three students, and will no doubt increase in number down the line.

The girls have noble backgrounds or are married, so it will be annoying if I take them to a love hotel and they get spotted by an acquaintance of theirs.

We could do it at school but the risk of them being spotted is high and if I were to keep them in the mansion, Mel would get angry.

On that point, the Hard-boiled Pavilion has a relatively high-class room, plus a joint dining hall and bar, so it wouldn’t be suspicious at all if noble children or married women are there.

After the lessons are over, I can head over to the inn after I get the girls to head to the room first and we can have our fun without being discovered.

The other inns might find it suspicious if I bring a different girl with me everyday to a room I rented out, but it’s fine with Andrei’s shop, and I can just bring up how this pervert likes little girls in front of the guard captain on the off chance his mouth slips.

“I’m quite the schemer if I do say so myself.”

I can shamelessly enjoy the love affairs with the girls at school and it won’t affect Mel’s mood.

And then I can unhesitatingly indulge in the bodies of various women – a wonderful plan which doesn’t harm anyone.

“Fuhahahahaha!”

“What are you laughing about?”

My shoulder flinches at Erich’s sudden voice.

I thought a bunch of things got leaked.

“Nn, Lord Radhalde, don’t startle me.”

“You took the words right out of my mouth. It’s strange seeing a man laughing out loud while walking in the middle of the street.”

He was riding a carriage and just happened to go past me by chance.

I must have been laughing pretty loud as I can feel the gazes of everyone on the main road now that I look.

I get on the carriage after being asked by Erich.

“I spotted some man walking while laughing maniacally and thought to myself ‘there are more insane people around here recently’ but it was just you. Everyone knows your face so don’t do anything strange.”

“How disgraceful, it was just something minor.”

“...I won’t delve too deep but you saved me the trouble. I was just about to come get you.”

Really now, if I have some business to attend to now, I won’t be able to make it in time for the afternoon lessons.

“That doesn’t matter. It’s a summon from His Majesty after all, regarding the remnants of Magrado.”

“I see.”

So Hoover was the one behind that last attack.

But the personnel who acted were not under his command, rather it was the remnants of the former Magrado. The problem is that there is an environment where he could easily gather over a hundred men with sufficient training.

“It must be a rough place.”

“Yeah, attracted by the vastness of the land, the nobles all jumped at the opportunity to raise their fame. From one rebellion to the next, I hear they have it hard just trying to live as a feudal lord, let alone trying to collect tax.”

“Also two corps of the kingdom’s army consisting of 30,000 troops still haven’t returned.”

“Yeah, they were sent to the central city Odoros to try and somehow bring order to the surrounding areas.”

In our current situation, the Magrado domain is a complete burden if we’re talking only in terms of benefits.

That nation has a considerably large gold and silver mine but maintaining order is accumulating too much expense.

Moreover, if the chaos continues it has a chance of eventually turning into a massive, uncontrollable rebellion.

“And I’ll be discussing the countermeasures to that with the King...”

“Oh right, the annoying Kenneth will be there too. You better be mentally prepared.”

I don’t find him particularly hard to deal with though.

A lot of things happened and I should have paid off my debt in that mess with the attack at the ball.

“So how has it been in the school? I heard you’re doing some fairly interesting lessons, and the instructors are interested too.”

“In the end, it’s just training. But since they won’t die, it’s better to be a little more daring.”

Erich smiles delightfully, but suddenly changes his tone.

“I heard you’ve been checking on the domestic affairs teams very frequently. You haven’t connected with the instructors in Kenneth’s faction, have you?”

Madam Lahn is the wife of a domestic affairs official in the capital, so I guess she falls in that category.

I’ve connected with her physically but not in terms of faction, so it shouldn’t be a problem.

She should be teaching without her panties just like I instructed her.

“That’s good then. The idea of doing midterm exams and rewarding the top placing

individuals with a recommendation letter and a cash bonus is pragmatic, but a good idea. I heard the students' sincerity towards the instructors have increased immediately. I also intend to incorporate those with a recommendation letter in an army with a slightly higher social standing."

"I thought you were going to tell me that using money as an incentive is vulgar."

"Fufufu, it's too late to bring that up seeing how we started off as mercenaries."

While we were deep in talk, the royal palace comes into view.  
Somehow it feels like I'm always coming here as of late.

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## Royal Palace

"Let us omit the preamble and get straight to the topic of Magrado."

The King stops us and Kenneth from bowing and begins to talk.  
I'm glad it's going to be quick.

"None of the nobles entrusted with land can properly administer their rule. If this continues, it won't just be each individual's incompetence, it will no longer be something we can suppress with the usual methods."

Erich expresses his opinion.

"Aye, but we cannot just suppress the entire nation through military means. Even with 30,000 troops, they're doing the utmost just to keep the peace around the former capital. If we want to extend that to the entire domain, it would take over 100,000 soldiers."

"Probably, I am not thinking of using only the army's strength either. That would result in the same mistake Arkland made when they didn't rule properly over Treia."

The King claps his hands and an individual appears, falling prostrate before the King.

"Anselm Dunois... why is this man here?"



Neither Erich or I could hide our surprise.

He was branded a traitor and his family was executed, and he also cornered the Treian King into receiving capital punishment after the war.

I thought that disaster would have ended everything to do with him.

The King calls Dunois in front of him and has him kneel.

“Anslem Dunois, do you swear your absolute allegiance to myself and to Goldonia?”

“I swear it, Your Majesty.”

“Then thou shall be conferred the status of a Goldonian Count, and also appointed the Governor General of Magrado.”

“What!?”

Erich shouts, and I’m also a bit shocked.

“Then head to Odoros immediately, use any means necessary to stabilize that place.”

“As Your Majesty commands.”

Dunois bows once and leaves without turning to look at us.

My brain couldn’t register what happened so suddenly and I probably wouldn’t understand even if was told to me slowly, so I’ll just think about how I’ll pound Mel.

“What is the meaning of this, Your Majesty!?”

“Hahaha, this wasn’t done without giving thought. Domestic Affairs Commissioner please explain, and Military Affairs Commissioner state any opinions you have without reserve.”

Kenneth steps forward and Erich makes an unhappy face, but there’s no other choice but to listen at this point.

Well, let’s just listen to what these two have to say.

“His Majesty also mentioned this earlier, but the hostility towards Goldonia in the former Magrado domain is not normal. By no means will typical methods allow you to rule over them.”

Celia hasn't been getting much exercise lately and it feels like she's getting fatter. I could accompany her on walks at least.

"That's why we'll be changing the method of ruling, we'll confiscate all the territory handed out to the nobles, establish the Magrado General Governorate and make all of the land nationally owned."

"The nobles are also at a complete loss with the rebellions. I'm not against giving them a small sum of money in exchange either."

Domain in which tax cannot be properly collected is of no use anyways, and we'll be blamed if a large-scale rebellion breaks out.

Oh yeah, Irijina destroyed a wall in the school, didn't she... she crashed into it, but why is it the wall that's breaking?

"The present condition doesn't change even if that is done. Didn't the Kingdom just get the bad end of the deal? "

"Of course, in the context of power, the current military strength is necessary, but we'll utilize the once powerful force in the opposing former Magrado nobles and their citizens."

"Opposing?"

"Yes, individuals from those in leisurely posts who are being watched by the royalty and influential nobles to those who were branded with the mark of disgrace. It's fortunate that they've been made light of and haven't been judged because they don't hold important positions."

Speaking of the trial, the four royalty from the Treia Kingdom wrote me a letter saying they want to create a rose garden in their name.

They must be feeling ashamed so I guess I can allow that much.

"The individuals who once opposed us are being appointed to important posts, their family and citizens will be treated favorably, and they will cooperate with the General Governorate. On the other hand, we will thoroughly suppress the citizens of the once influential nobles and treat them inhospitably."

“So you’re going to divide the people of Magrado?”

In other words, the people of Magrado are separated into two groups – one group which will be appointed to important posts while the other group will be oppressed.

“The people who are treated favorably will lose some of their animosity towards us. And the people who are being oppressed will not direct their anger at us but towards the people who are being treated favorably.”

That is quite the wily scheme, but it might very well be effective.

If the same group of people hate and oppose each other, that will lighten the load on those ruling them.

The group who gets favorable treatment will probably be asked to cooperate with us in order to maintain the current situation.

I thought I was quite the schemer, but this plan is unbelievably devious.

I wouldn’t be able to come up with schemes like this so I’ll stick to thinking about women.

“I see, so you’ve put some thought into this. But I have one question.”

“Speak.”

“It’s about making Dunois the Governor General. If it all works out, then he will literally have the same authority as one who rules an entire nation. We must not forget that he was once our enemy.”

Myla who was also once a former enemy is now my prisoner.

Wrapping her legs around me despite saying she doesn’t want it is extremely cute.

“I have naturally considered that. He isn’t someone I trust with regards to this case. Such great authority will lure any loyal subject into rebellion... however, what do you think of that man, Lord Radhalde?”

“Nothing in particular. Just like when I saw him during the trial, he looked like a madman.”

I thought the same thing too.

He's keeping up appearances on the surface but he's gone crazy deep down in his heart.

Just teasing Alice a little bit in the butt also makes her go crazy and crave something in there.

"Right, that's why it's fine. He's clever in his own respect but he's insane. Do you think he'll be merciful to the people of Magrado when they sheltered the Treian royalty who were his family's enemies? I did twist the truth just a little bit though."

"...damn fiend."

Erich mutters quietly enough so that only I could hear.

"It's enough if he can stir up Magrado nicely and create some hell. Then, once the people of Magrado are divided nicely, he'll be eliminated."

"....."

"How about if we justify it with the injustice of the Governor General. It might be somewhat chaotic but if we just prop up the usual ruler right after the madman, he'll seem wise and benevolent."

"And what if he resists?"

"Next we'll let the coldly-treated Magrado citizens themselves deal with the problem."

Magrado will be divided up into a desired form as the easy-to-deal-with villain, and then thrown aside once their role is finished. The divided people will then be repeatedly well-treated and oppressed to get them to hate each other.

"Not just two groups, if possible we should split up the Magrado citizens into three of four groups. That would make ruling over them easier."

Magrado will turn into hell.

Under the rule of the madmen, the people will hate and injure each other.

"That's how it is. Until the rule has stabilized, the 30,000 soldiers will remain there. Then, we'll also need the personnel for the General Governorate, but like it was said earlier, they will be thrown aside eventually. Find and nominate people who are more

obedient than skilled and who won't be missed if they disappear."

The King closes off and the discussion ends.

"Then the meeting is adjourned. Lord Hardlett, your popularity in the school has reached my ears too. Continue your efforts."

"I thank you for such generous words."

Once the King leaves jovially, Kenneth shuffles over to me.

"Lord Hardlett, a bit of your time if you don't mind."

"Well, what is it?"

"I heard you've been getting close to the daughter of Count Beltz, so if you want to make her one of your wives, I can talk to the Count for you."

I'll ask Rebecca later where he got wind of that information.

"Hahaha, I'm just treating my students nicely. They're as cute as little rebels."

"That's wonderful, and this may be inexplicably rude... but there is no lie in those words."

Kenneth winks and suddenly kicks me.

I never want to see a middle-aged man wink at me again.

"Well now, Lord Hardlett, it's about time to go, it's almost time to eat."

Erich places his hand on my shoulder.

I don't remember making any plans with him, but I'll accept because he probably doesn't want me talking with Kenneth.

"Ooh, is that right, then Lord Radhalde, Lord Hardlett, let's meet again at a ball."

Kenneth leaves with a superficial-looking smile on his face.

Afterwards, I endlessly listen to Erich's gripes and criticisms of Kenneth as we eat.

“From what you were talking about earlier, don’t tell me you’ve eaten a student.”

“I’m not a man-eating demon.”

“You haven’t embraced them, have you?”

“I’ve held them in my arms during training.”

“...you haven’t raped them, have you?”

“Of course not! Everything was conse-... er, I did nothing of the sort.”

I didn’t tell a lie.

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Two Weeks Later

After all the classes at school were over, I drop by the Hard-boiled Pavilion.

I greet Andrei, who is standing at the counter in a hard-boiled manner, and head to the room I borrowed on the second floor.

She should be here already.

“Master! I was anxiously waiting for you, woof.”

The one who jumped at me was Gretel, who ran towards me on all fours and acts playfully while looking up at me in anticipation.

“You were here looking like that? Aren’t you cold?”

“Dogs don’t mind the cold, woof!”

Gretel was wearing thick fur pants, custom-made by a fur craftsman, with something that resembled a dog’s tail near the ass part.

In addition, there is a slit where her genitals are so I can mate with her while grabbing her tail.

A custom-made pair of dog ears are also on her head.

Gretel needs to have these on whenever I do it with her.

The craftsman probably didn't want to accept the order when this item was requested and charged an excessively large sum upfront.

But when the amount was agreed upon immediately, the dubious face he made afterwards could be considered pathetic.

"I have a present for you today."

"Woof! I'm happy with anything that master gives me, woof!"

The items I took out were a leather collar and leash, something the girl has been wanting for a while now.

"I'm so happy! Now we can go on walks, woof!"

Maybe I should do it somewhere it's not too populated... no, that's risky.

While considering the possibilities, I loosen my pants and take out my dick.

Gretel falls to the floor, turns her ass towards me and wags her tail.

Sex with the girl is fundamentally in this position meant for animals.

"Kyaaaauun~!"

When I thrust into her, the moan she makes is also supposed to imitate that of a dog.

"Master! Do it harder, woof!"

"Yeah, get ready for it."

My furious pounding makes the girl forget to act like a dog as she shrieks continuously.

"Fuu, I guess it's about time. Gretel, wake up."

"Uunnn, is it that time already? How sad."

The awakened Gretel takes great care to carefully pack away the dog pants, ears and collar into a bag.

"Then I bid you farewell, please call on me again."

“I will, I’ll take a quick break before going back. You can go first.”

The moment Gretel left the room, I get up and fully open the window.  
Next, I wipe away the fluids spilled on the floor and then change the sheets.  
This is normally an employee’s job but I’m pressed for time today and can’t wait.

As I was in the middle of working, there was a knock on the door.  
Not good, they’re earlier than expected.

“Margrave Hardlett, um... I came a little early.”

I straighten my clothes and open the door.  
Standing there is the girl from the commander team whose virginity I took a little while ago, and another girl she brought along.

“Being late is out of the question, but being too early is no good either. If you’re too eager on the battlefield, you could be charging forward on your own.”

“Y-Yessir! I’m terribly sorry!”

“Umu, be more careful next time.”

I invite the two girls into the room.

“So, this girl is the one I’ve heard about?”

“Yes, this is my friend. So, um...”

“I don’t know what will happen after I join the army! I might die... or get captured by the enemy and raped... so I at least want to offer my chastity to the person I admire...”

“You’re fine with me?”

“I’ve always admired the Margrave. I want you to please take me, if this doesn’t upset you.”

“How could I refuse someone as cute as you.”



I push the girl onto the bed.

“You’re kidding, it’s that big!?”

“The Margrave is especially huge, but he’s extremely skilled so I’m sure he’ll make you feel good.”

Eventually, she screamed out in pain when she got deflowered, but those screams gradually turned into moans.

Her friend also got involved later and it turned into a threesome.

“Fuuu, that was good.”

“I thought my hole was going to tear apart. But... it felt good, what a lovely person...”

“It’ll get even better from now on. I’ll make you pass out from the pleasure next time.”

“I’m glad! I will never forget what happened today.”

“Please don’t forget about me too.”

The two students hug me from both sides, which is really wonderful, but I don’t have much time.

“It’s almost time for the dorm to lock up. If you break the rules, it’ll reflect poorly on your evaluations, now go on back.”

““Right, please rely on us again.”“

The two girls held hands and left while squealing with joy.

I’m sure they’ll reflect on what happened just now.

I once again open up the window and then swiftly change the sheets that got wet with the virgin’s blood.

At the same time I finished, there was a knock on the door.

“Um, it’s Polte. Are you awake?”

“Of course. I was waiting for you.”

Being an instructor can be quite the rigorous job.

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### **-Third Person POV-**

#### Side Story

“Kroll-sama! I’m so glad you came!”

Somewhere in the capital where poor people live, an almost-broken door opens and Kroll enters one of many run-down houses.

“Lola, I brought some medicine with me today too.”

“Thank you. I don’t know how I can express my thanks for all this time...”

The silver-haired girl’s name is Lola, who holds the bottle of medicine like it’s some kind of treasure, and brings it to her mother.

“Keho, keho<sup>2</sup>. Thanks again for everything. To show compassion for us prostitutes...”

“It’s fine, you don’t have to talk so much or your body will get worse.”

Lola quickly lets her mother drink the medicine.

Her mother’s illness has to do with her lungs, and it has progressed to a dangerous stage but she is recovering slowly because of the medicine.

“And also some money, you won’t get better if you don’t eat well.”

Kroll places a silver coin in Lola’s hand.

The girl bows her head so low it touches the ground.

“Come on Lola, don’t keep Kroll-san waiting. Go to the other room and take care of his body.”

Kroll blushes a little from her mother’s instructions and looks off in the distance to avert his eyes.

Conversely, Lola is all smiles as she takes the boy’s hand and pulls him into the

adjacent room.

“Right, this place is dirty but please make yourself comfortable. Use the bed here to make love to me.”

“S-sorry about this. “

“Don’t be, I love being of service to Kroll-sama. No matter what you do-...”

Lola gently removes Kroll’s clothes, then quickly takes her own clothes off.

“-I’ll love you dearly.”

Lola wraps her naked body around Kroll and pushes him down.

---

“Fuu, that felt great.”

Kroll makes his way back to the mansion with a refreshed expression on his face. Then, an unpleasant-sounding voice called out to him from behind.

“Ooh, if it isn’t Kroll-sama.”

“You... what do you want at this time?”

“Gehehe, collecting repayments on a loan knows no time. If every customer was as good as Kroll-sama, it makes our job that much easier. I should be asking Kroll-sama... oops, was that insensitive of me?”

The man is a private loan shark who Kroll borrowed money from.

The medicine to treat lung illnesses are fairly expensive and he couldn’t afford it with just his allowance.

But he couldn’t get an advance on his wages and he wasn’t sure if Lola’s mother would survive until then.

“Allow me one more insensitive comment, the date for repayment is in one week’s time... can you make it?”

“Of course! The place I work at doesn’t delay on their pay.”

Kroll thinks to himself while shouting angrily – his payday is next week, so he can just barely pay back in time.

His food, clothing and shelter is provided for him so he thought that even if he didn’t have any money left on hand in the worse case, he wouldn’t starve to death.

“Well naturally, since you’re working as a servant for Margrave Hardlett and his reputation is outstanding! Otherwise, who would lend money to some brat... oops, how rude, well I’ll excuse myself now.”

The loan shark leaves and then Kroll counts the amount of money in his wallet.

“I’m good... I can manage somehow.”

The night goes on.

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Protagonist: Aegir Hardlett. 23 years old. Winter.

Status: Goldonia Kingdom Margrave. Great Feudal Lord of Eastern Area. King of the Mountains. Friend of the Dwarves. Special Consultant for the Royal Institution

Citizens: 155,000. Major Cities – Rafen: 22,000. Lintbloom: 3500.

Assets: 62,600 gold (Rose Garden Creation -300) (Dog Products -20) (Compensation for School Wall -30)

Accompanying: Mel (concubine), Celia (chubby adjutant), Myla (commander), Leah (lover), Irijina (escort), Pipi (escort?), Dorothea (lover), Alice (lover), Kroll (in debt), Gido (escort squad)

Polte (mistress), Gretel (bitch)

Sexual Partners: 159, children who have been born: 37

# Chapter 181

## Kroll's Problem

**-Aegir POV-**

Several men and I line up and kneel in front of the King.

"These individuals are people who I believe should be recommended as suitable personnel for the General Governorate."

This way of speaking doesn't fit my character to be honest.

"Umu, it's been one week since then and you've done well to gather them. I'm glad you work fast, it doesn't displease me."

"I'm grateful for your praise. Step forward, you guys."

"Sir, yessir. It is such a pleasure to be granted an audience today and I am truly delighted, therefore I will devote my body and soul to the sacred royalty and to the fatherland..."

The King waves his hand to indicate he's said as much as necessary.

"Enough, all of you will be appointed as members of the Magrado General Governorate and will be granted honorary titles from Knight to Baron. Complete your work loyally from now on."

Everyone except me replies with delighted voices and falls prostrate with their head to the ground.

These guys were once rulers, nobles and feudal lords of former Treia who were acting as governors after their country was destroyed, but were later dismissed during my past patrols.

When I wrote a letter to Rafen to ask who I should recommend as personnel for the Magrado General Governorate with the following conditions – possessing the

minimum ability to rule, won't disobey their superiors and more importantly won't be missed if they were disposed of – Adolph's reply was to send these guys.

It's true they do have some ability to settle down the territory in some way or another. They have horrible personalities so I doubt anyone would follow them if they wanted to start a rebellion, besides they don't have the guts to do something like that in a new area.

And most importantly, if they all disappeared, nobody would even notice.

"They themselves are enthusiastic about it so I guess it's fine."

Coming from a situation where they were partially restrained to their current situation where they're given status and permission to wield power in a new life, there is no way they will refuse. Even I was able to discreetly exile them so granting one or two of their requests won't hurt anybody.

"Oh, it's a promotion." "What a truly moving moment." "It'll make me faint. Uunnn..."

These three remind me of the stupid fool, idiot, and trash trio from some time ago, how nostalgic.

They'll be working under Count Dunois as his flunkies.

After they leave visibly happy, the King smiles with only me in his presence.

"They obviously look like idiots but don't look like they will revolt. So they're former feudal lords."

"Yes Your Majesty, they were intolerable individuals who exploited and wronged their citizens as governors."

Normally, recommending such individuals would be the greatest example of disloyalty.

"Fufufu, is that so. But it's fine that they can at least prove useful. They can do whatever they wish in the new lands."

And then they will be cut loose in the end.

I guess that means I'm finally part of a conspiracy.

To cover up this depressing mood, I head over to the Hard-boiled Pavilion.

I wonder who is in there today.

---

Night

“Fuuu... my hips feel light. I wonder if I have anything left for Mel.”

Today, I embraced Polte and another girl from a poor Baron family at the same time. Ever since I embraced them together in order to resolve some of the friction between the two, the girl started calling Polte ‘Onee-sama’ in adoration, she started taking her classes seriously, and her grades have gradually been going up too.

From that point on, she would always ask to be embraced together with Polte and the two of them also accompany each other to the bathroom quite frequently, but I pay it no mind.

I did drink a little alcohol too, and walked back to the mansion to sober up, but I heard some mumbling voices near the back entrance.

I don’t think they’re thieves, plus Irijina is there so the tables will be turned on them.

“Like I said, the amount I borrowed should be 5 gold! Why did it become 10 gold?”

“It annoys me how brats like you don’t know how the world works. God has created something called interest in this world. Returning the same amount you borrow is too good of a deal for bugs!”

“Even so, it’s outrageous that the amount doubled when not even a month has passed!”

“I explained it to you properly, don’t blame me when you forget about it.”

“B-but 10 gold is... impossible for me to pay back immediately.”

“Hehehe, you got a bunch of expensive items lying around the Magrave’s house, don’t you? If you sell some of those, I’m sure you’ll get some more change.”

“I can’t do something like that!”



“Then you gotta do your best to come up with the money another way. Well, I’m okay with extending the date until next week, but it’ll be 20 gold then. If you can’t pay it back, I’ll be coming in front of the mansion next time and telling the Magrave about this.”

“Uu...”

The conversation ends and the man leaves Kroll standing still with a blank look in front of the back entrance.

“Hmm, what to do.”

20 gold is not a big deal, worth less than the amount needed to repair the wall Irijina broke with her tackle.

But it’s wrong for me to butt in and pay off a loan Kroll made.

And he was also tempted to do bad things, but Kroll has been working for me for so long, I’ll trust him.

“Well let’s see, can he resolve this without having to rely on me?”

He’s also a man, I’ll leave him alone until he comes and speaks to me himself.

If it was a woman, I would shoulder the debt for her and enjoy every inch of her body though.

I’ll pretend I came back just now and call out to him.

“Kroll, what are you doing?”

“N-no it’s nothing! I’ll reheat the water for the bath!”

“Is that so, I’m counting on you.”

I wonder what will happen.

---

One Week Later

“So in the end, he didn’t do anything.”

A week passed by and when I returned to the mansion at night after classes were finished, Dorothea and Kroll were kneeling on the ground at the entrance. The reason his face is all swelled up is due to the furious Celia behind him who punched... no, she can't use her hands, so she probably kicked him.

"What happened?"

"Actually..."

Dorothea starts talking apologetically and tells me how the loan shark just came by the mansion for Kroll's loan repayment and pressured the person responsible for looking after the mansion – Dorothea – into shouldering the debt.

It amounted to 30 gold, not the 20 gold they said one week ago when I listened in on them, which just shows how unbelievably corrupt he is.

The amount is equivalent to a well-off commoner's annual income and isn't something Dorothea can prepare so quickly so he went back for now, but he was yelling out how he would take this to the capital's courthouse.

Bringing a case like this to court may actually work against a merchant as corrupt as this, but the pain of a servant being in debt will also affect the name of the noble they work for, so in most cases the noble would shoulder the debt before it gets to that point.

It really doesn't matter to me either way though.

"I am really sorry for bringing such trouble to you. I will accept any punishment as well, so if you could please help this one time..."

Dorothea presses Kroll's head to the ground while keeping her own head down as well.

"Raise your head, Dorothea, this isn't your mistake."

I help the worried looking Dorothea stand up and then kick Kroll.

"Agh!"

"Kroll! Oh please have mercy!"

I hand the clinging Dorothea to Mel.

Celia also looks surprised, did she think I wouldn't get angry?

30 gold is really not a big deal at all, and that much will probably be spent on trips to the brothel anyways.

What I'm not able to stomach is something else.

"Kroll, what is Dorothea to you?"

"M-my mo-... mother."

"Why are you getting your mother to bow down for something you did? You should be apologizing and explaining by yourself, you idiot!"

I kick him again.

He isn't at the age where he still needs to hide behind his mother anymore.

Besides, I hate it when people prostrate themselves to me like this.

"Uu..."

The standing Kroll bows his head deeply.

"I wasn't able to pay back the money, 30 gold worth! I beg you... please help me!!"

That's sufficient.

"Mm, explain."

---

The poor mother and child, named Mira and Lola respectively, were taken to the mansion.

The mother was sick so I let a doctor see her but apparently the medicine had cured most of her lung illness and she just has to eat nutritious meals and she'll completely recover.

So the debt Kroll incurred wasn't in vain.

"Kroll-sama..."

“T-this is nothing.”

Kroll’s face looks horrible from the kicks Celia and I gave him.

But men want to look strong in front of women, so he must have deliberately kept quiet about the debt.

“I’ll be looking after you two until her illness gets better, but... I have something to talk to you about.”

The sick mother was allowed to sleep in the guest room while I take Kroll and Lola to my bedroom.

Let me test a little something.

“So, I’ll be looking after you two from now on.”

“I’m truly grateful.”

I hug Lola after she lowers her head.

“Lola, I have come to like you. Become my woman.”

“Eh?”

“Eeeeh—!?”

The tiny Lola lets out a gasp of surprise while Kroll shouts loudly in shock.

I push down the puzzled Lola and strip her.

Kroll is in a state of panic but he knows he can’t just brush me aside because I went as far as shouldering his debt for him.

Lola becomes stark naked, hiding her most precious place while pleading with me timidly.

“Um, you see, I’m... Kroll-sama’s woman. Letting another gentleman mount me is...”

“I’m telling you to change your mind. I can make you happy... plus this guy’s pretty big.”

I lower my pants and take out my dick, resting it on top of Lola's stomach. The girl is small and skinny, probably due to being malnourished, and although my dick is only about half erect, it's probably already twice as large as Kroll's member.

"Hiiih... so huge..."

"What do you think, it'll feel awesome when this thing stirs up your insides."

Lola remains silent for a while and looks over at Kroll.

"Da-... damn it..."

Tears of frustration stream down Kroll's lowered face.  
I'm sure the girl now knows that Kroll can't go up against me.

"...if Kroll-sama is okay with it, then please go ahead and use me as you like."

Lola slowly spreads her legs and I press my cock against her entrance.

"Fufufu, I'll stretch out this hole with my size."

Tears continue to well up in Kroll's eyes while Lola shuts her eyes tightly... until the last moment when my cock was about to enter.

"Don't! I don't want this!!"

Lola hits my chest and puts up resistance.  
Naturally, it does absolutely nothing to me but when I quietly move away from her body, she jumps into Kroll's chest.

"Kroll-sama! I'm sorry... but I... I-!"

"Lola..."

Kroll then stands in between the girl and me, protecting the girl.

"Aegir-sama, she is my woman! I will work even harder and return the money. So that's why please let the girl off the hook."  
"I will also do my best to help!"

Fumu, if he just asked for help from the beginning, he would have gotten full marks, but I guess this is about what I can expect.

“How troublesome. You don’t have to return the money, more importantly, now that you declared she belongs to you, you better take responsibility and protect her. If you’re inept, then I’ll send you to the Chrysanthemum-opening Garden as an apprentice.”

“Chrysanthemum-...? I-I understand.”

Well, that’s that I guess.

I leave the two alone and let them hug each other as I head towards the mother, Mira.

“Your daughter has become Kroll’s woman, are you fine with that?”

“Yes, Kroll-sama saved both mother and child after all. I think it’s quite generous of him.”

Even though I can see tears in Mira’s eyes, she looks happy.

“I didn’t think he would be from Hardlett-sama’s house...”

Inspecting Mira closer, the small woman is similarly malnourished like her daughter but she looks rather young.

“Pardon me, but... you look quite young, is she not really your daughter?”

“No, my daughter is 15 and I’m 29. I had her when I was 14.”

I heard she was a street prostitute and now I can pretty much confirm it.

“So, won’t you become my woman? You’ll become my lover and I’ll look after you.”

“Oh, what a generous offer... but if possible, um... I also want-.”

Mm, she’s not going to accept, huh.

“I want to become Kroll-sama’s woman.”

He was able to make this mother and daughter fall with just 30 gold, that Kroll is getting pretty skilled.

It unconsciously makes me smile.

“That’s fine, if you feel like it, bear his child too.”

“Yes, when I’ve recovered from the illness, I will do so together with my daughter... ah, and also in regards with the doctor.”

Hm, I wonder what this is about.

“While it’s a little embarrassing to say, the two of us are the lowest class of prostitutes. We’ve been used by many filthy gentlemen up until now... so we asked the doctor to perform a check-up on Kroll-sama, and about the examination of the illness...”

Oh yeah, Kroll has been itching his crotch a lot recently.

I’ll make sure he doesn’t take baths with the other family members.

I have to secretly call on a doctor to visit or Celia and Mel will fly into a blood frenzy when they find out.

Well, now I have to pay the loan shark a visit, and make sure he doesn’t do something like this again.

---

The Next Day, Early Morning

I drop by the loan shark’s place.

The reason I’m attracting the attention of those around me is probably because I’m leading 100 soldiers of the escort unit with me.

The guards also showed up to see what was going on, but could only watch us from a distance.

I have permission from Erich to station my troops in the city.

“Wh-what is going on... Margrave Hardlett!?”

The loan shark rushed out to determine the source of the commotion, and he must have just woken up since his balding hair is messy and disgusting.

“Are you the loan shark who lent Kroll money?”

“Y-yes. But what is all this...”

I throw 30 gold at him.

Despite being corrupt, the fact that Kroll borrowed from him is true.

“Well, at first I heard you went to my servant and lover to try and extort money from then. I thought that I would burn down the house and massacre the family of the person who did that, which is why I brought these guys.”

He glances at the escort unit soldiers behind me.

The family members of the loan shark who peeked their heads out turn pale at the sight.

I was interested in his wife and daughter for a brief moment, but changed my mind when I saw they were the spitting image of the man.

“I found out right before leaving that you were pressing them to pay back the loan. Phew, good thing I made it in time.”

“Y-yeep.”

I pat the loan shark’s shoulder a couple times.

“The next time you lend my family money, don’t add any interest. I’m stupid and can’t do complicated calculations. If the amount to be paid back increases, I’ll think it’s some kind of extortion tactic again.”

“O-of course, Mr. Margrave!”

“It seems I always act out before I give any thought to the dignity of a noble. But here’s to future business with you.”

I end by roughly rubbing his balding head with my forearm, destroying some of the roots of his hair before leaving that place.

I’m sure he won’t mess with me anymore.

With this, Kroll’s problem is solved.



Oh right, I have to write a letter to Melissa since she's like a mother figure to Kroll and would like to know about anything that happened to him, plus Alma should also be worried...

What should I write?

First I'll write "Kroll borrowed money from a loan shark to buy prostitutes and caused a huge fuss"...something like that.

Next is "ultimately, he made the prostitute mother and child his own women".

I'll end on a positive note... no, "he got a sexually transmitted illness but he'll recover soon, so no need to worry", that sounds good.

It's getting pretty warm now.

It must be close to springtime.

---

### **-Third Person/Kroll POV-**

#### Side Story

"Uu... so itchy."

Kroll shut himself in the mansion's toilet and sticks a brush into the bottle of medicine, then slathers the liquid medicine onto his penis.

Lola, who felt extremely obliged to the young man because of his actions, helps out with the treatment.

"I'm sorry for being such a dirty girl! I'll help you!"

Lola repeatedly lowers her head in apology, takes the brush and paints it over Kroll's dick.

At first, she was only applying the medication, but the brush strokes gradually get more sexual in nature.

"Aau... it feels good there."

"How about here? Kya, it twitched. Geez Kroll-sama, I'm putting the medicine on so you can't get hard."

“Don’t say something impossible, guh-! More around the tip...”

“What are you doing in the toilet!? Hurry up and get the hell out!!”

The door was kicked open.

Standing outside is the indignant Celia, who apparently waited for a long time.

“Taking forever in the toilet like some brat... a brush!? What kind of perverted thing are you doing!? Just get out!”

Celia makes a huge fuss, but Kroll and Lola couldn’t settle with just bowing their heads.

“I’m sorry. Um, Celia-san... have you gotten fatter lately?”

“Kuh, kaaah—-!!”

Celia’s roundhouse kick explodes in Kroll’s face and knocks him unconscious.

But it seems Celia forgot why she was standing in front of the toilet in the first place. She opened up her legs too much when she raised one up for the kick.

“Aaaah! Crap!”

“Kroll-sama! How could you kick him... you’re terrible, Celia-sama... huh?”

“D-don’t look, don’t loooooook!”

In the rays of the afternoon sun, Celia’s torn pants flutter in the wind. From the next day onward, Celia found Lola difficult to deal with.

---

Protagonist: Aegir Hardlett. 23 years old. Spring.

Status: Goldonia Kingdom Margrave. Great Feudal Lord of Eastern Area. King of the Mountains. Friend of the Dwarves.

Citizens: 158,000. Major Cities – Rafen: 23,000. Lintbloom: 4000.

Sexual Partners: 166, children who have been born: 37

# Chapter 182

## Orgy in the Capital

**-Aegir POV-**

Royal Institution

"Today will mark the end of my time here. While it was a short period, I would be happy knowing that I could be of use to everyone."

I make a simple speech in front of the student body gathered in the banquet hall. Celia, whose abdominal injury has gotten better and is looking rather fat now, Myla, and Irijina are also stationed here.

I ordered Leopolt and Adolph to prepare specifically for this day and think about what I should say in this speech.

My speech will be taking up an hour's worth of time after all. Hang in there me, I can't take anymore than this.

"Some of you will also leave the school this spring. Fortunately, you will be ahead of many others who are still on the starting line. However, you'll quickly be matched and left behind if you don't continue advancing forward. Most of you are not incompetent enough to need worrying, yet not competent enough to warrant expectations."

I smile at Myla as if asking her if I spoke well, but she silently sends me looks as if to say "hurry up and continue".

In retaliation, I secretly place my hand on her ass, prompting her to stomp on my foot.

"This is directed to those who will become commanders. You will be participating in battles from now on, but don't be prepared to die for every little battle. Rather than worrying about something meaningless like who the winner of every battle is, don't forget that you are all more valuable."

I look at the commander team and everyone nods in agreement.

Some students even break out in tears and cry... although now that I look closer, all of

them are female students I've slept with.

The commander team is essentially all boys and not even 10% of the group is female. There might actually be fewer female students who I haven't embraced yet.

"To those who are striving to become domestic affairs officials, I have one thing to say to you even though this is outside my area of expertise. Don't let the citizens suffer. If you can keep your citizens satisfied, things will generally go smoothly even if your policies are poor."

I didn't attend many of the lessons in domestic affairs and should have a more distant relationship with the team, but there are even more students who start crying. Naturally, they're all female students I have embraced.

Furthermore, even some female instructors are wiping the corner of their eyes with handkerchiefs.

Besides Polte and that lewd madam, how many was it... one hand isn't enough for all of them so I stopped counting.

Recently, the room I rented in the Hard-boiled Pavilion was getting way too full so I ended up borrowing three rooms.

Not to mention the students I embraced brought their friends with them and increased the numbers even more.

Just last week, I don't remember how many hymens I tore through... crap, I'm getting hard.

"Ahem, everyone continue to give your all to the Kingdom..."

Realizing the bulge in my pants, Myla steps in front of me and makes up a speech. A nice follow-up by her.

For now, this should suffice in fulfilling the duty which the King ordered me to do. During my long stay in the capital, I was inevitably invited to dinner parties and balls, where I was also able to make some connections.

And for my most important goal in securing a domestic affairs official, I have a rough idea of what to do.

"I will be leaving the school as of today, but I might meet those who participated in the

practical training in the future. There may be hardships ahead, but take them all as invaluable experience.”

I made a system where several applicants will be taken back to my territory from the students in the domestic affairs team to do practical training. I can pick the human resources who can act as Adolph’s aid, plus the practical work experience should be beneficial to them too.

There are some secrets which cannot be mentioned in my territory too, although I think Adolph can deal with that problem properly.

“...That much is fine.”

Myla mumbles quietly.

“The quota was six people right?... why are they all female students? I heard it was a fierce competition.”

Apparently the female students scuffled with each other and got into a huge fight in order to be picked.

I prioritized the examination results in my decision but even that didn’t help them accept the choices I made.

Also, some of the males were hoping to participate to search for a career but I hear they backed down after they saw the intensity of appeal by the female students.

I look at Gretel and Polte.

Unlike the other female students, not a single tear was shed and they had a smile on their faces.

Gretel was one out of the six girls picked for the practical training and Polte was invited to my territory as the students’ director.

“Then this will conclude my speech. There will be alcohol and food specially prepared tonight, so take your time and enjoy.”

The students who didn’t have much interaction with me also get excited from my final words.

I guess that’s it.

When I dismiss everyone and step down from the stage, a single male student stands

in front of me.

“Conrad Baltak... was it?”

Among all of the students in the commander team, this guy’s skill towered above the rest.

He’ll definitely become a good commander or perhaps rise to success in another career.

“Yes, I wanted to learn more from the Margrave... I will keep everything you have taught me so far in my heart.”

What an uptight guy.

I was just telling my second-hand stories, isn’t it embarrassing?

“Your grades are excellent too, would you like me to bring you to a brothel afterwards?”

“No, I’m fond of the same sex<sup>1</sup>, so I don’t go to those places. Rather than that, I would appreciate if I received something in commemoration.”

“I see, then... it’s nothing special, but here.”

I hand him the sword at my waist.

It’s a brand new sword which I use whenever I walk around the city, and while it isn’t cheap, it isn’t anything special either.

“Thank you very much. Then... take care.”

Conrad performs an impressive salute and sees me off.

Hmm, it felt like I heard something unbelievable, but I’ll pay it no mind.

“Margrave Hardlett.”

The next one to come is Gretel. She was always an excellent student and climbed to the top of the class in no time after taking her lessons seriously.

Of course she was highly prioritized to be included as a participant in the practical training.

“About these girls...”

A group of female students trail closely behind Gretel.

She brought herself close to my ear to whisper something which she probably found hard to say out loud.

“They seem to have fallen for master too and wanted you to at least take their virginity before parting with them.”

It looks like the rumor of me eating female students secretly circulated amongst the students.

As long as I have accepted the duty of being an instructor, I can't shamelessly embrace the students as I please.

I'll need to give the girls a warning here.

“I understand. Have all of them come to the Hard-boiled Pavilion later.”

It was supposed to be a warning anyways, but my mouth moved on its own. Plus my crotch is in the mood too.

This goes against my will but my reason is fighting a hopeless battle and has no choice but to surrender unconditionally at this point.

Oh, how regretful.

I catch Madam Lahn winking at me from the corner of my eye.

Fumu, there are about 10 girls in front of me... it'll probably go until midnight.

I send a block sign to the madam, telling her that I won't be free until later that night.

---

Night, Hard-boiled Pavilion

“So embarrassing...”

“This is finally happening.”

“My heart is beating so fast.”

There are 10 naked girls lying on the bed.

“You don't have to be so nervous. This is something all girls go through to become



women.”

I take off my pants and reveal my cock.

“Uwah, huge.”

“Just like senpai said... I thought for sure she was exaggerating.”

I can't get enough of the girls widening their eyes and placing their hands over their mouths in surprise.

“Hold your own legs up and spread open your hole.”

The shy girls lift up their thighs and expose their clean slits.

I wonder which one I should go for first.

I bring my face close to the line of immature genitals and upon closer inspection, discover a particularly wet hole.

Let's start with this one first.

“Ah, me...”

I press my body against the girl, whisper her name in her ear and kiss her.

At the same time, I push my hips forward and take her virginity.

“Ooooww!”

I pull out after two thrusts, just because there are many girls here.

If I swing my hips until I ejaculate, I wouldn't be able to attend to every girl.

After piercing the girl, my dick was wet with virgin blood.

“I've certainly taken your virginity. Just wait a moment. I'll show you more affection after making my way around to all the others.”

When I kiss the neck of the girl who started crying from the pain, she nods slightly with tear-filled eyes.

“Next is... you!”

I take my blood-stained dick and push it into a different girl.

“Aauu! It hurts! It hurts!”

“It was taken... I’ve become a woman now.”

“Kyaaaaaah!”

Each of them take their turns to squeal as I happily move from one girl to the next and rob them of their virginities.

Young girls feel more pain than older ladies so I was always a little bad at dealing with them, but I’ve slowly gotten used to them during the orgies I’ve had in the school. It seems even I was able to learn something useful in school.

Most girls who are in the royal institution are the daughters of respectable families, and the pure and innocent girls have almost no experience with anything sexual, so many of the girls end up thinking the first person they sleep with is their destined life partner.

Despite their tears from the pain, they extend their hands and whisper sweet words of love.

When it looked like I was finished, I can see that the virgin blood of all 10 girls are spread all over the bedsheet in various areas and the girls are lying on top with vacant eyes.

It somehow looks like the crime scene of a murder.

“I’ve booked the room for the night so rest here if you wish, you don’t have curfew today either... alright then everyone, take care of your bodies.”

I give everyone, including those who passed out, a kiss before leaving the room. I’ll be seeing Madam Lahn next.

---

Late Night, Madam Lahn’s home

“Nnnnh–! Nnaaaaaah!”

I press down on Madam Lahn and swing my hips hard.

The time is midnight and the mother of six couldn’t go outside as expected, but I snuck into the couple’s bedroom through the window of her house so we could have sex.

Her children have already fallen asleep and her husband seems to be staying overnight at the royal palace.

That means I can enjoy myself without restrain.

“Guh-!”

I spray my first load inside the woman.

“Aau... so hot... do it from behind next...”

This horny madam won't go down after doing it once or twice.

I was just with the 10 girls before this so I believe we're fighting on equal terms right now.

“Oh right, I have something I must tell you.”

“What is it?”

I inquire while keeping my hips moving.

“Actually, my period didn't come last month. Ufufu, so it's possible that...”

I unconsciously stop moving.

“Hey, hey... it's already snugly inside you.”

“It's fine, I'm certain that the child doesn't belong to you based on the flow of events.”

I don't know what kind of reasoning she used, but there's a chance that my child is inside the belly my dick is poking up into.

“Please let the child in my belly drink your seed too... ara? Oh no!”

At the same time the madam raised her voice, the bell hung above the entrance of the house rang, followed by a person's voice.

“I'm back, are you asleep already?”

I jump off the bed and the madam gathers my clothes which were strewn about the floor.

Her husband returned home for an unexpected reason.

“Your clothes are here! Please exit from the window!”

Unfortunately, I don’t have time to wear each and every piece of clothing.

“Let us make love again when we have another chance.”

“Yes, please thrust into me until I’m unconscious next time.”

It’s a hurried parting, but it can’t be helped.

I squeeze the pile of clothes under my arm and jump out the window while naked.

Even though it’s already spring, the night still feels cold against my naked body.  
I better return quickly to the mansion...

“Welcome home.”

“Thanks, I finished work earlier than expected... why do you look like that?”

“Oh dear, I was comforting myself because you left me alone.”

“You naughty woman... I’m a little backed up today. Let’s do it.”

“Aahn, so suddenly...”

“Your hole’s sopping wet, almost as if 10 people came inside you.”

I can hear the back and forth conversation the two of them were having from the window I forgot to shut.

Why do I have to act like some cheating guy?

“Kyaa! Pervert!”

Crap, someone spotted me!

I dash into an alley and somehow make it back home even with the guards chasing. However, Mel noticed the lipstick marks all over my chest and back and I was harshly questioned while half asleep until morning.

“...Your tool here stinks of blood too, you ate virgins, didn’t you?”

“Yeah, lots of them, those girls were cute.”

“...Ahmu!”

And the tip of my dick ended up with Mel’s teeth marks.

---

“Alright, we’ll be heading back to the territory now. Dorothea, if a loan shark like the one who came before comes to bother you again, send me a letter. I’ll hang him in front of his own store or something.”

I hand Dorothea some money for the mansion’s maintenance fee, the children’s expenses and a little extra.

“You can spend a little more on yourself. Buy some new clothes once in a while.”

Dorothea accepts the money with a blush and I hug her tightly as preparations for our departure are finished.

“Everyone, mount up! Guard the feudal lord-sama!”

The escort unit takes up their position around the carriage, in what is quite the excessive security measure, but since they were brought along anyways, they did what they’re supposed to.

Incidentally, Christoph is in the carriage.

Apparently, he went to a bar yesterday to say his last farewell to the capital but didn’t check his wallet before going wild and didn’t have enough money, so he was ganged up and beaten by the bouncers.

It was just so ridiculous, I didn’t say anything.

The carriage in the rear contains Gretel, Polte, and the other five female students. I’m sure the girls will be a big help to Adolph.

Lola and her mother are also accompanying us.

It seems like Kroll is taking them back after making them his mistresses.

Watching Kroll take the concentrated attacks from Dorothea, Myla and Celia was amusing.

But I wonder where Kroll is going to keep them without a house in Rafen and still in debt.

“Wait, just a little side trip here.”

The Hard-boiled Pavilion came into my view.

I thoroughly used the rooms there so I wanted to at least go in and give my regards, but I heard Andrei’s voice in the back alley.

So he’s over there.

“Hey little girl, I’ll give you this candy if you play with me for a little.”

“Yaay, you’re gonna give me candy~?”

“Here, just touch this... that’s right, there. A little harder... that’s good.”

“Fueeh... mister, you’re scary.”

“No need to worry. There, mister is going to touch you too.”

At that moment, a woman walks into the back alley...

“Kyaaaaaaaaah!! A pervert, it’s a perveeeeerrrrttt!! Call the guards!!”

“You’re wrong, this is our love...”

There was a whistling sound and then the guards come running in to pin Andrei to the ground.

Andrei struggles under the guards while the young girl cries, attracting a crowd of people around them.

Natalie comes out of the inn after hearing the commotion but doesn’t do anything besides giving Andrei a cold stare.

Farewell Andrei.

I call out to the guard.

“How many months?”

“Oh, Margrave Hardlett, we’ll be throwing this pervert in prison for about one month.”

“That’s how it is.”

I look over at Natalie, who then nods.

It might be just the right amount of time for him to cool his head.

“Thanks for all you have done. Here’s my thanks.”

“Ara, thank you very much. Please come again some time.”

I exchange a handshake with Natalie as if nothing happened while the guards lift both of Andrei’s arms to take him away.

The perverted man looks up to the sky and declares gravely.

“Starting from this time today... my trials begin.”

“Hurry up and walk, you perverted bastard!”

After the more-than-meaningless incident was resolved, I was just about to leave, but a single female was waiting for me near the gates.

“Rebecca, what is it?”

“I have information. The ringleaders of those remnants of Magrado seem to have fled to the city-states from Stura after losing the backing from Hoover.”

“Hooh... and does that have anything to do with me?”

They’re far away from me map-wise.

“There is a chance a portion of those individuals will target you. I am still unsure of the details... but at least be careful.”

“Alright. Thanks for the warning.”

I pull Rebecca into the carriage and close in for a kiss.

“...well, we’ve already did that much, a kiss is nothing.”

Our hot kiss continues and I take advantage of the situation by rubbing her ass and breasts through her clothes.

“Nnh!?... nnh.”

It doesn’t look like she will resist.

Next, I try slipping my hand under her clothes and fondling her breasts.

“Nnhhh! Nn, nnh.”

She resists a little bit, but quickly becomes obedient.

Then how about if I go downstairs?

“Nnh! I haven’t given you permission there yet!”

No good, I guess.

However, I’m able to caress her boobs under her clothes now, so that’s a little bit of progress.

She better be prepared for when I eventually slam my meat rod into her and make her bear my child.

“Then... please take care.”

“Yeah, I’ll keep what you said in mind.”

Then the carriage speeds off towards Rafen.

---

Side Story? Inside the Carriage

“Kroll, you’re bringing two women with you but you don’t even have a house, what are you going to do?”

Kroll and I are sitting together in the carriage and chatting here and there.

“...I-I’ll manage somehow.”



I'm sure he won't manage somehow though.

"You can't buy a decent house with just 30 gold."

"Uu... that's... aau!"

Kroll groans.

Lola and Mira are crouching at his feet, licking his dick.

"I won't be concerned if it was that easy to start a family... nnh!"

At my feet, Leah, Irijina and Alice are on their knees and servicing me with their tongues.

My girls and Kroll's girls become more intense in their service as if competing with each other.

However it seems my girls are one level better.

Leah's technique in particular is so fierce that even the former prostitutes Lola and Mira are left stunned.

She's practically showing off the bulge in her throat of the dick which reached her stomach.

"It might be hard for you to work as a servant in the mansion now."

Someone who's holding the heads of two women as they suck on his dick is no longer a child.

If he attends to my women's needs, it might cause some sort of a misunderstanding.

"N-no way, you're firing me!?"

"No, I was just thinking about letting you be my assistant or something. The amount of work will increase, but so will your pay. It should be enough to help you support at least those two women."

"Assistant... follower..."

Kroll looks at Lola and Mira's silver hair and nods after some consideration. He's probably thinking about Celia.

“Celia can’t do everything by herself after all.”

I’m sure the girl would insist she’s fine on her own though.

“Even so... Celia is my woman, I won’t hesitate to cut you off if you mess with her.”

“I-I won’t do anything like that!”

“Aau... Kroll-sama got a little smaller.”

He still has a long way to go if something like that makes his dick shrivel up.  
Leah takes my dick out of her mouth and proudly shows off the unbelievably hard member to Lola.

“Uu... it’s so big no matter how many times I look at it...”

“Don’t lose heart. Just having size doesn’t make you a man. Right, Mama?”

“Yes, Kroll-sama is extremely skilled and his size will eventually increase too.”

“Increase... huh?”

Fufufu, I tease Kroll by shaking my cock.

Oh right, I almost forgot.

“Ah Kroll, I told Melissa about the incident with Lola, so you might need to be prepared for what happens when we get back. I’m sure Alma will also be relieved of your safety.”

Kroll’s jaw dropped.

What’s wrong? I told him for his own sake.

“Y-You told her!?”

“I thought she should at least know about the most up-to-date situation”

“A- awawawawawawa.”

“Au... it’s gotten small now.”

“It’s like the size of a peanut.”

What a weird guy.

I caress the heads of the three women servicing me and ejaculate forcefully.

---

Protagonist: Aegir Hardlett. 23 years old. Spring.

Status: Goldonia Kingdom Margrave. Great Feudal Lord of Eastern Area. King of the Mountains. Friend of the Dwarves.

Citizens: 158,000. Major Cities – Rafen: 23,000. Lintbloom: 4000.

Assets: 62,400 gold (Party, Return Preparations -160)

Family: Nonna (pregnant wife), Carla (concubine), Mel (concubine), Kuu (lover), Ruu (lover), Mireille (lover), Leah (lover), Casie (ghost), Miti (betrothed), Melissa (really angry), Maria (betrothed), Rita (head maid), Catherine (betrothed), Yoguri (playwright), Pipi (lover), Alice (magician), Alma (kill), Sebastian (butler), Dorothea (lover, in the capital)

Children: Sue, Miu, Ekaterina (daughters), Antonio, Claude, Gilbard (sons), Rose (foster daughter) ???

Subordinates: Celia (adjutant, round), Gido (escort unit), Kroll (orz), Irijina (commander), Luna (commander), Ruby, Myla (security officer), Polte (student director), Gretel (dog), Leopolt (staff officer), Adolph (domestic affairs official), Tristan (NEET), Claire & Laurie (Official Merchant), Schwartz (horse), Lilian (actress)  
Mother: Marceline, Daughters: Stephanie, Bridget, Felicie (Taken into custody)

Other Country:

Celestina (Queen of Malt), Monica (lady-in-waiting), Claudia (in conflict), Clara

Sexual Partners: 198, children who have been born: 37

# Chapter 183

## Endless Assault

**-Aegir POV-**

I respond to the welcome of the townspeople as I return to the mansion after approximately three months.

“Mama~” “Papa~”

Mel’s three young children jump at us and Mel’s face softens up.

“Mama is sorry for being away for so long. Did you get along well with your onee-chans?”

“Kuu nee-sama gets mad too quickly.” “Ruu nee-sama trips too quickly.”

Mel strokes her child’s head to comfort him, and then I feel something hit my back.

““Toto-sama~””

Catherine’s daughter Rose and son Antonio jumps onto me.

They’re 5 years old and 4 years old respectively and can scamper around quite freely now.

I pick the two of them up and they giggle happily.

Carla’s child Ekaterina and Maria’s son Claude are at my feet too.

“You’ve gotten so big in the short time I didn’t see you.”

“That’s just how kids are.”

I hear a voice I haven’t heard in a long time – that of Carla’s – who was standing with her arms folded.

Next to her are Maria, Catherine and the others too.

There are a bunch of kids at my feet and a bunch of women in front of me – I've become quite an impressive man if I do say so myself.

I honestly feel a man's growth is not in status or money, but in the number of women and kids you have.

"Nooope, before you come to us..."

Carla pushes forward Yoguri and Rita who are holding their children.

"Ooh, so you've safely given birth. Sorry... that I couldn't be by your side."

"No, well this much is a woman's job." "Yeah, I'm doing okay."

The two were acting strong, while Carla was snickering with her hand over her mouth.

"Pufufu, trying to act tough even though you were tightly hugging Aegir's clothes and pillows when giving birth."

The two of them turn red.

What cuties.

"They were just born not too long ago. Please give them a name."

"Right..."

I hug the two of them together with their children in their arms.

Yoguri's son is named Reiner and Rita's daughter is named Amata.

"There is no doubt about it with this."

"Aegir-sama's sons all have that... huge thing. How big will it become once they get older?"

What are they talking about?

After naming the kids and hugging the women, there was a commotion nearby.

"Is it not time yet?" "Hey, don't push!" "I want my child to be named too..."

The women who I'm housing in the annex have gathered here and are making a fuss.

Oh right... those girls were also waiting for me.

I turn to face the girls and spread open my arms, then all of them run towards me screaming cries of joy, quickly turning things into a jostling match.

It looks like several women gave birth to my child, so I specially give the mothers carrying my children a hot embrace.

“By the way, I don’t see Nonna anywhere... what happened?”

Carla and Rita sigh.

“Nonna’s in her room, she said that the cold is bad for the child. In addition, she said she might get a cold transmitted to her so she won’t go to any place where people have gathered. Please go to her as quickly as possible, I’m sure she’s feeling miffed.”

Fumu, she’s just as selfish as usual.

---

“Booo! You should be seeing me first when you come back!”

Sure enough, Nonna was in her own room feeling ticked off.

Her stomach looks quite large, almost like it will burst at any second.

“I’m sorry... your belly has gotten so big.”

Air leaks from Nonna’s puffed up cheeks and her expression relaxes into a smile.

“Yeah, it has! I can tell the baby is moving. It’s kicking me so energetically... I’m certain it’s a naughty boy.”

“I wonder... nevertheless, it’s going to be your child, so I’m sure it will be a beautiful one.”

I look at Nonna’s face again.

As usual, she has a terrifyingly pretty face.

I always thought she was very beautiful when I first met her, but now that she’s become an adult, she has gotten even more so.

“With such beauty and such extraordinarily huge breasts, if I don’t allow for a bit of selfishness God will punish me for not being fair.”

“T-thank you. All of me belongs to Aegir-sama, so please stay by my side.”

Perhaps because I praised her too much, Nonna is blushing and clings to me.

“My beloved Aegir-sama has returned. I can finally be at ease.”

However, the spoiled Nonna suddenly separates herself from me.  
For some reason I feel like it’s something troublesome.

“I remember now! Aegir-sama had that rose garden created for the mother and daughters of Treia!”

“The four of them must have been feeling discouraged. Isn’t that much fine?”

Nonna doesn’t seem to agree and makes me piggyback her.

“It’s not fair! I have a bunch of things I want to buy too, but you’re just going to listen to some outsider’s request as easily as that?”

Good grief, what a helpless woman.

“Alright, alright. When your child is born, I’ll buy you something in commemoration. What would you like?”

“You will?! Let’s see...”

Nonna goes into thought with a smile on her face.  
I wonder what her answer will be.

“I want to swim.”

“Hm? You want me to bring you to the lake again?”

If she’s fine with just that, then it’s an easy request.

“No. I want to swim here.”



Does she mean the mansion's bathtub is too small?

"I want you to construct a pool here. I'd like it to be in a high place inside the mansion... a spot with a nice view. Then I can overlook the vast scenery with Aegir-sama."

Nonna writes down the dimensions on a piece of paper.

20 m by 10 m... and this has to be elevated high and placed somewhere in the mansion?

Just thinking briefly about it, this mansion is itself a pretty tall building within the city, so I can't use a normal waterway and I can't build up from a well since it will be hard to supply the incredible amount of water needed.

Even if there is some way though... it'll definitely cost a fortune.

"While you're at it, why don't you build a new mansion? Instead of renovating the old one, a brand new one..."

I underestimated Nonna's self-indulgent nature.

I'll have to discuss this with Adolph, he'll probably get mad.

Oh yeah, Adolph.

---

"Long time no see Adolph, Leopolt."

My two trusted retainers bow their heads without given too much second thought, I won't hug guys after reuniting.

They should have been performing their duties without much trouble while I was gone anyways, so that's fine.

"Adolph, these are the students I mentioned in the letter who are here for the practical training. I'm sure they can help you out if you teach them some practical experience."

"That's a great help. It's getting to the point I can't do everything myself..."

""""Please treat me well.""""

"I'm their teacher, Polte. Nice to meet you."

Adolph's expression becomes stiff.

What's wrong? There are six students and one instructor, so you instantly get seven more people to your staff, rejoice.

"Hardlett-sama, over here please."

Adolph pulls my hand and takes me to the back.

"...what are these women? "

"What do you mean? They're the ones I mentioned regarding the practical experience..."

"Why did you only bring females with you?! "

Adolph, your face is too close.

"Yes, they might be domestic affairs officials, but the job still involves going around to farmland and remote regions! With only girls like those-"

"I'll explain that properly to them so it should be fine, that's how territory management is."

"...I'm sure you laid your hands on some of these girls, right? They'll need to stay overnight after an exhausting day's work though."

"I don't mind, but you better not get on top of any one of them. All of them are my women after all."

All six students were virgins who I then made into my women.

"All of them... what did you actually go to the capital for?!"

"Teaching of course."

I proudly stick my chest out.

"...Polte's originally a domestic affairs official and helped with her father's work, so she can be an immediate asset. Just slowly teach the rest of them. Even after the

practical training is finished, I want to keep as many of them here as I can to help with the work.”

Adolph’s cold stares hurt.

“Haah, alright. It’s going to be hard to work with my superior’s mistress as my subordinate... but those with knowledge of domestic affairs is as valuable as jewels after all.”

Umu, it’s good that he’s happy.

“One more thing, Nonna said she wants a pool and a new mansion. Something like this...”

I hand him a piece of paper with a simple drawing on it.

“...”

“Think about it, please and thanks.”

Adolph collapses on his desk, is he really that tired?

I glance out the window and see Melissa and Alma standing before the entrance. It’s already spring, but it will still feel cold just standing around outside.

“How come you two aren’t going inside the house?”

“There’s something I have to do.”

“Waiting for him...”

Aah, is it Kroll? I can understand Alma but even Melissa is going to greet him, what a lucky guy.

Oh yeah he disappeared right before coming into this road, I wonder where he went.

Maybe I’ll check out the rose garden now.

There’s a corner in the mansion’s courtyard where you can feel a light breeze and has good sunlight.

“Welcome, nice to see you.”

Marceline and her three daughters pinch the hems of their dresses and curtsies politely, the second daughter looks unhappy and the youngest daughter looks frightened.

It looks like I still need more time to make them fall in love with me, I need to make up time for when I was away too.

“So the flowers here haven’t started to bloom yet?”

“The seedlings were just planted after all... but if we’re lucky, one or two might bloom this spring.”

When it was still winter, Marceline would lovingly stroke the roses which looked like dead trees.

The rose garden is certainly not a big one, although it will still help a little to comfort the girls who have lost everything.

I have one more present for the girls.

“I don’t know if you will like this, but I thought it might improve how you feel.”

I place a kitten on Marceline’s huge breasts.

The tiny white kitten mews anxiously.

“Let me know if you don’t like this kind of thing.”

Just before my departure, a stray cat wandered to the mansion in the capital.

It was clearly a kitten and it didn’t look like its parents were around, so I took it with me.

It was a nice and pretty white color.

I could have given it to my family members to keep as a pet, but Irijina might accidentally step on it and Pipi might accidentally eat it.

“Waa...”

The ones who showed interest more than the mother were the eldest daughter Stephanie and the youngest daughter Felicie.

The third daughter scoops up the cat from her mother and places it in between her own large set of breasts.

The cat seems to have relaxed from being enveloped in those big breasts and remains docile.

“Thank you for your consideration.”

“Don’t mention it. Is there anything else you’re interested in?”

“No, the servants have been chosen already so there isn’t anything which inconveniences us.”

That’s good.

However, the second daughter Bridget looks dissatisfied.

“What’s wrong? Do you have a problem with something?”

“...hmph, you’re only doing all this to because you’re aiming for my sister’s and our bodies.”

“H-hey now! Bridget.”

That’s not quite right.

“My target is you girls... and also Marceline, of course.”

“Fueeh!”

I hug the confused mother.

Her body is a little loose from being 46 years old, but she’s beautiful enough for me to eat her.

I hope I get to do it soon.

“...I’m way past my prime though.”

“If you touch me here, you’ll know whether I’m joking or not.”

I guide the woman’s hand to my crotch.

“I-it’s hard... you would really lust for an old lady like me...?”

“If you allow me, I’ll even flip up your skirt right here and now.”

Marceline probably didn't have the determination and looks down.

"I'm fine with how it is now."

I lift her chin with my finger and kiss her, pushing my tongue in her mouth gently.

"Nnnhh!"

"Oh my..." "M-mother!" "Kitty~ ♪"

I take my time and enjoy her mouth before separating my lips from her and apologizing for my rudeness.

She didn't reject me, so she's just like Rebecca and I just have to slowly make my way into her heart.

"Puhaa... s-surely you jest..."

"I'm up for it whenever you are."

I let the mature lady remain on the ground flat on her ass and leave.

Aaah, I can't wait for the time I can taste that ripened hole.

---

After I finish the reunion greetings and listening to the reports of when I was gone, one of the maids calls me.

I wonder what it's about, I was thinking of heading to dinner right about now.

"Feudal lord-sama, the representatives of the nearby villages have come here to see you and celebrate your return."

"Hm? They've never did anything like this before though."

I asked her how many people, and she replied about 20 of them.

Not to mention they came on the same day as my return... making them wait would be a little sad, so I should go out and say hi at least.

"Then which room should I lead them to?"

“No, I’ll go to them myself.”

The representatives are apparently peasants so there is probably a more suitable method of meeting them, but it’s pretty annoying to be so formal.

The representatives and the guards are arguing in front of the entrance.

“Like I said, all your belongings must be inspected first or you won’t be allowed to enter!”

“This item is something which can only be shown to Hardlett-sama! Will you take responsibility for opening it without permission!?”

“What’s with all the noise?”

When I came out, the guard soldiers salute, while the representatives seem somewhat taken aback by my appearance.

They’re pretty well-built despite being peasants, and somewhat well-organized.

“A gift? Also, it’s impressive how you knew of my return, I didn’t particularly announce it or anything.”

“Well yes, we owe an enormous favor to the Margrave... so we put in a lot of effort.”

Fumu, sounds suspicious.

The spear I brought with me might come in handy for once.

“I see, so you heard from the people of the Benden pioneer village. You stopped by there on the way, did you?”

“Y-yes, we did! We heard about it from there and hurried to make preparations...”

The men nod as I brandish my spear.

“I see. And where is this Benden whatever village?”

“Wha-...!”

Certain that their identity was exposed, the men quickly drew the swords at their hip, prompting the guards to shout loudly for backup.

However, I don't wait for anything and charge forward, thrusting my spear at the face of the man in the very front.

"Gyaaah!"

"I'm not done yet!"

I swing my spear across my body to tear through the man's face and also cut down the men behind him.

Three men instantly lose their lives and the remaining enemies number 10 or so.

"H-hurry up with the weapons..."

"As if I'll let you."

These men probably wanted to surprise attack me, like what happened in the capital, but getting attacked first caused them to immediately prepare to flee.

My women are behind me, I'm not going to have any mercy.

I cut down one man after the other as they try desperately to draw their swords in time.

I wasn't piercing all the way through them, rather I make consecutive light thrusts, yet the thick spearhead acted like an axe and those small attacks were enough to inflict fatal wounds on the enemies.

"Strong as expected! However, my spear of fury will..."

"Shut up."

I consecutively thrust at the man who declared his intentions so impressively – the first attack knocked him off balance, the second attack flung his spear away, and the third attack went through his neck.

Seeing the other men around him get flustered, I can guess this one is the most skilled of the bunch.

"Don't panic! We already knew Hardlett would be tough from the beginning!"



Seeing some of the men try to circle around me, I whip my spear around in a circle.

“Huh?” “Eh?”

The heads of the men beside me slowly slide off their bodies and fall to the ground. I kick the one who tried to sneak up on me and turn him over on his back.

“P-please wait!”

“I won’t.”

I raise my spear and slam it down on his head.

“There are... 8 left, it’s gone down quite a bit.”

“Damn it, everyone gather around! Use bows...”

Before he could finish talking, I charge towards the remaining enemies. They quickly topple the wagon they had with them and use it like a barricade. Pots of oil and spears are peeking out from the overturned wagon... I’m really glad I didn’t let them inside the house.

“Thanks for bunching up together for me.”

With a full-powered swing of my spear, I slice the wagon along with the three hiding behind it.

“Guaaaaaah!”

“You’re kidding... fucking monster!”

“Who are you calling a monster!?”

I grab the yelling man’s face with my left hand and crush him to death. I toss the twitching corpse away, stomp on another enemy who fell to the ground and then get into a stance with my spear again.

With all the commotion, the guards have gathered here now. They probably can’t escape any longer.

“Now that it’s come to this, I’ll at least finish off this demon’s family!”

The remaining three look to charge into my house and rush forward shouting, coming straight at me as I stand in their way.

Unfortunately, I’m not kind enough to let you guys past me.

“Uuuoooooooooh! Push through!”

The man swings his sword at me.

“Oh really.”

After skewering him with my spear, I toss the man aside.

“Dooorryyaa! You can’t escape!”

The man raises his war hammer above his head and runs at me.

“See ya.”

I casually dodge to the side and punch him with my fist.

My fist buries itself into his face and I can feel bone shattering.

“Noooooooo!”

I was intending to kick the other one away, but I got distracted for an instant by the high-pitched scream of a woman.

In that opening, the woman crawls through my legs and invades my mansion.

“Oh crap!”

A stunned Catherine and two kids were holding hands and running away.

The woman closes in on them with her sword.

I make chase after her, but I don’t know if I’ll make it in time or not.

It was right at that moment.

(Waaaaaaaaaahn!! This isn’t happenniiinngggg!)

A green-colored Casie slips through the wall all of a sudden and crosses paths with the woman while crying.

“Wha-! Kyah.”

I was able to catch up to the woman who lost her balance from being surprised, grab her collar and throw her down.

“Gyaahn! Kyuu...”

The woman who got slammed against the floor lost consciousness from the impact. Thank goodness... it's a good thing Casie was here.

---

Night, Basement

“Well, your identity, your base, your leader... let's hear all of it.”

I interrogate the naked, tied up woman.

Even I didn't think I could speak to a woman as coldly as I just did.

Leopolt is seated with me and also presses the woman for answers but she doesn't reply.

“I usually treat women gently, but not this time.”

This one pointed a blade at Catherine and my children and tried to kill them after all. I'm not even aroused by her, so no mercy from me.

“...”

“If you're not going to say anything, you'll be fucked until you're all worn out then.”

Even forceful penetration with the intent to destroy the woman might not reach her heart.

“I'll toss you with the soldiers.”

Leopolt continues.

“I wonder, how many days will you last if you’re violated by over 50 burly men all night, every night. If you answer right now, you might still get away with just being thrown in prison.”

“...Rape me, kill me, do as you wish. I won’t yield to you bastards who brought my ancestors to ruin.”

So she’s some former noble or knight of Magrado, then I don’t have to listen anymore. Even if she somehow manages to kill me, there’s no way she’ll leave my territory alive. The only people who could follow through with such suicidal plans can only be individuals who have nothing else to lose.

If that’s the case, getting her to talk might prove difficult.

“Why not try to fuck her once? If it’s Lord Hardlett, it might loosen her mouth.”

I never thought I would hear those words coming out from Leopolt.

“Or if you want me to make her confess, I’ll do it.”

“You’re going to fuck her?”

Does he like raping someone while interrogating them or something?

“No. Torture is outside my area of expertise, but I am somewhat knowledgeable about it.”

Leopolt arranges a set of needles and tiny knives.

The woman’s expression turns pale yet she remains silent.

“I don’t want to embrace this one to be honest... besides, I just thought of a good idea.”

I whisper it to Leopolt.

“...that is rather unique, although it might be fine if she’s not going to die from it.”

Let’s go with it then.

I make the woman stand up and take her with me.

“Hmph! You’re going to have people gang rape me to make me talk? This vulgar tactic fits you despicable people perfectly! No matter how many crude dicks you shove in me, I won’t say...”

The woman shouts and curses along the way, although I’m not taking her to the barracks.

I tie up both her arms and legs in this certain place.

“Taking me to a place like this, what do you-... don’t tell me!”

This is Schwartz’s stable.

I fix the naked woman in a position with her ass sticking out.

I spot Schwartz behind her with an expression as if asking me what was going on. Judging by the discontent look on the mare who is sharing the stable with him, they were probably in the middle of mating.

Schwartz gets the urge to breed once a year, but he’s basically doing it all the time.

“I’m lending this one to you.”

“Wh-what did you say!? Stop it, you pervert! You trash! You savage!”

“I don’t want to hear that from someone who wanted to kill a child. Schwartz, you can do as you please as long as you don’t kill her.”

He neighs happily.

It sounded like he was telling me that he wouldn’t hurt the woman.

Since he was in the middle of mating, Schwartz’s penis has gotten incomprehensibly larger than a human’s penis.

“S-stop it! I don’t want to be raped by a horse! Stop, don’t mount me... aaaaaaaaah—!!”

I’ll leave the rest to him and turn away from the stable.

The sun sets, darkening the stable as the sounds of Schwartz’s neighs and the woman’s screams blend into a strange cacophony.

---

## **-Third Person POV-**

Side Kroll<sup>1</sup>

"I wonder if it's alright now."

Once Kroll saw that night was beginning to fall, he started heading back to the mansion.

Of course he won't be going to the main entrance, he'll be sneaking in through the back.

He can easily picture Alma camped out in front.

That's why he deliberately waited for a while and went around the long way to the back.

"Kroll-sama... if we're in your way, you can just abandon us somewhere."

"But could you let us live on together?"

"How could I do something like that!? You two are my women."

"Kroll-sama... so lovely."

"I love you, Kroll-sama."

Feeling moved, Lola and her mother hugs him as Kroll happily opens the back door.

"Welcome back Kroll, sitting pretty are we, with a girl on each arm."

Kroll's relaxed face instantly freezes.

There was a dry-sounding whack.

It was the sound of Alma chucking a rolling pin at Kroll and then him losing consciousness.

---

"N, nnn. This is-..."

"It's my room."

Kroll regains consciousness and checks his surroundings, where he saw Alma smiling and his own body bound to the bed.

“What is the meaning of this!?”

“Kroll, you cheated on me, didn’t you?”

“Eh? W-well, you see...”

If he said that he didn’t just cheat but made them his own women and decided to look after them, there would be no denying it.

Thinking desperately for a way out of this situation, he chose to refer to his women-loving master.

“It’s alright! They’re my women, but Alma is also my precious woman! I won’t let you feel lonely!”

Alma smiles kindly.

“Yeah, that’s right. You cheated.”

“...Eh? Like I said, you’re precious to me...”

“I know. Kroll isn’t someone who would do something cruel to a girl. I know you well, since we’ve been together since we were small... I’m sure it’s all this thing’s fault.”

Alma exposes the lower half of the immobilized Kroll.

“It was much cuter when you were small, but it’s gotten bigger recently, hasn’t it. It’s all this thing’s fault.”

“Eh? What are you-...”

“That’s why-”

The girl opens a drawer and pulls something out, then smiles.

“I’ll cut it off. That thing.”

The object she took out was a pair of shears, which she places up against the root of the problem.

“Alma, what are you doing!? Please stop this!”

“Nope, not stopping. Once this thing disappears, we’ll be able to live happily together again. We won’t be able to do naughty things together anymore... but it can’t be helped. I’ll put up with it.”

The girl smiles as her empty eyes stare only at the boy’s penis.  
The young man screams at this unusual situation.

“It will just be a little snip. I have some ointment for the wound, so don’t worry. It’ll only hurt a tiny bit.”

“Uwaaaaaaaaaah! It’s all my fault, just come to your sensessssss!”

“Then will you throw those people away and look only at me?”

There was a brief hesitation before he shakes his head.

“I-I can’t do that! As a man.”

Kroll faces Alma tries his best to look determined.  
Her reply was obviously a kind smile.

“...Snip.”

The girl presses down on the handle of the shears and the blades dig into the tiny pecker.  
Just before the symbol of his manhood gets sliced, the door opens.

“Wah! Alma, what are you doing!?”

The one who came rushing through the door was Melissa.

“It’s fine to punish him, but that is not allowed! You’ll definitely regret it in the future.”

“Melissa-san... but as long as this thing is attached, Kroll will do bad things.”



“I won’t anymore! I won’t add anymore women!”

Melissa sighs lightly.

“No matter what happens, you must not do that. Do this instead.”

She takes out a thick dildo.

“You can punish him with this, so please spare him from the snipping.”

“T-that’s just as bad though...”

Kroll’s complaints were met with a ‘Shut up, cheating man’ from Melissa.

“Okay... I understand. Then, I’ll be punishing your ass.”

The vacant-eyed Alma takes the dildo in her hand and pushes it against Kroll’s buttohole.

“Wet it with some saliva first... wh-, all of a sudden?”

“Punish!”

Without any preparations whatsoever, she forces the dildo into Kroll’s anus. The young man lets out a cry like a girl who is being raped.

“Gyaaaaah!”

“U-uwaah... I wonder if that injured him...”

Ignoring the worried Melissa, Alma moves the dildo back and forth. With every movement, Kroll lets out a scream and writhes his body.

“Melissa-san, look, it’s hard. Surely those people also did this to him too.”

“Well... it’s a natural reaction for men to get hard so that might not be the case.”

Melissa’s words fall on deaf ears.

“This won’t be good enough. More punishment is necessary.”

Alma takes the rolling pin which she used to knock Kroll out earlier.

“Two will definitely tear his ass, so you can’t!”

Alma doesn’t listen to Melissa or stop, and pushes the rolling pin into Kroll’s already tearing ass.

“Punish, Kroll... be an honest man!”

“Obhhoooooh!!”

The rod was merciless pushed in and the squelching sounds of flesh stretching can be heard.

Kroll lets out a cry several times louder than before and faints in agony.

As expected, Melissa subdues Alma.

“Let me go, Melissa-san, if I don’t punish him-”

“I said you can’t, he will really die!”

“What’s going on!!?”

At that moment, Celia kicks the door open and flies in.

There was an enemy attack just earlier in the evening so it was natural of her to suspect another outside enemy from the shouting.

“...”

“Aahhii... But... it’s not bad...”

However, what she saw in front of her was Kroll, whose ass was stuffed with two rods while his dick was erect and his face in ecstasy.

Celia instantly starts heating up.

“You confused... little... pervert!”

The power in Celia’s kick increased because of her increase in weight, and when her

foot hit Kroll's ass, he ejaculated.

Just when Celia was about to draw her sword, Myla similarly came running to hold her back.

In addition to the earlier commotion, there was a sense of agitation throughout the entire mansion as guards and servants gather around to see what was going on.

What they arrived to see was the sight of Kroll continuously ejaculating with two poles in his ass.

In the end, Kroll managed to escape with his dick intact, but the two objects shoved into his rectum caused him to be bedridden for two weeks. Moreover, the rumor of him being a pervert became widespread knowledge of everyone who worked in the mansion.

Alma remained the same on the surface after everything was said and done, but she never went to meet Lola or Mira.

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## **-Aegir POV-**

Side Story: Pickled Casie

"By the way, you... why are you so green? Plus, you smell sour."

(Waaaaah, hic, sniff.)

I somehow manage to get the truth out of the weeping Casie.

The story starts off one week ago.

Casie was feeling hungry so she snuck into the kitchen and tried to steal something from the large barrel of pickles.

However, her foot slipped and she fell into the barrel, buried under the pickles.

One of the cooks came and checked the inside of the barrel, but unluckily for her, he was someone who couldn't "see" Casie, so he just closed the lid of the barrel and placed a heavy stone on top.

Casie cried feebly over and over, until finally Celia realized and just opened the lid.

However at that point, Casie was well-pickled for about a week and moderately fermented, turning her into the distinctive green color.

Apparently, the reason she ran through the wall crying at that time was because of the shock she felt after seeing the horrible discoloration of herself in the mirror.

“Discoloration... exactly what are you made out of?”

If I press down hard on her body, she'll permanently deform, so I'm very curious.

(How would I know that, more importantly, what will I do if I can't return to how I normally look?)

“You're the savior of Catherine and those kids. Don't mind the fact that you're green.”

I hug her close and give her a kiss.

“...you taste like pickles.”

(Waaaaaaaaahn)

Incidentally, Casie eventually went from being green to light green, then to yellow, and then gradually lighter and lighter until finally returning to normal after two weeks.

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Protagonist: Aegir Hardlett. 23 years old. Spring.

Status: Goldonia Kingdom Margrave. Great Feudal Lord of Eastern Area. King of the Mountains. Friend of the Dwarves.

Citizens: 158,000. Major Cities – Rafen: 23,000. Lintbloom: 4000.

Assets: 62,400 gold

Family: Nonna (pregnant wife), Carla (concubine), Mel (concubine), Kuu (lover), Ruu (lover), Mireille (lover), Leah (lover), Casie (ghost), Miti (betrothed), Melissa (lover), Maria (betrothed), Rita (head maid), Catherine (betrothed), Yoguri (playwright), Pipi (lover), Alice (magician), Alma (unstable)

Sebastian (butler), Dorothea (lover, in the capital)

Sue, Miu, Ekaterina, Amata (daughters), Antonio, Claude, Gilbard, Reiner (sons), Rose (foster daughter)

Subordinates: Celia (adjutant, round), Gido (escort unit), Kroll (heavily damaged ass), Irijina (commander), Luna (commander), Ruby, Myla (security officer), Leopolt (staff officer), Adolph (domestic affairs official, tired), Tristan (NEET), Claire & Laurie (Official Merchant), Schwartz (training horse), Lilian (actress)

Taken into custody: Mother – Marceline (slightly charmed), Daughters – Stephanie, Bridget, Felicie

Polte (student director), Gretel (dog)

Other Country:

Celestina (Queen of Malt), Monica (lady-in-waiting), Claudia (in conflict), Clara (accompanying the Madam)

Sexual Partners: 198, children who have been born: 43

# Chapter 184

## Orthodox Magrado

**-Aegir POV-**

The sun rises in the morning as I stretch in bed.

Only the lewd Catherine and Melissa are crowding around my crotch right now.

All the other girls are here in the bedroom too, but everyone is pretty much sleeping like a log.

I can embrace just the two of them right now, but I have something I must do this morning.

“That was good. I have some business to attend to, so have fun with each other.”

“Kaaay.” “Here I go Catherine.”

Melissa quickly pulls her dildo out, connects with Catherine, and then I start hearing moans.

Now, I wonder how that woman is doing?

Of course, the place I am heading to is the stables.

I call out to the sentry I left in front of the stables just in case.

“Anything out of the ordinary?”

“N-no sir... she was making noise during the entire night but didn’t escape.”

I don’t hear anything from the stables right now though.

When I got closer, the only thing left in the area where I bound the woman was the rope.

“Tch, she ran away?”

I thought she fled under the cover of night, but I can hear the faint sound of a voice

coming from the back of the stables.

I take a peek, checking if Schwartz was the one who did something.

“Nnbbohn, Schwartz-samaa~... you’re so big... you’re so lovely, my beloved Schwartz-sama...”

The naked woman had crawled under Schwartz’s torso and is now servicing that horse’s thing which possibly exceeds 1 m in length.

She’s using her entire body to rub against the long shaft and obsessively licking it all over, praising the animal with sweet words all the while.

Schwartz shakes his head slightly as if urging her to do more.

“...what happened here?”

The woman’s genitals, which she is shamelessly exposing, most definitely accepted Schwartz inside, seeing as how red, swollen and gaping it has become.

“Hey, you.”

I call out to the woman and she glares back at me.

“Oh be quiet! I’m servicing Schwartz-sama right now, so don’t get in the way!”

It doesn’t look like she’s gone insane.

Schwartz neighs proudly.

I didn’t think a horse like him could make a woman fall in just one night.

“Schwartz-samaa... I’ll do anything to gain your affection... I’m your meat slave.”

The woman lovingly caresses Schwartz’s hind legs and rubs her cheek against them. I never planned to make the woman into a horse’s meat slave though.

“...what is the name and location of the person who sent you?”

“Who’s going to tell you!? I would rather die than help someone like you.”

It doesn’t look like she wants to talk to me.

“Hey Schwartz.”

Schwartz snorts as if saying 'good grief' and pounds the ground with one of his legs. He must be telling her to answer me.

"Eh! I-I'm sorry Schwartz-sama, I understand, I'll tell that man everything... so please, I beg you to not hate me. I won't be able to live on if you hate me."

The woman kisses Schwartz's meat rod repeatedly before turning towards me. Does she understand what he's saying?

"Here, I'll answer anything so hurry up and ask."

Why did it become like this?

Afterwards, I called on Leopolt to interrogate her, but the woman unhesitatingly told us everything she knew as if the resistance she put up yesterday was a lie.

"The leader's name is a man named Maximilian who acted as the deputy corps commander during the war, where when he saw his army would suffer an inevitable defeat, collected his assets from the nearby city and fled from Stura to the city states... to be precise, he garrisoned in Atoroapolis."

Leopolt makes a sour expression.

"He is close with the mayor of Atoroapolis. Using his large pool of assets, he holds influence over the remnants from various areas and places them under his command. Apparently he named them Orthodox Magrado."

The woman turns her eyes away, trailing off by saying she doesn't know any more details than that.

"Fumu... I get it."

I'm sure the woman isn't lying.

"Can I go now? I can't keep Schwartz-sama waiting."

"...do as you please."



The woman quickly throws her clothes off and runs to the stables.

I said I didn't feel like embracing her, but she still has a nice pair of breasts and a nice ass.

So all of that belongs to Schwartz now, huh.

Once the woman entered the fence of the stables, she put her hands on the fence and wiggles her ass.

Schwartz didn't hesitate to push up against the woman... what incredible moans.

I can tell even from far away that her stomach is bulging out from his penis, I'm impressed it hasn't broken.

"A lot of strange things happened, but I guess we did get the information."

I'll let the woman be in charge of Schwartz's breeding because of convenience.

I can't let her only be a horse's meat slave.

"However, this is quite troublesome. Atoroa is located right in the middle of the city states. We can't just assault them and press them to hand over who we want."

The city states are all independent of each other and they sometimes fight amongst themselves, however even if they don't come together too often, they're all extremely alert to outside threats.

If we were to lead an army and attack one of them, they'll instantly unite and oppose me.

"All of their cities are sturdy fortress cities and the citizens often remain loyal to their cities, so it would be hard to bring them on our side."

"True... the Kingdom is also splitting their forces with Magrado's rule. They're probably reluctant to mobilize a large military force."

"We can't brute force our way through by ourselves. It might be possible if we only make Atoroa our enemy though."

It's unthinkable to easily allow the other city states to come through.

For now, I'll tell the King... no, I'll make Rebecca owe me by telling her.

"I also need some more time to think about this. Until then, we should increase the number of guards in Rafen."

“You’re right, fortunately I have gold to spare. I’ll establish a vigilante corps with the people who were living here before the war. If I include some compensation, I’m sure there will be more candidates to join. “

“Good idea. Let’s make preparations immediately.”

Adolph doesn’t hesitate on this either.

I wonder if I can secretly squeeze the pool Nonna wants in his list of tasks.

Probably not, it’ll heavily influence his other work.

“Regardless, we have to sever them at the root. There isn’t just a thousand or two thousand people from Magrado who hold a grudge against Goldonia. Even if we crush the ones who come attack us, it won’t put a stop to anything.”

Leopolt stops moving briefly.

“I will give that some consideration as well. I might not be able to do so in a day, but I’ll think of a plan.”

If he says so, it’s better to leave it to him.

“Alright, I’ll entrust that with you. Let me know if you need money or manpower... and one more condition.”

“And what is that?”

“Make that idiot Tristan think with you. Unless you order him, he really won’t do anything.”

Yoguri was close to being that way for a short period, but she still did something even if it was a totally foolish act.

Tristan just stocks up on books and never comes out of his room.

“Understood. I will relay the order to him. If he doesn’t obey, I will throw him out of the room.”

“That’s fine. I’ll let you handle it.”

Now I just have to trust Leopolt and Rebecca and the others, and then I should fortify the defence around the mansion as well.

Umu, that was a productive conversation.

That was tiring in a lot of ways, and I know it isn't even afternoon yet but let's finish today's work here.

"Ah..."

"Oh hey."

I was going to take a walk in the city, but I came across Marceline who was sneaking around.

I wonder what's wrong, since she usually doesn't go anywhere besides the room in the east meant for her and her daughters and the rose garden in fear of meeting any servants.

"What's wrong?"

"We've run out of tea... I was thinking of taking some from the dining room."

"Fumu... I'll get it for you."

At this time, the maids should be taking a break in the dining room, and most of those girls should have come here after escaping the oppression of Treia.

If Marceline went to the dining room, she would be exposed to their hostile stares.

"Thank you very much."

I look at the woman who lowers her head and hands me the container for the tea leaves, which I take and fill up for her and then hand back.

"Do you feel like letting me embrace you soon?"

"I-I'm always ready."

Her eyes are darting around wildly.

Her heart hasn't opened up yet.

I hug Marceline and place my lips on hers.

“Nnh!”

I let her go after keeping my lips there for a while.

“I’ll be waiting for you.”

“...”

Marceline turns red and trots back to her room.

It doesn’t look like she hated it though.

I must not be too hasty, I’ll melt her heart slowly and enjoy her body in the end.

The eldest daughter Stephanie is also somewhat anxious but doesn’t dislike me either. The youngest daughter Felicie who is enthralled by the cat is a scaredy-cat but is the most attached to me, and I can honestly eat her up now.

“The problem is the middle daughter Bridget... she’s proving to be quite difficult. “

She really gets angry when I jokingly feel up her ass, and she immediately butts in when she sees her mother show any signs of weakness.

“Maybe I should be a little forceful and rape her, then let her fall to the pleasure... no, it would cause all the others to lose their trust in me if I fail.”

Besides, it goes against my style.

“Then maybe let her drink some alcohol and put her to sleep, no that won’t work.”

“What suspicious things are you saying?”

The disgusted voice came from Celia, who saw me mumbling about fucking her in the hallway and making her a prisoner to the pleasure.

“Nothing, just some future plans...”

I look at Celia’s appearance.

She’s wearing short pants but her thighs look larger, and for her top, she’s wearing a

thin sleeveless shirt which reveals her armpits.

“I know it’s becoming spring... but aren’t you cold wearing something like that?”

Nevertheless, those are some nice armpits, which I hope she will let me lick.

“I was about to do a little training just now, I’ve lost a lot of stamina during the time my bone was healing after all.”

“Aah, your body has really gotten chubbier too.”

The air around her froze.

“S-since when have you noticed!?”

“Relatively early. It was amusing how you got rounder while we were in the capital, and I fed you sweets too.”

Celia drops to the ground on her knees in shock.

“I was trying to hide it too... rather, did you do that knowing this would happen!?”

Celia closes in on me with teary eyes.

What’s wrong with that, she’s cuter when she’s a little chubby anyways.

“Of course it’s nothing like that! Being able to pinch the skin on your stomach is the symbol of an older lady...”

Mel appears around the corner of the hallway and passes by with a sinister-looking smile.

“...Ahem, that’s why I wanted to do harsh training until my stamina and appearance returns to normal.”

Fumu, joining Celia might be a nice idea.

“I’ll accompany you, where are you doing it?”

“Eh!? This isn’t important enough for Aegir-sama to spend time on!”

“It’s fine, I think it’ll be enjoyable for the two of us to train our bodies together.”

Celia felt extremely grateful and smiled exuberantly.

Just seeing that expression on her face is more than enough value for me.

Celia and I walk to the southeast part of Rafen, and reach an open field... one of the many remaining places which are vacant even with all the development the city has gone through.

“Still, this place is no different than the fields outside the walls. I thought there has been considerable development.”

“The city has an unusually large area after all. According to Adolph, setting the expected limits of a city is one of the main reasons that inhibit development.”

I see, this open area is useful for gathering merchant caravans or allowing the army to make preparations for training exercises.

If the enemy comes, it will also serve as extra space to store supplies or soldiers.

“I think we should use this place.”

Celia wants to do her training in the corner of an area where the surface of the ground is covered in dry grass.

It’ll put less burden on our legs than if we were to use an area with a rough and uneven surface.

Most importantly, nobody can see us here.

“First... I want to lose the flab on my stomach.”

Celia pinches her own stomach miserably.

Originally, Celia’s body was toned and there was elastic muscles under her skin.

I secretly felt her stomach when I embraced her yesterday and it felt squishy.

“I’ll hold it down for you.”

Celia rolls on her back and I hold her legs still.

“Let’s warm up by doing 100 sit ups...”

Celia nimbly raises the upper half of her body.

The girl was trained as a soldier so 100 or 200 sit ups is simple...

“Fuun-! Huh? Fuungh...”

She can't even do one.

I thought she would make it part way through, but after struggling for a while, she lifelessly laid back down.

“I-I didn't think I would be dulled to this extent...”

“I don't know what to say, but I'm sorry.”

She lost stamina just by being injured but getting carried away and letting her eat all that sugary stuff made it so the excess fat on her stomach got in the way.

I need to take responsibility somehow.

I release her legs and climb on top of Celia's legs without putting all my weight on them.

“If you can reach this spot, I'll give you a kiss.”

“Eh, alright. Ngghgghh... Eeei!”

Tensing her stomach, Celia manages to raise her head, despite her face turning red, to where I indicated.

I give her a light peck on the lips before she lies down again with a look of relief.

“So you can do it after all. I'll give you a kiss every time you do one, so do your best.”

“Y-yes! I will!”

As promised, our lips touch every time she completes one sit up, and for every 10 times, I hold her head for a deeper kiss with tongue.

Desperate to attain my lips, Celia does her sit ups over and over.

“Two... two hundred and thirty! Haah, haah... I can do more!”

“No... I think it’s about time to stop. This is just supposed to be a warmup.”

Besides, I don’t want to see Celia’s abs get all hard and bulging.  
I have my fair share of bulging muscles from feeling up Irijina.

“Next I think I’ll do some running to lose the fat.”

“I haven’t been doing any running lately either, so I’ll join you.”

Celia has a surprising amount of toughness.  
Her body is already that of an adult’s and she definitely won’t be outdone by a typical male soldier...

“Hiiiiii... fuuuuu... it- it shouldn’t be like this...”

Celia runs around in a circle inside the open grounds, but her breathing gets rough after a few minutes and she starts slowing down.  
Since she hasn’t moved her body around much, her physical strength has deteriorated, but I guess that much was obvious from seeing how much fat she put on.

“That just shows how important daily exercise is.”

“Hiii, fuuu, hiii, fuuu, I can’t go on...”

Now that I think about it, she quickly exhausted herself last night when swinging her hips on top of me.  
I’ll help her out here too.

“Celia, there is a stone block over there.”

It must have been surplus material from building something and was left here.  
Conveniently, the surrounding area is covered in dry grass.

“Haahhi... haaahhiii... and what about it?”

“If you can catch up to me as I run, I’ll make love to you there. It’ll be your favorite, one-on-one time.”

“Eh... b-but if someone sees-”



“There isn’t anyone around here and no buildings around either. If we lay low on the ground, nobody will find out.”

After a brief moment of silence from Celia, she suddenly increases her speed. I smile, increasing my own speed and keeping myself ahead of her just enough so she can’t catch up.

It wasn’t too long ago that I was the one chasing Lucy. Right now, a woman is chasing me for my body.

“You’ve grown up a lot too.”

“C-caught up!”

I was too busy talking to my dick and let her catch up. It can’t be helped, I’ll uphold my end of the deal.

I pick up the heavily breathing Celia.

“I’ll do 20 thrusts. Once I’m finished, we’ll race again.”

It won’t be good if I do it too much and her hips give out after all.

“I-I’ll show you I can catch up every time!”

We repeat the cycle of running, making love, and then running all the way until evening.

It was only the first day of training, but it felt like Celia looked a little slimmer.

“Eat proper meals too. It won’t mean a thing if you don’t have the energy.”

“Yes! And um... I’ll be training from tomorrow onwards too...”

“Of course I’ll accompany you. I’ll do it with you until you’re satisfied.”

Celia was all smiles as she wolfed plenty of dinner into her stomach. At this rate, I can see her returning to being the energetic, toned Celia.

“...you were really training, right?”

“Celia-san is all shiny... is that really sweat?”

“It kind of smells like a woman.”

Fuhahahaha.

---

### **-Third Person POV-**

Some time later, In the City States, A Certain City

Several men wrapped in black mantles whisper in a back alley.

“After you guys finish your part, meet back at the spot we agreed on... and on the off chance that isn’t possible?”

“When there is a risk of being captured, and when the chance to escape has disappeared...”

The men take out short knives from inside their cloak.

The knives were dripping with a poisonous-looking liquid and a single drop ominously trickles down the tip of the blade.

“Even if you guys commit suicide, your family will be well-protected and can live lives of luxury. However, if you guys get captured and you leak information, everything will be denied from your family and they will be thrown to the roadside. Keep that in mind.”

““Yessir!”“

With the exception of the man in the middle, everyone scatters.

The man secretly mutters to himself.

“Such dirty methods are fitting for such dirty remnants of Magrado.”

---

“Hahaha! I’ve gotten pretty drunk today, what a pleasant feeling!”

“Oh my, Lunteik-sama, getting your face all red.”

“You’re still handsome when you’re drunk.”

The man walks unsteadily, supported by one woman on each side.

“I’m feeling so good~. The three of us should have fun together when we get back~ I’ll give you the bonus too~”

“Kya~ how lovely~!”

“As expected of one of the great merchants in the Polis, Lunteik-sama!”

“...”

A man cloaked in a black mantle stands in front of the merry trio.

“What’s this~? You~ Who do you think I am~”

“You’re the merchant, President Lunteik right?”

“...if you know, then get out of the way. If I use my power against someone like you...”

The man takes out a sword from inside his mantle.

“We are Orthodox Magrado, and you refused our request to sponsor us with your funds. The sin of spitting on justice by drowning in money is deserving of certain death.”

“W-what did you say!? You’re just mere survivors... turning Goldonia into your enemy in exchange is-...”

The man ignores Lunteik’s words and swings his sword at him.

“Divine punishment!”

“Gyaaaaah!”

The man's blade runs down Lunteik's shoulder, and then the man stabs Lunteik's neck to finish him off once he fell to the ground.  
A large amount of blood starts pooling around his body.

"M-murderer!" "Someone, someoneee! Gyaah!"

The man slices the back of one of the women who started to run and scream for help, then tosses away the sword before fleeing the scene.

Several similar attacks occurred simultaneously within the city, and the once peaceful city became enveloped in chaos.

In each of these incidents, the targets were the individuals and acquaintances who refused to cooperate with the group Maximilian self-proclaimed as Orthodox Magrado.

In one night, five cases of murder occurred and the total number of casualties numbered 12 people.

Out of the 8 perpetrators, 3 committed suicide while the other 5 managed to flee. From the skillful execution of the attacks, it was clear that they made scrupulous preparations and had other people aiding in their escape.

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Protagonist: Aegir Hardlett. 23 years old. Spring.

Status: Goldonia Kingdom Margrave. Great Feudal Lord of Eastern Area. King of the Mountains. Friend of the Dwarves.

Citizens: 158,000. Major Cities – Rafen: 23,000. Lintbloom: 4000.

Private Army: 7000 men

Infantry: 4000, Cavalry: 1000, Archers: 1000, Bow Cavalry: 1000

Cannons: 15

Reserve Army: 3000 men

Assets: 62,300 gold (New Mansion: Planning, Surveying, Researching, Testing -100)

Sexual Partners: 198, children who have been born: 43

# Chapter 185

## Vortex of Conspiracies

**-Third Person POV-**

City State: Atoroa

In a corner of the city state Atoroa, there is a luxurious palatial residence amongst many other buildings lined up side-by-side in the wealthy district... which Maximilian spent a large fortune on and is essentially using as the base for Orthodox Magrado.

Being an outsider and also being able to set up a base in this place where the mayor's power was strong meant that he and his organization received substantial support.

"What? An assassination incident involving Orthodox Magrado and Queton?"

Maximilian, who is sat on top of a gorgeously decorated throne-like chair, listens to his subordinate's report and exclaims in a doubtful tone.

"Yessir! There are also other assassinations on Lasulis and Baldoeh, influential individuals who rejected our request to cooperate in the past."

"Impossible."

Maximilian smiles slightly as he instantly gulps down the liquor in his cup.

"I didn't give out such instructions. It must have been due to some internal strife or the result of robbers."

"However, the ones who were assassinated ranged from high class soldiers to rising money lenders without regard to ranks, all of who rejected to cooperate with us. People are already coming in our direction from every Polis to protest and affirm the truth..."

As expected, Maximilian's face warps.

“Just deceive them somehow by saying they’re wrong in thinking it was us! We will confirm the facts ourselves in the meantime.”

Knowing he himself did not give the orders, the only thing he could think of was the spontaneous decision made by the survivors scattered around the cities.

He might be the leader of the group and the person who brought everyone together, but it isn’t like he supervises every little group in far away places.

“Damn... those hasty idiots did something unnecessary.”

He has a friendly relationship with the mayor of Atoroa but that doesn’t mean there won’t be any pressure from the other Poleis.

Before that happens, he should capture the perpetrators and hand them to the proper authorities as hoodlums who have nothing to do with Orthodox Magrado.

“With that many assassinations occurring, they must have a considerable number of allies. We’ll know immediately if they’re some local group who seem like they would act without my instructions though.”

The remnants are mainly scattered in former Magrado and Goldonia.

There shouldn’t be many individuals here in the city states which are meaningless for them to attack.

“We’ll investigate right away.”

The subordinate rushes out the door and leaves in a hurry.

“Good grief, being a leader isn’t easy.”

Under no circumstances would Maximilian say this in front of his subordinates, but he didn’t think it was possible to restore Magrado to its former glory.

The country is in ruins and the royalty was wiped out.

What point is there in trying to pick up the pieces now?

“Goldonia and the various southern nations will definitely clash. At that time, how valuable will the hands<sup>1</sup> I’ve stretched throughout Goldonia be?”

Assassination and destruction both only act as tools to prove his achievements.

“The remnants of Magrado are burning with a passion for revenge... I will use that and advance forward. That Hoover was trying to use me instead.”

The corners of Maximilian’s lips raised slightly in a cynical smile.

“In the first place, such an inferior plan could never attempt to overthrow the royal power. In the end, he was nothing more than a foolish general who struggled in the Magrado war alone.”

Just when he was about to get up to refill his empty cup with alcohol, the subordinate who he thought had left rushes back in the room.

“Your Excellency! Serious news!”

“What’s the matter, how is the investigation going?”

“There’s no time for that! I received word just now. The group pretending to be Orthodox Magrado attacked the Guldiapolis Council, killing a few council members and setting the Assembly Hall on fire!”

“No way!! That’s impossible!!”

Even if it was a spontaneous act, he couldn’t believe that there were such fools in his group.

But the subordinate disregarded Maximilian’s objection and immediately continues speaking.

“It looks like the perpetrators killed over 10 of them on the spot.”

“Ununu...”

Guldia is a republican Polis so their Council is similar to the royal authority of a King. Now that the group laid hands on them, there’s no way Maximilian could pretend not to know about it.

The current situation is not something he can argue about.

“Report all the details to me in order, I’ll go discuss this with the mayor.”



Just as he began making arrangements, there was a loud voice coming from the front of his house.

“Maximilan-dono! You have received an emergency summons from the mayor! It’s urgent!”

The sound of a table being destroyed could be heard shortly after.

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### **-Aegir POV-**

Rafen

“Reports are in saying that it was a success.”

“I see.”

Tristan goes back to reading his book after a curt response.

If there is no obstacle in the work, there is nothing Leopolt can blame him for.

“In any case, what a vicious plan. You will definitely go to hell for it.”

An unconcerned voice retorted from behind the book.

“The one who arranged for the personnel is the information officer from the capital and the person who drafted the plan was yourself, was it not?”

“I just proposed that we use robberies and violent assaults. You were the one who took that and changed it to murder, that’s why I’ll be riding the carriage to heaven.”

He snorts with a ‘hmp’ in reply to Leopolt.

“Looking at the way those guys did things up until now, something as half-assed as that would cause doubt. If it will raise the chance of success even the tiniest bit, killing 10 or 20 citizens is not a big deal.”

Tristan trembles, commenting ‘Oh how scary’, but it didn’t look like he meant it.

“Well it’s already done now. Was the attack on Guldia’s assembly hall the last one?”

“It was. It would look unnatural if smaller attacks continued after such a huge incident. We can call this plan complete.”

“Will it spread around nicely?”

“It will. Guldia is large and can be considered the central Polis by the other ones nearby. The repercussions of such an attack should affect all the surrounding Poleis.”

“Guldia is critical of Orthodox Magrado after all. It wouldn’t be strange if they attacked... I’m guessing.”

Leopolt resumes work on his other daily tasks as if nothing happened.

“Orthodox Magrado who is using Atoroa as a base will be thought to have attacked Guldia and the neighboring Poleis. The best result would be if Orthodox Magrado can’t handle the pressure and abandons Maximilian.”

“No one would save a bagworm who lost his cover. But I wonder why Atoroa accepted people like the remnants of Magrado in the first place. Even if they have a bit of money, facing off against Goldonia is not in their best interests.”

Besides the indirect trade Goldonia had with the city states, the two parties practically have no relationship.

Saying it another way, neither party should hate the other, but it was unthinkable that they would deliberately save an opposing force like Magrado.

“Perhaps there is an element we are not aware of. Maybe... it would be better to prepare a plan B?”

It appears as if Leopolt’s nod was signifying his agreement with the presented opinion but he doesn’t do anything.

Tristan heaves a large sigh which he hadn’t done in a while.

“Haaah... so I have to do it. When can I just focus on reading books for the rest of my life?”

Tristan mumbles to himself as he starts penning a letter to Rebecca in the capital.

---

“I-I’ll take a little nap until dinner.”

After finishing our ‘love training’, Celia wobbles back to her own room. The girl has already gotten more toned but she also did a hefty amount of training today too, probably because this naughty training is starting to become quite addictive and she can’t stop.

Just thinking about it gets me excited so I stroke the ass of the young maid waiting beside me.

“Ahhn, feudal lord-sama... what an honor.”

“Is this a good time, Hardlett-sama?”

Adolph came and interrupted me during a pleasant moment. The maid lightly clicked her tongue and left.

“...why are you glaring at me?”

“Hahaha, more importantly what’s the matter?”

“It’s about the construction of the new mansion you mentioned before... and the quote for the pool is also complete.”

Adolph places a stack of documents in front of me, which I don’t have interest to read in detail so I just take a peek at the final number. Once I saw it, I rub my eyes and check again.

“It’s a huge amount, isn’t it?”

“That’s exactly right. By the way, the development in the south costed 30,000 gold so please use that as reference.”

The figure written on the sheet of paper is 60,000 gold.

“That’s too much no matter how you look at it.”

“If we build it as the Madam wanted it, this is the result... Well, this is the final result and we would have to deal with the problem of workers actually constructing it, so it will be built little-by-little.”

Oh yeah, Nonna frequently called Adolph over to talk to him about something.

“But do we really need a new mansion?”

“Yeah, this mansion in Rafen was originally built for the Margrave Feudal lord of Arkland after all.”

There was more than enough land and workers so it was somewhat larger, but when I asked Claire for her true feelings, she said the mansion was a little insufficient for a Magrave’s status.

“I would be happy as long as I had a large bed and bath though.”

Most rooms in the mansion have already been filled with women and there are an insufficient number of guest rooms.

The constant renovations of the annex which houses a large number of girls is getting fairly unsightly too.

“I also thought it was probably needed too, which was why I made an earnest quote of the cost. So... will we actually be going through with the construction?”

“We had that recent attack as well. Let’s have at least the main building constructed first. Our current mansion should be big enough to act as the annex for the girls. The problem is with the pool.”

“I thought as much so I moved the plan of constructing the main building forward... and we still want the pool?”

My beloved Nonna will probably forget about everything else and only concern herself with the pool.

Every day she would say happily things like “Once this child is born, I’ll teach them how to swim”.

“I knew it would take a lot of gold but compared to the mansion, isn’t this some sort of calculation error...”

“It’s 20,000 gold.”

“Haah?”

Why is the luxurious mansion Nonna dreamed of in her wildest delusions 60,000 gold and the pool 20,000?

“For the pool, you could just find a random spot to dig and surround it with rocks and be done...”

“Maybe if that was a pool on the ground. The pool described by her was one in a high place with a nice view.”

Nonna did want that.

Adolph slams a map on the desk.

He seems upset, sorry that my wife is like that.

“The biggest problem is how to secure the water. The water from the well would not do it.”

I guess not.

“This is the existing waterway that the city uses to draw water. However, this water is also the water being used outside the city walls too. The Madam will probably be angry.”

“Well naturally, I wouldn’t want to swim in dirty water that has been used by the citizens either.”

“We also have to consider the problem with the height... we will draw water from this lake here.”

Adolph points at a certain lake on the map.

I know about that place as well.

“That won’t be possible, it’s far from Rafen and there’s also the relatively steep hill. We won’t be able to make a waterway.”

Even just a little bit of height will stop water from flowing up, plus the surrounding area is also uneven in elevation so it doesn't look like we will be able to detour around the hill.

"That's where this comes in."

Adolph takes out the blueprints for a large stone structure.

"This is... a bridge?"

"Yes, except it will carry water instead of people, and this will be what brings clean water directly to Rafen."

This is quite grand... did you perhaps forget about Nonna's pool?  
We don't need a stupidly large amount of water.

"...of course I know that. But since we're going out of the way anyways, we might as well achieve other objectives too. Rafen was established originally with the presumption that only a small number of people would live here, but various foundations in that thinking is rather weak. With a city of over 20,000 people, relying on only a single waterway and water from wells is dangerous."

"Umu... the water has been getting worse lately."

Rafen relies on a single waterway drawing water from a small river.  
We split that waterway into multiple streams and send it to different parts of the city so people can use it.  
In other words, the water used from upstream flows downstream as it is to the other areas.

"Of course there isn't anybody who would just flush their human waste down the stream, but people do drink the water after it was used to wash dishes and do laundry upstream. This isn't the best idea."

"So that's where the additional waterway comes in?"

"Yes, it will require manpower and money but with the future in mind, it's better to do it now..."

Well it should be fine.

Nonna's pool gets constructed as well, so there shouldn't be any problems.

"Alright, the main building of the new mansion and that bridge thing... navigable aqueduct you called it? Do as you see fit."

Once I gave permission to Adolph, he bounced up from his seat.

"Thank you very much. I will build something that will last for future generations."

It's been a while since I've seen Adolph looking so relieved.

"I have another positive report for you, it's regarding those students who I sent to inspect the farmlands."

He promptly lines up their reports.

"The farmland in the south which was newly cultivated barely made it in time for the spring wheat. It will also depend on the climate in summer but we can expect a large increase in the harvest."

"That's good. As I thought, money comes in when we use it."

"That isn't what a statesman would say... in reality, increasing the wheat too much isn't a good thing, since that might be the impetus for war. Stocking up on food supplies may indicate strength."

"And also" – Adolph trails off and stares at me.

"Regarding Miss Gretel's report... she never fails to end her sentences with a 'woof'. Do you have any idea what that's about?"

I have no clue.

---

## -Third Person POV-

Side Story: In-house Struggles

Going back in time to winter, Federation Provincial City: Albens

“ ... ”

“ ... ”

In the living room, Marquess Malordol himself and some other family members are sitting down, unable to calm themselves down as they wait for the situation to develop.

As if cutting through the tense atmosphere surrounding all of the present members, the door of a room opens quietly and an elderly butler walks up to the Marquess.

“She has gone into labor.”

“So it’s finally happening.”

The Marquess closes his eyes and looks downward almost like he was praying. Normally, he would be praying that his wife Claudia who returned from White City would have a safe delivery.

“Please don’t be born...”

Another family member unintentionally expressed their true feelings, but the Marquess doesn’t rebuke him.

He didn’t say anything, but he actually felt the same way.

Ever since Claudia came back to Albens with a huge belly, the family was all in disarray. The prudent Marquess Malordol had already decided the three heirs for the family in the case of his sudden death in an attempt to prevent his family from fighting for successorship.

That was when Claudia comes flying in with her pregnancy.

The woman who didn’t get pregnant during the 20 years after their wedding suddenly getting pregnant would naturally raise doubts from those concerned, although it isn’t



outside reason that it would happen considering they had sex.

No matter how much he tries to secure his family, everything would be overturned if his wife Claudia gives birth to a son.

As one would expect, even her family who had originally given up hopes came because of the sudden occurrence.

Some members of the family advocated a hardline position, wanting to either kill her and make her death look like an accident or cause her to have a miscarriage, which Claudia's family probably sensed, prompting them to send maids and servants over to her in the name of taking care of her body.

Claudia's family is also quite the influential one so if they discovered the plot and involved White City, all hell would break loose.

In that case, there was no other option but to hope Claudia's first birth at 37 years of age was too late.

"No need to worry, there's a chance the child won't be male. And even if it was a male, we could come up with an excuse to-..."

It happened right when one of the family went to whisper to the Marquess.

"Hhnnnnnggaaaahhh!"

There was a terrifying growl.

Claudia's voice could be heard even through the thick door.

"Claudia... why did you become like that?"

The Marquess sobs, reminiscing about how her voice was pretty when she was younger.

And then, the sounds of footsteps running down the corridor could be heard.

"The child has been born!"

"Is it a boy!?" "Is it healthy!?"

The family members were clearly holding opposing expectations as they expressed their concerns.

“It’s a healthy... baby boy!”

Matching the timing of the servant’s statement, a voice could be heard from the opened door.

“Hoooooooohohohohoho! I did it! I did it, my beloved one!”

“Madam, you must not move around yet!”

“I gave birth! I gave birth to that person’s child! Oooohohohohoo–!”

“Madam, you’re still bleeding! You must not leave the bed!”

“Okekekek!”

Everyone present slumped their shoulders in disappointment.

The Marquess went towards Claudia, feeling an obligation to fulfill his duty as a father.

“Dear, I gave birth.”

“U- umu...”

The child’s face resembles that of Claudia.

However, there aren’t any traces of similarity with the Marquess.

“His dick... it’s quite big.”

“Just like his father’s.”

“Mu, I have a bit of confidence in myself, but this child is even one level bigger.”

He touches the baby who was held in front of the expressionless Claudia who probably felt exhausted from giving birth.

The baby babbles cheerfully and grabs the father’s finger.

“Mu- muu...”

Of course, he isn’t a cruel person.

He loves children and he's kind to women.  
He once seriously loved Claudia as well.  
All his ruthless actions were because he was thinking of the family.

His loved one became fat, but there was no way the baby with traces of her former appearance could not be cute.

"How cute."

"He's the heir of the Malordol family."

That would definitely cause internal conflict within the family.  
Even so...

The baby boy cries in her arms, while the heart of the Marquess wavers.

---

Protagonist: Aegir Hardlett. 23 years old. Spring.

Status: Goldonia Kingdom Margrave. Great Feudal Lord of Eastern Area. King of the Mountains. Friend of the Dwarves.

Citizens: 158,000. Major Cities – Rafen: 23,000. Lintbloom: 4000.

Private Army: 7000 men

Infantry: 4000, Cavalry: 1000, Archers: 1000, Bow Cavalry: 1000

Cannons: 15

Reserve Army: 3000 men

Assets: 12,300 gold (New Mansion only the Main Room -30,000) (Navigable Aqueduct -20,000)

Sexual Partners: 198, children who have been born: 44

# Chapter 186

## The Two Jewels

**-Aegir POV-**

We are already deep into spring and it's about time we finally start seeing signs of summer.

There were no particular abnormalities with the weather so the wheat and other crops grew steadily.

According to the reports received from Adolph, Polte and the other students, it looks like we will get an abundant harvest if things continue at this rate.

The remnants of Magrado... Orthodox Magrado seem to be in quite the pinch.

The surrounding Poleis are restricting the time of stay and procurement of weapons they tolerated until now and are pressing for the leader Maximilian to be exiled.

Yet Atoroapolis is still continuing to shelter him.

However, we gladly welcome the fact that it is hard for him and his group to make any moves.

"The foundation for the new mansion is pretty much completed."

"The flood control and construction in the suburbs of Rafen are also done for the most part. Having the unemployed people take on the labor to give them something to do worked out quite well."

The one beside me as usual, is Celia, who I pull in close for a hug so I can pat her head.

"Haauua! Why are you petting me after what I said!?"

"I was just thinking how in shape you've gotten now."

Celia puffs out her chest with pride and then places my hand on her stomach.

"Of course! My stomach has gotten slimmer, and my stamina is back too. Now I just have to hone my swordsmanship and everything will be back to normal. I won't fall

behind!”

“I see, have your hips and thighs gotten leaner too?”

I reach out my hand to feel her waist and thighs.

“Yes! The excess fat on my butt also disappeared. The pants which were feeling tight also... Aegir-sama...”

“Fumufumu, how is the flab over here?”

I lower Celia’s short pants and expose her smooth buttocks.

They feel soft but tight, and in between her buttcheeks, her hole which still looks pretty despite being thoroughly used is...

“Pardon me master, Adolph-sama is-... hyaa! Sorry for interrupting!”

It was seen by the maid.

“Wah! She saw it, didn’t she! Why do you get carried away and strip women like this!?”

Celia’s injury has healed completely and her figure has returned to normal.  
The next thing to worry about is... it should be about time now.

“I can’t take it anymoreee—! I’ll die, I’m dying! Someone help meeee, it hurts!”

Nonna seems to have finally started feeling labor pains.

She screams repeatedly while the other girls of the family gather around and try to comfort her.

“A woman’s body is made to give birth so you’ll be fine.”

Mel who has experience giving birth to 5 kids try to gently reassure her, but Nonna just keeps screaming and couldn’t even pay attention to what was said.

“Geez... it’s a pain all women feel. Stop complaining and give birth quietly!”

Carla barks at her and Nonna cries twice as much.

“Fueeeh! Aegir-samaaa, Carla is bullying me!... i-it hurts! No more, it’s coming out!”

I give a light kiss to the crying and shouting Nonna, and was just about to go wait outside, but the sleeve of my shirt was grabbed tightly.

I thought it was considerate for a man not to watch a woman give birth though.

“I want Aegir-sama to stay with me! Carla too!”

Nonna holds onto Carla and I with each of her hands. What happened to all that energy, this cutie.

“Alright, I’ll be beside you so relax.”

“Good grief, it can’t be helped.”

The only ones left in the room are us and the midwife.

“Auuu—! I’m dyyinnngggg!”

“You won’t die, so please try pushing slowly. Go on, do your best!”

Since all the births the other girls went through were so quick, this midwife, who has become so well-acquainted with us probably, felt that it was worth trying this time and seemed more animated than usual.

“Aaaaaaah! I can’t do anymore, that place will rip! Goodbye Aegir-sama, the life I had after you picked me up was wonderful! Carla, I’m sorry for eating your snacks and pretending not to know about it. I’m confessing now so please let me be guided to heaven...”

“So it was you after all! I’ll do this to you then!”

“Fuuga fuuga...”

Carla pulls on Nonna’s cheeks and interrupts her screaming.  
Nonna tries to stop Carla by grabbing her hands...

“Nnnnh—-!!”

“O-oww, hey, let go! Don’t use my arm like some grab post!”

In the next moment, a small cry could be heard.  
Apparently, she gave birth during all that fuss.

“It’s a healthy... baby girl. Congratulations.”

The midwife confirms before picking her up, however the baby’s body seems somewhat small and her cry is fairly weak.

“E-Everything is fine, right?”

Carla sounds worried after seeing the difference in this child with her own child.

“Yes, she did at least make some noise, and there doesn’t seem to be any abnormalities with her body... but this is.”

“It hurts... it still hurts...”

Even though the baby has been delivered, Nonna is still expressing her pain.  
The midwife quickly checks Nonna’s body again and shouts.

“As I thought! Twins. There was another one still inside.”

“T-twins?”

That’s pretty rare, maybe because I poured too much seed in her.

“Auuuuu-!”

Nonna once again grabs onto Carla, this time it was her boobs.

“Hey, my tits will get crushed! Not the nipples!”

Nonna lets out another groan and an additional child was born.  
Everyone present heaved a sigh of relief, although the midwife’s expression becomes grim.

“It’s a boy... but he isn’t crying... this is-! Not good, he isn’t breathing!”



Nonna desperately tries to raise her head when she realizes the stiffened expressions on everyone's faces.

"No way... my baby... please save him..."

The room was instantly filled with a sense of urgency.

Carla and I could nothing except watch and let the midwife handle it.

The midwife frantically pats the baby's back and rocks him back and forth but no cry could be heard.

Eventually, she looks down and the hand which was jostling the baby stops.

"...no way."

Carla leaks out a weak response.

Nonna's eyes rapidly fills up with tears.

"T-the baby... how horrible, so horrible... uuu... uuuwaaaaaaahn!!"

Nonna bursts into tears and wails loudly, causing her already born daughter to cry intensely as well.

Carla had no words to say to Nonna after she lost her child and could only look away in tears.

The burden of twins was probably too large for the delicate Nonna.

As I was pondering how I could comfort the crying Nonna, Casie peeks her head out from the door.

Sorry, but I don't have time to take care of you right now so be a good girl.

Instead of leaving, Casie comes closer.

(Just now, a baby flew out from this room. What should I do?)

Casie appears to be holding something but I can't see anything.

I'm not sure if it's possible, but it might just be this child.

(Ah, they have the same face...)

Casie takes the thing she's holding in her arms and lays it over the limp body of the

baby.

At that moment-

“Oggyaaaah! Hoggyaa!”

As if someone lit the flame of his life, the baby suddenly starts crying.

“Aaah! How could this... it’s a miracle!”

“My baby... he came back to life... thank goodness...”

The midwife quickly picks up the child, while the relieved Nonna faints.

“Fuu...”

I also sigh in relief and Carla falls flat on her butt.

“Geez, worrying us till the very end... aah, so tired.”

“Truly. But for the three of them to be healthy and well... it’s the best result.”

Casie distinguished herself again.

Just like what happened during the other incident<sup>1</sup>, she’s definitely more of a ghost of fortune rather than a vengeful spirit.

She should tell me if there’s anything she wants.

(Really!? Then I want a fluffy feather-filled futon. My back and hips have been hurting lately.)

Sure, I’ll buy anything for her.

For some time now, only Casie’s favorite foods were getting served for dinner after all.

(Yaaay~)

And so, Nonna was able to safely give birth to fraternal twins.

---

Later

“Are you feeling hungry?”

“That goes without saying, I can’t eat Kaka’s crappy meals with something as tempting as this in front of me.”

“There is soup and meat all over, hurray for Hardlett-sama!”

“Hurray for Anastasia-sama!” “Hurray for Bartolome-sama!”

The citizens cheer boisterously.

After confirming the safety of the mother and the children... the daughter was named Anastasia and the son was named Bartolome, I proclaim their birth to my citizens.

For three days starting today, everyone excluding the guards and those involved with producing food will take a break from their jobs and will be given alcohol, bread, and soup for free in Rafen.

All the meat and vegetables stocked up by Claire’s company was purchased and lined up in countless pots in the plaza so the people can take as much as they want.

People who drank too much that they toppled over as well as people who ate too much and could no longer move are lying around all over the place.

“There is some concern about the security, but Orthodox Magrado has their own continuing dangers so they should not have the luxury to interfere with us.”

Leopolt’s expression remains the same despite being in the festival-like atmosphere. He puts his words together uninterestedly with an emotionless face, although he probably did have an obligatory drink since his face is slightly red.

For some reason, he looks more refreshed too.

“The guards are maintaining security in the mansion. Besides, if they attack us in this situation, they should know that it will turn all the citizens in Rafen against them.”

The assailants twitching from being frightened is quite the ludicrous thought.

“But all the citizens are eating and drinking as they please. The expense will be tremendous, right? In addition to the large-scale construction project, your gold will quickly disappear.”

Adolph makes a bitter face, but it's a celebration so no big deal.

"There might be a necessity to mobilize the army later."

"I just need to borrow from someone when that time comes."

Thinking back, I never had much gold stored up anyways.  
Surely, I'll manage somehow.

It felt like there were an innumerable distribution stations in the center of Rafen, yet the queue of people remained endless.

The pile of bread decreases from the side and the large pots of soup are being exchanged continuously.

"So there are this many citizens in Rafen."

"No, it's too much no matter how you look at it. Are they not gathering from the nearby villages as well?"

I see, people from the surrounding farming villages also walked over here.

Well, it's alright for today, I'll let them eat as much as they want.

I suddenly strain my eyes to see a woman, who is clearly not one of my citizens, and her five children lining up for soup.

"I'll be right back."

"...another woman again, what about Celia-dono?" "She's part of the mansion's security."

Adolph lets out a resigned voice, now's my chance.

"Eh... a vessel for soup? I didn't bring one with me..."

"Then go back home and bring one. Naturally we won't be providing everyone with a bowl."

It looks like the woman came empty-handed.

The guard handing out the soup naturally thought the woman was a citizen of this city and carelessly said what he did, but the woman and her kids probably walked a

considerable distance to get here.  
The kids are looking at their mother sadly.

“T-then I’ll use my hands.”

“Can’t you see this boiling pot? It’ll burn your hands.”

“Well, wait.”

I cut into the line.

“Oh if it isn’t the feudal lord-sama! Congratulations to your wife on her safe delivery!”

While acknowledging the compliments coming at me from all over, I casually put my arm around the mother.

“It’ll be tough for her to take her kids and line up here again, why don’t all of you follow me.”

“Yes... but I’m actually...”

The mother’s eyes are darting around pitifully.

“You’re not from Rafen right? I won’t ask about the details, now come.”

I take the mother, who is shrinking away in fear, and her children to Leticia’s place. With the high-grade bread, soup, and even alcohol being handed out for free, there are obviously no customers in the restaurant right now.

Hearty plates stacked high with pasta, grilled chicken, pork and beef were placed in front of them and the children dig in.

Leticia and Sharon also happily watch the five children eat.

“I am truly thankful for what you have done.”

Looking at the mother and children again, they’re all rather skinny.

If she could take her children here with her, then she might not have come from too remote a region, but that means there are still places around Rafen where people are starving, huh.

“Because of the feudal lord-sama, we have been able to live relatively well until now but my husband fell ill before spring... and since I have to take care of my five children as well, the field work remains unfinished.”

“I see, the festival lasts until tomorrow so fill your stomachs. By the way, do you have anywhere to stay for the night?”

“Maybe huddling around together near the street corner or something.”

I thought as much.

“I have a suggestion for you then.”

I hug the mother, gently scoop some of her hair in my hand, then whisper in her ear. I signal Leticia with my eyes to look after the children.

“Y-yes? Um... what on earth is going-”

“Don’t worry about it, I won’t treat you poorly.”

---

“Aaaaaaah-!! Feudal lord-samaa! It’s so thick, I’ve never felt anything like this before!”

I am sat on top of the bed, hugging and thrusting up into the woman from behind as she rides me in this reverse sitting position.

“You have a pretty nice body. It’s a waste that you’re so skinny.”

“My breasts are my weak spot! N-not good, I’ll cum again! Cumminggggg-!”

I reach around her back and fondle her breasts, lightly tugging on her nipples, which causes the woman to throw her head back from the pleasure of climax.

However, I haven’t ejaculated yet. My hard erect cock is pulsing and stretching the woman’s hole.

“Haa... haa... my consciousness is fading... I’m going to die.”

“It isn’t over yet. Here, replenish your nourishment with the soup.”

I let the woman drink some soup while sucking the milk from her breasts.

“Aah... it’s swelling up again... how big will it get...”

I pull my cock out from the woman who mutters dumbfoundedly, and when I use my fingers to spread open her vagina, it opens with ease.

“It’s already loose and gaping. My cock will be the only thing which fits in here now.”

“Noo... I’m the mother of five kids yet it’s become like this after such a huge dick pounded me...”

“Mothers are women too, here I’ll do you from the front next.”

I push the woman onto the bed and climb on top so I can swing my hips.

Already getting accustomed to my size, the woman moans and trembles instead of expressing pain.

Repeatedly thrusting into the woman eventually prompts the woman to wrap her arms and legs around me.

Her vagina has already welcomed my entire length deep into its canals and the entrance to the room at the very end gradually starts opening as well.

“Can I intrude in this back room here?”

“That is... my womb. It’s rather easy for me to conceive so...”

I can tell that from the five children you’ve already given birth to.

“It’s fine, isn’t it?... feel this here. My seed is stored here and it’s ready to be set free.”

I take the woman’s hand and let her touch my rather firm balls.

“Hya, it’s really heavy. If so much baby juice is poured in... you really intend to get me pregnant?”

I just continue to stare silently at the woman until she finally takes the hand she placed against her chest in caution and grabs a pillow shyly.

It looks like she agreed.

“Then please excuse me for intruding!”

“Aaaaaah—!!”

With a strong push, my meat rod invades her precious baby room and expels its huge load of seed inside.

The woman fell after that final thrust, swearing her love for me while moaning and consenting to staying with me.

“Fuu, looks like I got another woman pregnant.”

The woman rolls onto her back with a stomach full of semen.

I poured some exceptionally thick stuff in there, so it’s practically confirmed that she’s pregnant.

“Good work.”

Coming out of the bedroom half-naked, I am met by Leticia, who offers me a drink. Apparently the woman’s kids ate until they were satiated and fell asleep.

“Her screams were incredible... you made her fall completely?”

“Yeah, she swore to become my woman.”

“I’m envious... I want to become the feudal lord-sama’s woman soon too.”

Leticia’s chest is slightly exposed as she brings her body up against me and pours me a drink.

I would gladly make her my woman whenever she wants but she’s the one who put forth a condition.

“May I join as well?”

Look, here comes the man of honor.

I’ve approached Leticia countless times already but she wouldn’t listen to me unless I slept with Sharon too.

And Sharon is a boy, no matter how pretty he appears.



“Are you crossdressing?”

“Yeah, I thought it would make Hardlett-sama like me even a little bit more.”

It must be a new outfit seeing how the dress fits perfectly with Sharon, making me see nothing but a woman.

If he looks like this, it won't particularly affect my mood negatively.

“Are you going to pour beside me too?”

“Yeah! Of course!”

I have a beauty on each side, although one is strange. Well, I'll overlook it.

“If Hardlett-sama really insists... then I'll cut it off, 'kay? I'll cut it and then become a real woman.”

“No, you'll just become a man without a dick.”

“Now, now, today is the celebration of the birth of your wife's children. Let's not argue about that and drink.”

Leticia fills a cup with alcohol for me to drink.

Once I empty the cup, Sharon refills it.

This is quite fast-paced, plus this alcohol is pretty strong... it isn't something a restaurant would serve.

“Well, nevermind that, here have some more.”

“That's right. When you're a man like the feudal lord-sama, you have to drink up alcohol like this quickly.”

“Is that so? Well I can't argue that there is no greater luxury than having a delicious meal and alcohol paired with women...”

When I drain my cup in one gulp, the two of them applaud, then fill my cup again.

Leticia opens up her chest area even more to the point that I can see her nipples if I peeked from above.

Sharon puts his hand on my thigh and occasionally brushes past my dick over my

pants.

“The alcohol will kick in pretty soon so we should take it easy...”

“No, we can’t~ The feudal lord-sama is a great man so he should drink more.”

“That’s right, there are two women here who are madly in love with Hardlett-sama so show off your manliness.”

Two? I was sure that one of them was a man though.  
I must have drunk too much and my mind is getting fuzzy.

“Please touch the asses of us ‘sisters’.”

Being spurred on by Leticia, I reach for the two girls’ asses.  
A soft ass and a tight ass... both of them feel great.

“Oh feudal lord-sama, please use your imagination. Picture swinging your hips back and forth against our asses...”

Leticia’s supple butt cheeks will probably gently envelope my cock.  
Sharon’s tight little ass will probably squeeze me tightly and offer plenty of stimulation.  
Nnn, it feels like I’m forgetting something.

“What do you think, Hardlett-sama? Shall we have some fun on the bed?”

Leticia pushes her huge breasts against me and sucks the nape of my neck with her plump lips.

“I don’t have much in the chest area... but my ass will definitely feel good.”

Sharon clings to my thigh and licks me from my ankle to my crotch.  
I can’t stay quiet any longer with two women doing this much to me.  
I’m probably not forgetting anything important anyways, but as a man I feel that I’m obligated to make them squeal.

“Alright, I’ll take both of you sisters on at the same time.  
I’ll make sure neither of you can stand after this, get ready! “

“Kyaa~ I’m getting raped♪”

“Fi-finally, my ass will be-, Hardlett-sama will... I’m so happy!”

I throw the two of them on the bed, tear off my clothes and pounce on them.

---

### **-Third Person POV-**

Atorua

In the mansion belonging to the mayor of Atorua, Maximilian and the mayor, Isabella, sit opposite each other at a table.

“...look at this, there are already letters of appeal from five surrounding Poleis demanding for you to be handed over. Only five of them sent actual requests but essentially all the neighboring Poleis are putting pressure on me.”

“I want to tell them that the attacks performed by those using our name are the work of impersonators.”

Isabella sighs and rests her elbow on the table.

“I tried. But with such blatant acts, I have no way of persuading them. Moreover, all of the individuals killed are either those who declined to cooperate with Orthodox Magrado or those who wanted to chase you out. There is no longer any excuse I can make.”

“So... will you chase us out?”

Maximilian dismisses the servant and sits beside Isabella.

“The subordinates from my father’s generation did not voice their opinions, but they seem to want you chased out... however...”

As soon as the servant left the room, Isabella’s face changed from that of a dignified mayor to that of a woman.

“You already know I can’t do something like cutting you off, I love you Maximilian.”

“I feel the same, Isabella. Ever since I embraced you that day, I’ve never stopped thinking of you.”

The two hug each other firmly and kiss.

Being strong-willed by nature, Isabella did not get any suitors and so she was taken somewhat forcibly by her father, who was the mayor at the time, to a ball held in Magrado.

It was there she met Maximilian, who was in charge of the security and also quite the womanizer, taking no time to push himself onto her at the slightest opening and using his charms to make the stubborn girl fall completely for him.

It has been two years since the sudden death of her father which allowed her to inherit his position as mayor... three years today.

“Aah, the surrounding Poleis and my subordinates don’t matter. You are my beloved man... whom I will not abandon.”

“That makes me happy, Isabella. Here, feel this.”

The man carries the woman’s hand to his crotch.

“It’s big... just as big as it was when it violated my crying self that day.”

“This is for a big dick lover like you, who might entertain other men if I don’t let you touch it once in a while.”

“What are you saying, I won’t open my body up to anyone except you! Besides... nobody has a cock as large as yours. There’s no need to worry.”

The two hug each other and disappear into the bedroom.

The reason Isabella continues to cover for Orthodox Magrado is the lust for her man. The dissatisfaction within the city does not rise to the surface due to the strong influence of the mayor, but Atoroa’s incomprehensible actions elicit dissatisfaction from the neighboring cities, which slowly but surely further isolates Atoroa.

## **-Aegir POV-**

Rafen

“W-what happened-...!?”

Bathing naked in the morning sun, I stare blankly at the woman standing at the door with her kids, who stares right back.

This is good, she's the woman I slept with yesterday and will be living in the mansion starting today.

“Nnn...”

This is also good to see, Leticia, who is sleeping beside me, has semen dripping from her crotch.

I remember fucking her roughly yesterday, and I just have to put her in the mansion if she gets pregnant.

“Aau...”

However, my dick is covered with blood and why is Sharon clinging to my thigh?

Leticia was a virgin? No, she told me that she was raped many times before.

Which must mean it came from Sharon's leaking ass.

“I did it... I finally did it with a guy.”

The mother and her children look on worried as I slump over disappointedly. Just go outside and eat or something...

Leticia wakes up and suddenly nestles into me.

“Feudal lord-sama, you don't have to feel down. I mean, look at Sharon.”

Sharon clings to me happily despite being careful not to move his injured ass too much.

It's true his face looks like that of a girl who accomplished something important.

The fact he doesn't have a chest can also be overlooked, since Maria is somewhat similar before getting pregnant.

“He's pretty, no? He won't lose to just any woman. In other words, Sharon is a girl.”

“Don’t be ridiculous... he’s all hard and erect, isn’t he?”

Sharon is sleeping with a sheet covering him, but there is something bulging out from his crotch area.

It’s clear as day what is in that location.

“That’s because... he was taken by the feudal lord-sama he admired all this time, so it can’t be helped.”

Please don’t talk about it, I don’t want to remember it...

“Don’t worry about it. Even with a tiny dick attached to his body, Sharon is still a girl.”

In this world, there are bad lies which deceive people and good lies which save people.

This lie is most definitely the latter.

“...it’s probably better for my heart if I think that way.”

At that moment, Sharon became a slightly special kind of girl – one without any breasts or vagina and has a dick attached instead.

---

“Aegir-sama, please don’t spend the night elsewhere without notice! You’ll worry me!”

“I didn’t do it with any guy.”

Celia flares up at me when I returned to the mansion.

The frightened mother and children hide behind me.

“Please look after them.”

“Yes, your newly attained woman, right? Right this way.”

The maid doesn’t act surprised at all and smoothly guides the woman and children to the annex.

It’s something she has gotten used to, and Celia might have glared at me briefly but

she doesn't pursue the issue any further.

It's no longer anything unusual for me to bring back women with me and keep them.

"Also, Leopolt-san is calling for you. It seems like it's regarding Orthodox Magrado."

Geez, can't he think to at least wait until after the festival?

I guess not, but that's just how he is.

"Lord Hardlett, take a look at this."

"The one I slept with had something attached, but is still a woman."

Leopolt hands me some sort of contract.

There are a bunch of symbols I don't recognize on it.

"What is this?"

"The city states... to be more precise, it's a contract of all the Poleis on the path from Goldonia to Atoroa. They have agreed for us to invade into Atoroa."

"Hooh, I thought the city states would have refused to allow an outsider to interfere."

"The fact that it was an indiscriminate assassination incident, and one where even Council members were killed, was big. They have deemed Orthodox Magrado as a dangerous group and recognized Atoroa, the one protecting them, as problematic too."

"However Atoroa is a relatively large city with 30,000 in population and it will be a heavy burden for them to fight on their own."

Tristan cuts in from the side.

"It was three women yesterday. That's it."

"A-all of a sudden, huh... in any case, our invasion will not get in the way."

Fumu, then I'll talk to Erich and borrow a division of his army.

"About that, I believe we should fight this on our own."

“Hey now, the remnants of Magrado were originally the Kingdom’s problem. Why do we have to deal with it?”

If we borrow 30,000 from the Kingdom, they’ll crush Atoroa easily.

“That might be the case if you simply consider this incident. However, if we borrow the Kingdom’s army here, it will turn this fight into Goldonia’s fight.”

“And how is that inconvenient?”

“Goldonia has no relationship with any of the southern nations or the city states, and besides a peace agreement between them on the surface, most foreign relations with them are neutral. If we act on our own this time, we can create our own relationship with them.”

“There are nations within the city states with a deep connection to the Democratic Nation of Libatis as well. It isn’t a bad thing to have our own personal connection with those in the south. Plus, there might be something sleeping in the undeveloped area in the south.”

Leopolt’s voice becomes softer.

“If Lord Hardlett’s goal is to become a true retainer of the Kingdom, then it would be a different story though.”

Fumu, if you guys think so, it must be true.

The result will probably turn out better than if I used my head to think of what to do.

“Alright. But wait for some time after the festival to make any concrete preparations.”

The citizens won’t agree to a war directly after a festival either.

More importantly, if I head out to war before Nonna recovers, she’ll be upset.

“If we have the reserve army convene, and gather the bow cavalry, we will have 12,000. If we’re facing off against Atoroa on its own, it should be plenty.”

“The city states should be sturdy fortress cities if I recall correctly.”

“Our siege weapons are prepared as well. No problems there.”



I see, then let's have our first war in a long time.

"I dislike war but attacks like that make it hard for me to relax and read my books in peace."

"Well said. If you're that motivated, then I'll have you contribute to the frontline operations too."

"...it's always like this, I occasionally display a little bit of enthusiasm and nothing good ever comes of it. I should have just pretended to be a lazy idiot and stayed in the countryside... in the first place, why my hometown..."

I leave Tristan alone to complain and sigh, then head to where Nonna is.

On the way... I see the girl who follows Leopolt, Nina if I remember correctly.

She's waddling and holding her hand against her crotch for some reason, but right now Nonna's a higher priority.

"Aegir-sama..."

Nonna is laying on the bed on her side, watching over her two children who are sleeping peacefully.

As one would expect, giving birth to twins exhausted her quite a bit.

The twins, Anastasia and Bartolome... were named by Nonna after she regained consciousness.

Apparently she had decided on the names of both the boy and girl a while ago.

Perhaps due to being twins, both children are slightly smaller than normal, however their faces are terrifyingly well-proportioned.

"I wouldn't expect anything less from you, they're as beautiful as two jewels"

"Ufufu, I'm glad you think that. But it's Aegir-sama's fault that Bartolome's thing... the size is unthinkable for a baby. I wonder how many women he will make cry when he grows up."

With the beauty inherited from Nonna and a huge dick, women won't stand a chance. He should have free rein to eat however many women he wants.

“We’ll need to educate him properly so that doesn’t happen.”

Nonna smiles and gives me a kiss.

“Will you be heading out to war again?”

How did she know?

“I can tell from the look on your face... please come back safely. These kids need a father.”

“Of course. I’ll be back for sure.”

I hug Nonna gently, careful not to strain her body.

“A loving husband and kids, an impressive mansion and prestige... such happiness. I... am truly happy.”

While being embraced by me, Nonna mutters a final remark into my chest.

“I wish this would last forever...”

---

Protagonist: Aegir Hardlett. 23 years old. Summer.

Status: Goldonia Kingdom Margrave. Great Feudal Lord of Eastern Area. King of the Mountains. Friend of the Dwarves.

Citizens: 160,000. Major Cities – Rafen: 23,000. Lintbloom: 4000.

Private Army: 13,000 men

Infantry: 7000, Cavalry: 1000, Archers: 1000, Bow Cavalry: 4000

Reserve army already convened

Cannons: 18

Assets: 300 gold (Delivery Celebration, Rafen Grand Festival -7000) (Sortie -10,000)  
(Tax Revenue +5000)

Sexual Partners: 201!, children who have been born: 46

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## Income

Mine Tax: 40,000 gold (4000 already offered to the King)

Trade Tax: 20,000 gold

Total Income: 60,000 gold

## Expenses

Mansion maintenance: 3500 gold

Guard maintenance: 3500 gold

Army Salaries: 40,000 gold

Military Facilities and Miscellaneous Expense: 3000 gold

Paid Labor: 5000 gold

Total Expenses: 55,000 gold

Net Income: +5,000 gold

# Chapter 187

## Orthodox Magrado Clean-up Battle (1)

### Engagement on the Praries

**-Aegir POV-**

I take 13,000 troops with me and advance directly west.

We go south to Zan Dora, then go west from there... advancing on the road towards Trisnia.

I am rocked back and forth on Schwartz's back as I watch the Erg forest pass by on the right.

"The path is pretty rough compared to the part up until Zan Dora."

For this sortie, I've taken most of the troops in the territory with me.

Naturally, I didn't only bring Celia, but everyone related to the military from Leopolt to Tristan departed as well.

"That's a first-world problem. There wasn't always a path around Rafen after all."

I hug Celia and pat her head.

"Hau! T-the soldiers are looking."

That's nothing to worry about, it's already common sense to them that you're my lover.

"We're almost in... Baron Hameh's territory."

"It's Lord Barieh. We have already dispatched a messenger so we should be able to set up camp near the city."

We've gotten permission from most of the western nobles prior to our sortie.

It's because Nonna regularly holds balls and tea parties that our relationship with them is favorable.

“Well it’s actually this military strength. Normally, it would be impossible for them to refuse us regardless of what our relationship was like.”

Leopolt threw cold water on the accomplishment Nonna managed to contribute for once.

“When we stationed our troops in the territory of Viscount Chavannes yesterday, he was almost pitifully scared after all.”

Celia smiles bitterly.

We set up camp around their city of 5000 people almost like setting up an encirclement.

We were simply letting our soldiers rest near the city though, there was no other ill intent behind our actions.

“Now that I think about it, it was the same with that girl.”

Last night, I stayed in a room in Chavannes’ mansion where a young lady snuck in secretly at night.

She begged me to make love to her so I didn’t hold back.

“That person was apparently a girl from the branch family. She’s in a sorry state now though with her eyes rolled back after pissing herself.”

“Umu, she was a virgin. Moreover, she was pretty so I forgot to use contraception. I might have gotten her pregnant.”

Cold glares are directed at me from Celia and Myla.

Let’s change the topic.

“More importantly, how does it look like we’ll fare? Is 13,000 soldiers enough against Atoroapolis?”

Leopolt, Tristan, it’s your turn.

“According to our intelligence network and information provided by the surrounding Poleis, Atoroa has a population of 30,000 and over 10,000 citizens who can be recruited as militia when necessary.”

“They are unlike us in that they use all of their citizens as emergency soldiers.”

If that’s so then we don’t have much superiority over them.

“However, they only manage the farmland in a narrow area between the city and the surrounding area. In other words, they can’t maintain a large cavalry force and they don’t have the flexibility to deal with all sorts of attacks.”

“Their fortress of a city acts as strong defense, but they can’t even retreat or allow their citizens to evacuate.”

Leopolt looks to the rear.

There, horses are pulling our cannons and the dismantled parts of catapults.

If the situation develops into a full-fledged siege battle, there will no doubt be many citizens sacrificed on their side as well.

If we push through as invaders, they might put up a thorough resistance, although we can just attack with the intention to hand them over as a faction of the Orthodox Magrado.

“If we consider the situation from the side of the Atoroa citizens, they’ll be exposing their families and houses to danger in order to protect an outsider. If they do something like trying to hold out in their fortress, dissatisfaction will quickly be expressed.”

“Furthermore, Atoroa’s army is pretty powerful, and they will definitely fight us on the field if they see we don’t have a large force.”

I see, but we won’t lose even if we fight a field battle.

As long as the terrain is right, I can promise that our 5000 cavalry will have the absolute superiority.

“And also, Erich was complaining until the very end that it would be better if the Kingdom’s army was also sent out.”

“The Commissioner of Military Affairs probably wanted to take this as an opportunity to display his influence to the southern nations. Normally there would be no choice but to accept it as an order though...”

“It really helps that we have a condition which requires the other nearby Poleis to open the path.”

The aforementioned condition states ‘A minimum force is necessary to subjugate Atorora and is allowed through’, whereas if the Kingdom army was included, it would make the tens of thousands of soldiers a large enough force to be considered an invasion and would not be permitted.

“We deliberately negotiated this part too.”

“But if we were to lose like this, it would be embarrassing. Do you have a plan?”

“I don’t.”

I grab Tristan’s head.

“Ow! Please stop! My head is being crushed!”

“It’s the truth, although a plan is not necessary. Even without utilizing a plan, we can win just by quashing the enemy’s plan and attacking from the front.”

Say that from the start, any longer and Tristan’s head would have been crushed in my hands.

Let’s take it easy and march forward then.

---

City States Territory: Plains

“They’ve come, just like we predicted.”

“They number... a little over 10,000. It’s more than what I thought.”

The battlefield we chose for our fight with the Atoroan army was a plains scattered with hills.

The hills were gently-sloping so they shouldn’t become obstacles in our fight.

“Leopolt, what do you think?”

“They clearly made a mistake in their choice of battlefield. If they pulled back a little more, they could have fought in a valley where it would be unsuitable for any army to deploy.”

“It would be hard for the enemy to fight as well, perhaps they didn’t like that?”

Celia shows up behind me.

“The enemy is fighting a defensive battle, and wouldn’t mind if they don’t finish us off. We would be the ones who would eventually tire.”

“With that said, having the enemy army nearby is extremely unsettling and if they withdrew anymore, they would also be worried about sporadic attacks on the plantations and fields around Atoroa. It seems like they are more considerate to their citizens than we initially thought.”

Then perhaps they’ll agree to hand over the concerned party if we defeat them in battle just once since they would dislike having to hole up in their fortress against us.

“Let’s hope so. All troops, get into battle formation.”

On Leopolt’s order, the army quickly changes shape.

4000 infantry and 1000 archers are led by Myla on the right wing, while the 3000 infantry spread out on the left wing are led by the unwilling Tristan. Luna and Irijina lead the bow cavalry and cavalry respectively, ready to advance forward at any time. Leopolt is beside me and will be in charge of overseeing the entire battle.

“Aegir-sama!” “I will protect the chief.”

Celia will be leading the escort unit and sticking close to me.

Gido is similarly lining up right beside her.

Pipi will be riding behind me.

That will make me a bow cavalry too.

“Well, let’s see how the enemy moves.”

I would charge in with the cavalry right off the bat, but this opponent is one whose hand is unknown.



“The enemy has deployed evenly on the left and right! They’re marching forward slowly.”

I see, the enemy is similarly cautious.

From what I can see, Atoroa doesn’t have many cavalry.  
Almost all of them are holding shields and short spears or swords.

“They’re similar to Magrado’s heavily armed infantry... although these soldiers are holding smaller shields and seem more agile.”

“They seem to want to come at us head-on from the front.”

Let’s leave it to Leopolt in the beginning.

Atoroa’s army and my army slowly approach each other from the front and the archers from their respective armies move to the head of the formation.

In the next moment, a volley of arrows is fired simultaneously from both sides, glancing past the arrows of the opposing archers and raining down on the soldiers’ heads.

“It looks like they have the same range as our composite bows.”

The enemy fires their arrows in an organized manner and their accuracy is pretty spot-on.  
So they must be quite skilled.

“Gua!” “Wah!”

Our archers prop up large wooden shields and shoot from behind them, but there are still some soldiers who get shot and killed.

The enemy experiences the same result and their formation is just the slightest bit disarrayed.

“Second volley! Loose!”

The second volley is fired and rains down on the enemy.  
The enemy also shoot their second volley at the same time, meaning they have similar skill.

“Both of us are propping up large shields. Neither of us can finish the other off no matter how many arrows we shoot.”

“We’ll make a move here. The ballistae are finished setting up.”

Leopolt keeps his eyes forward while giving a signal.

Near the middle of the main army, 40 ballistae are pointed at the enemy who are shooting with our archers on the right wing.

The ones which are smaller in size than the ballistae made for sieges can be loaded and pulled on wagons without being dismantled.

Their range and power are inferior to the full-blown ballistae but these weapons takes less hassle to set up and can be used in field battles depending on the situation.

Their range is longer than that of a normal bow so they won’t get mixed with the shoot-out between archers.

“Fire!”

The signal is given and large bolts soar in the air accompanied by a low-pitched sound. With weight incomparable to arrows, they destroy the propped up shields and mow down several enemies all at once.

“That’s quite powerful... however their precision is awful.”

“They aren’t fixed to the ground, so it can’t be helped.”

Out of the 40 soaring giant arrows, only a few came close to hitting the enemy formation.

That’s far from being a decisive blow.

“Oh well, it did disorient them somewhat.”

“Shall we have the cavalry charge through the center of their formation?”

Celia wants to settle things right away.

But... it’s still too soon.

“The enemy remains in control of their forces. If we charge in now, we’ll face a fierce counterattack.”

“Muu.”

Having Leopolt calmly counter her, Celia puffs her cheeks in frustration.  
I pull on her cheeks to let the air out and give an order to Luna and her bow cavalry.

“Order the bow cavalry to split into left and right and have them shoot from their flanks. Circle around behind and pepper them... just try to avoid engaging in hand-to-hand combat.”

Leopolt nods as well and relays his orders to the other squads.

“You heard the orders, right!? Let’s go!”

The bow cavalry divide themselves into 2000 on the left and 2000 on the right, then pick up the pace to surround the enemy.

The enemy doesn’t have skilled cavalry so they can’t send out a force to intercept them, which meant they should be getting into an anti-cavalry defensive stance.

The enemy archers at the head of their army were about to change their targets to the bow cavalry approaching them from the left and right, but were prevented by the intense barrage of covering fire from our ally archers as instructed by Leopolt, and could not move as they wanted.

If the enemy isn’t careful and changes their formation now, it would allow us to push our archers forward and rain arrows on their entire army.

“Alright, they circled around to the left and right flanks... hooh, they’re pretty good.”

As soon as the enemy saw they were flanked from the sides, they instantly lined up their shields and spears.

So that didn’t affect their orderliness, which means they can still launch a powerful counterattack if we aren’t careful and charge in now.

“However, the bow cavalry aren’t like regular cavalry.”

The enemy who was expecting a charge from the flanks get assailed with a furious fusillade of arrows.

The enemy formation becomes in disarray after receiving the volleys from the left and right.

Even if they wanted to counterattack, our ally archers in front of them are concentrating fire on them, not giving them a chance to return fire.

“Now we can charge... mggah-”

I pull on the excited Celia’s cheeks again.

Not yet, the enemy is just starting to change their formation.

In order to deal with the threat, the enemy soldiers carrying shields are moving one after the other towards the flanks.

So they can alter their formation while getting shot at.

The enemy hasn’t fallen into a state of chaos yet.

“Left wing, right wing, advance forward.”

Leopolt finally gave Myla and Tristan their orders.

“But then our infantry would be exposed to the enemy’s arrows.”

Celia tries to confirm her doubts, but there’s no way Leopolt wouldn’t know something as obvious as that.

“I don’t mind, the next move will decide things.”

Having received their orders, the right and left wing start moving forward, marching on despite suffering casualties from the arrows.

I reject Irijina’s third demand to depart to the front lines, and watch the other squads sally forward.

“The enemy squad is concentrating towards the front!”

Naturally, they wouldn’t be able to defend against 1000 archers and 7000 infantry otherwise.

The bow cavalry which attacked from the flanks also ran off to the back.

It would take time for the bow cavalry to change directions and charge at them again, which is why they decided to focus on the present threat in front of them – the approaching infantry.

“Alright, now!”

The bow cavalry who have ran off to the back of the enemy turn around on their horses and release their arrows while still facing the other direction.

“Uwaah!” “Shooting backwards!?”

Right when the enemy felt relieved that they survived the first wave and thought their backs were safe, a shower of arrows poured on them from the rear.

The army which appeared relatively powerful up until now quickly fell into disarray.

“I bet they can’t do that.”

I tried training some soldiers to become bow cavalry aside from the warriors from the mountain nation, and the result was that most of them are capable of firing arrows while facing forward.

However, pretty much none of them were able to fire sideways while running forward, and when they tried to face backwards, there were far more people who fell off their horses and injured themselves than people who succeeded.

I asked Pipi and Gido if there was a trick, but they just replied with ‘Isn’t it possible if you just be a little more careful?’

So I guess the skill I’ve grown used to seeing for many years can’t be replicated with half-assed training.

“Lord Hardlett.”

“Umu, I know.”

It’s the long awaited time for Celia. I’ll let her know.

“A-all units, chaargu!”

““Uuuoooooooooh–!!”“

She fumbled her words at the most important part.

Celia tearfully tried to correct herself but she was drowned out by the war cries of the soldiers and lost her chance.

The infantry brigades on the left and right shift gears from a quick-paced march to an all-out charge.

Seeing how we are mounting a full-scale offensive, the enemy hurriedly pulls back

their archer squad and pushes their own infantry forward to try and deal with the opposing infantry.

An intense clash occurs between our charging allies and the enemy soldiers standing their ground.

“The vanguard has made contact with the enemy.”

Infantry battle infantry in this fierce collision, swinging spears and swords at each other while trying to push forward.

Soldiers on both sides fall over at similar rates, and although our allies are gradually pushing the enemy back, it won't become a decisive blow to them.

“An all-out attack directly after they were in disarray from the volley in their rear, and we still can't push through?”

Looking at the enemy soldiers again, Atoroa has equipped even their lowest ranked soldiers with metal armor and shields, making it difficult to cut them down.

I thought my army was also well-equipped, but when both sides have relatively similar gear, either side's infantry has a chance to lose if they aren't careful.

“Aegir-sama, we can't push them back!”

The enemy inches backward ever so slightly while our allies take a tiny step forward, yet both sides suffer the same amount of casualties.

Then, the bow cavalry fire another volley of arrows – diagonally up and just enough to reach the enemy – from the back as their formation is reorganizing itself, which briefly disrupts the enemy army, but doesn't become a decisive mistake.

“Leopolt, they're hanging on longer than expected.”

“Yes, I received a report about their high level of skill, but this is above expectations.”

We need to be a little rougher here.

I send a signal to Leopolt with my eyes.

“Left wing, right wing, circle around the enemy on your respective sides.”

Myla and Tristan shift their point of attack to the edges of the formation as they continue engaging the enemy.

Naturally, getting surrounded from both sides would be fatal so the enemy matched our movements and shifted their force to the sides.

Now, the center has opened up.

“Follow me, Irijina, let’s go!”

“This is what I’ve been waiting for! Time to skewer them!”

I charge forward along with Irijina and the cavalry in my escort unit which she will be in charge of.

In a panic, the enemy tries to get into anti-cavalry formation but because their main force was dragged to the sides by our infantry, they don’t have enough to do so.

Now we should be able to devour them.

“Charge forward, tear through the enemy.”

We are galloping forward in a single-file horizontal line, however because of the difference in the speed of our horses, I’m at the very front.

“Aegir-sama! Please don’t put yourself at the very front!”

“They’ll target you!”

Celia and Gido shout at me, but there’s no way I can slow down now.

I’m going to continue as is.

Schwartz’s legs carry me forward swiftly like the wind as the arrows directed towards me from the left and right are unable to hit their target.

The only thing considered a threat to me is the enemy in front. I advance closer to the enemy while deflecting the arrows which are accurate enough to get close to me.

“All units, anti-cavalry defense-... what the-!”

Schwartz leaps up when he saw the enemy beginning to form a wall of spears.

The horse’s large body easily vaults over the aligned spearheads and lands directly on top of the heads of the spearmen.

“Gubhoh!” “Gueeeeh!”

Two enemy soldiers get pathetically stomped to death by the enormous body while I

take out the other nearby soldiers with my spear.  
There are a few soldiers I missed, but quickly get an arrow to the face.  
Oh yeah, Pipi is riding behind me. She's so light that I forgot she was there.

There's no reason for me to wait for the enemy who are trying to close around me in a circle.

I urge Schwartz forward, who knocks away anyone blocking the path in front of him, while I cut down any others who point their spears at us.

"Pipi will do her part too."

Pipi takes out the enemies with bowguns with pinpoint accuracy.  
As expected from her, she doesn't miss a single shot.

"The feudal lord-sama opened a hole! Follow him!"  
"Aegir-sama, please wait!"

Ally cavalry flood through the hole I broke open in the enemy's formation and their defense formation is instantly torn apart.  
Now it looks like I don't have to worry about blocking behind me.

"Stop the black cavalry!"  
"Don't ask something so unreasonable, he's like a raging bull!"

"Who are you calling a bull!?"

My spear pierces the soldier through his shield and he gets tossed high up in the air. Schwartz must not have liked that either and chased after the soldier who yelled those remarks so he can kick them.  
That should do it for the charge, I don't need to run through the enemy camp.

"Now come at me. If you beat me, you might have a chance at victory!"

"Muuun... let us do battle!"

A man riding a horse who looks like the enemy's commander comes charging at me with a spear.  
This guy has guts.



“Seeei!”

“Hmph!”

Almost like a jousting match, our one decisive strikes land – his strike deflects off the armor protecting my shoulder while mine rips his body in half through the armor. The nearby soldiers stare in shock at the sight and step backwards.

“What’s wrong? Did that scare you?”

I dismount from Schwartz and adjust my grip on the spear.  
My escort unit also jump off their horses and cross swords with the enemies on foot.

“Dorryaa!”

I sweep the feet of a soldier who pushes his shield in front of me, then using that fallen soldier as a footstool, bash the head of a different soldier.  
I repel the headless soldier, who remains standing, with my spear and he takes flight in the air.

“Hiiih!” “Uwaah, he came over here!”

I put my back into a full-powered strike and chop off the top half of both soldiers, leaving the lower halves standing while the upper halves which are sent flying in the air spray their guts everywhere through the open wound at the bottom.

As one would expect, a ton of their blood sprays back and gets all over me.  
I take a good look around... the enemy swiftly distance themselves from me.

“Yaaaaaaah–!”

I shift my line of sight to where Celia is and I catch her slashing at an enemy.  
Her retrained body allows for nimble movements and she uses her agility to overwhelm the enemy soldier.  
The metal armor worn by the soldier prevents him from falling in one hit though...

“Yah, sshh, eei!”

She swings the handle of her sword against the soldier’s helmet, then cuts the thigh of the staggering soldier.

When the enemy isn't able to bear the pain and stumbles to his knee, she sticks her sword into the gap of the helmet of the crouching soldier to finish him off, ending his life after a cry of agony.

"I did it!"

"Well done. Don't overdo it though."

Gido also seems to be fighting on equal terms if not at an advantage.

Besides possessing a larger build than most individuals in the mountain tribe, Gido also has a natural talent for swordsmanship.

He won't fall too far behind even if he isn't on horseback.

"Next!"

Celia slices the wrist of the enemy who rushes her, circles around to the enemy's side and stabs her sword into the soldier's side.

She looks over at me as if wanting me to praise her, but a large man closes in on her from behind holding a rather big sword above his head.

"Die, little girl!"

I block the blow from the falling sword.

"What do you think you're doing... to my woman!"

I slash up at the man from the crotch up to his head and bisect him, leaving a thin slice behind before kicking the rest of his body into the other enemy soldiers.

As the large man gets sent backward, his body quickly splits in half, and striking fear in the hearts of all the surrounding soldiers.

"The enemy is starting to retreat!"

"Both sides are also collapsing! The half encirclement is complete."

The enemy fell into disorder from the frontal assault and were unable to deal with the attacks on the sides.

Myla and Tristan work together without delay to complete a half circle around the enemy.

With this, the enemy is in a totally disadvantageous position.

“The bow cavalry have finished rearranging their formation! They’ve begun to charge from behind the enemy!”

It’s settled, the enemy no longer has the strength to endure the attacks from the front, back, left and right.

Their angry bellowing turned into panicked cries and the entire enemy army finally began to retreat in chaos... turning the state of battle into a complete rout.

“Don’t stop moving! Continue firing your arrows!”

The squad engaged in melee combat gathered all their forces and advanced slowly. It was just about making sure not to give the enemy a single chance to relax.

With arrows raining down on them and the pressure of our encroaching soldiers, the enemy couldn’t recover, ultimately abandoning their heavy armor and swords before running away.

“It’s over, there’s no need to give chase.”

The enemy army is made up of citizens, so unnecessary killing would conversely give them the determination to resist to the bitter end.

“We won again!”

“We’re the best!”

Shouts of victory and cheers erupt from the soldiers.

I also join in the festivities by picking Celia up and letting her ride on my shoulders.

Pipi goes even further up by smoothly climbing me and Celia and raises her hands when she gets to the top.

The soldiers’ cheers get even louder.

“Injury report.”

Leopolt, who is unaffected by the lively atmosphere, calmly stands by my side and begins filling me in on the details.

Having this straight-laced man beside me when I have two girls on my shoulders is just weird.

“Cavalry, bow cavalry both lost about 50 and infantry suffered about 300 casualties. It will not affect our march.”

“That’s relatively low despite the fierceness of the battle.”

“It’s probably because both sides were heavily equipped, meaning both sides had a high defensive ability. I’m sure the escaping enemy hasn’t suffered more than 2000 either... however their morale must have taken a plunge.”

That’s fine, since we didn’t intend to destroy Atoroa in the first place. After all, the surrounding Poleis might target us if we did so.

We just wanted to attack them enough to drive Orthodox Magrado out.

“Reformation of the army is complete. Let’s resume marching before the enemy can gather themselves.”

“Well, it’s better to win comfortably rather than barely scraping by. It saves us the effort too.”

Myla and Tristan have returned too.

I can tell by the expressions on their faces that the casualties suffered aren’t too serious.

“Look, Hardlett-dono!”

Irijina, wipe away the blood you’re covered in. A smiling girl drenched in blood isn’t too sexy.

“Alright, let’s treat the injured and then advance.”

Our march continues on.

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### **-Third Person POV-**

City State: Aless. Council

Several men are gathered in this grand building made of stone.

This place is home to the central pillar of the city state Aless, a place where even the

King does not have complete authority – the place where the Council is located.

The messenger who stepped forward is reporting to the Council members.

“The Atoroan army has been defeated by Goldonia.”

‘Ooh’ – A voice of exasperation leaked out.

“Even if they are weak compared to us, to be able to defeat Atoroa means Goldonia is not just a coward.”

“Did they not just win by using a numerical advantage?”

“No, Lord Hardlett was the only one sent this time... Goldonia’s royal army has not made an appearance. I’m sure there won’t be a large army coming.”

The Council members discuss amongst themselves before being stopped by the clapping of the elder sitting in the center.

“Silence! This isn’t a place where women do idle chat. Conduct more constructive discussions.”

The noise quickly died down.

“Atoroa was beaten pretty severely. Goldonia... Margrave Hardlett should be marching forward and attacking their city.”

Aless is located west of Atorora, outside the route one who take when marching into the city.

Thus, they would not be affected even if Goldonia were to march into Atoroa.

“It doesn’t feel good that he’s doing whatever he pleases in our territory though...”

One Council member makes a sour expression, while the other members object.

“Right now, Atoroa is reaping what they sowed. They called themselves Orthodox Magrado, was it?... how barbaric, there’s no talking their way out of this.”

“Indeed, and if they don’t give up the wanted individuals we have no choice but to

assume they are colluding with each other.”

The head of the Council listens solemnly to the declarations of the Council members and then gives his response.

“Umu, then Aless will not be getting involved with this incident. If Atoroa falls into ruin, that would just be the result of their own doing. As long as they don’t do anything barbaric like massacring citizens, it is fine to leave them alone.”

“Agreed.”

“That is the best.”

When the Council members roughly come to an agreement of opinions, the door to the room swings open wildly.

“I ask that the esteemed members of the Council wait!”

The Council members instinctively cover their ears to shut out the loud, audacious voice.

“It’s too early to abandon Atoroa!! There has been a friendly relationship between them and the other Poleis which continued for many generations! Is it not in these dire times where that friendship should be displayed!?”

“Oh my, if it isn’t... King Gildress...”

The intruder who was referred to as a King looked about 190 cm in height, with a well-built body which even the word muscular would not be enough to describe. He addressed the Council members in a lively manner.

“Goldonia’s army pales in comparison with us, almost like a tiny fawn struggling to reach our feet! We can crush them without any effort at all! Even if Goldonia’s main army got involved!”

“That is probably true...”

Nobody dared to oppose those words with what can be considered an irrational line of thought.

Aless has a population of 40,000 and is a relatively large state amongst the other city

states.

Their industries and agriculture are relatively prosperous, but the most distinctive fact about Aless is their overwhelming military strength.

The number of young men they could draft during emergency times was 15,000 and wouldn't make the largest army.

However, their boys began receiving military training at the tender age of 10 and would not be excluded from regular military drills until retirement at the age of 45.

It goes without saying they practiced swordsmanship, but not a single man would be unable to use spears, bows, throwing daggers and even hand-to-hand martial arts.

It was common sense that the men of Aless could strangle a wild boar with their bare hands and even kill a bear with only a knife.

Those 15,000 men were the best of the best, ready to give up their lives to protect their country and King.

"King<sup>1</sup>, we would save Atorua if they desired peace, but they were the ones who went mad."

"That is an internal conflict! If we want to settle this matter, we should be settling it ourselves, not borrowing the help of some outsider!"

The King instantly objects against the words of the Council member.

"Aless's elite troops will not be defeated in a fight of equivalent numbers. However, blood will be spilled... what merit is there to shed blood for Atorua?"

"The previous King of Atorua asked me to look after his daughter on his deathbed! There are times where promises are more important than blood!"

Gildress responds without hesitation, but the Council members don't seem to sympathize.

The Council members were thinking of the grand scheme of things pertaining to Aless rather than the King's personal circumstances.

The members continued to discuss amongst themselves for a moment until finally the Council head summarizes everyone's opinions.

"I understand what you are thinking. However, I cannot imagine there is any just cause for us to interfere in this battle. Therefore, the Council will... not approve the gathering

nor the sortie of troops! Please understand, this is for Aless's sake."

"..."

The King leaves the assembly hall in the same violent manner as when he entered the room, slamming the door on the way out.

The Council's decision binds the King.

More accurately speaking, as long as they disprove of it, the King is not able to mobilize the army.

However, Gildress had no intention of obeying that decision.

"My King<sup>2</sup>, was it no good?"

"Umu, they were going on about benefits and just cause, but the Council is just a bunch of wimps."

The ones surrounding the King are all men with muscular bodies just like the King if not more muscular.

All of them were wearing leather undergarments with a cloak wrapped around their bulging forms.

"Then let's just ignore the Council members."

"We can't do that, going up against the Council despite them being cowards would be rebelling against the history of Aless itself."

It wasn't like Gildress didn't think about the country.

In fact, some might consider him a person who loves Aless the most.

He couldn't break the law of his beloved fatherland.

"Then a trick..."

"I'll go for a walk."

Hah? – the men around him tilt their heads in bewilderment.

"I'm going to take a walk with my gallant friend! There won't be any convening or sallying of troops. This is simply a leisurely stroll!"



The men around him become all smiles.

“I see, what a splendid idea! Did you hear that, the King is going for a walk!! Gather all the capable individuals.”

The King responds to the loud booming shouts echoing around him.

“The eldest in their family, those without sons, newly-wed men – all of them cannot participate in this stroll! This enjoyment will be limited to a few chosen individuals!”

“So... where will this walk of yours be done?”

“That’s obvious. East of Atoroa, in the Togor Canyon!!”

The men cheer.

Being true men of Aless, they believe fighting reigns supreme and losing one’s life to fulfill that purpose is a small task to ask.

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Protagonist: Aegir Hardlett. 23 years old. Summer.

Status: Goldonia Kingdom Margrave. Great Feudal Lord of Eastern Area. King of the Mountains. Friend of the Dwarves.

Citizens: 160,000. Major Cities – Rafen: 23,000. Lintbloom: 4000.

Private Army: 12,600 men (-400)

Infantry: 6700, Cavalry: 950, Archers: 950, Bow Cavalry: 4000

Reserve army already convened

Cannons: 18

Assets: 300 gold

Sexual Partners: 202, children who have been born: 46

# Chapter 188

## Orthodox Magrado Clean-up Battle (2)

### The Canyon Hundred

**-Third Person POV-**

Outside the city of Aless

“How many have gathered?”

“Excluding those without sons and the eldest children of their families, 300 men!”

The man standing beside Gildress shouts confidently.

If the warriors of Aless don't genuflect even before the King, it means they don't adhere to the traditional language of respect either.

These warriors, who value fighting over everything, believe having an attitude of servility would in fact be rude to Aless and to the King.

“300... you say?”

Gildress turns around to face the men following him for the first time.

All those in his presence are strong and muscular men, a towering wall of muscle.

In each of the men's hands are thick and heavy, but not long, swords and similarly sturdy, heavy-looking shields.

A pitch-black cloak curtains their armor-wearing bodies which are protecting only their vital parts, making it seem like they are naked at first glance.

Perhaps to distinguish himself as the King, Gildress is the only one with a crimson cloak.

“...you, what's your name and age?”

Gildress calls out to a young-looking man.

“Cranderus! 21!”

The King scowls briefly and then barks loudly.

“Too young! There is an age restriction to who can accompany me on my walk! Those who have not yet turned 30 may leave!”

There was a faint stir amongst all who were present.

“My King, us young men are still warriors of Aless, and will not fall behind any enemies, no matter who they are.”

“Enough! The young ones are tasked with protecting the women and children in Aless.”

The youngsters make a somewhat dissatisfied face, but after seeing Gildress standing in an imposing manner and unwilling to compromise, the young men bowed once and took their leave.

“The future will be created by you guys! Don’t let yourselves waste away like this!”

The youngsters responded with a resounding shout in acknowledgement after the King roared at them from behind.

“How many now?”

“100 men.”

Gildress nods, seemingly satisfied.

“Umu, that’s a perfect amount. I’d feel sorry for not giving Goldonia a chance otherwise.”

“I see, you’re not wrong there!”

“Gathering too many Aless warriors would split the earth after all!”

The remaining men laugh heartily.

Then, Gildress’s smile disappears as he addresses the men.

“We will push our limits and rampage as much as we can in this fight in order to display our gallant figures while stopping Goldonia’s advance... and then we will probably perish.”

The other men don’t say a word.

These men are also men who have continued fighting past the age of 30. They understood the foregone conclusion just from the absolute difference in numbers and the fact no reinforcements will be coming.

“I will say this again, this is nothing but a walk. Some might get stomach pains and some might not feel motivated. If you go back to your homes now, no one would censure you.”

Nobody made a single move from their spots.

And then a single man spoke up to ask Gildress a question.

“My King, is this fight for Aless’s sake?”

Gildress answered immediately.

“No.”

“Then what is the purpose of this fight?”

Gildress stuck out his chest with pride.

“This is personal... a promise between men!”

The men making serious expressions eventually relaxed and their mouths opened in laughter.

“A promise, huh!?” “If it’s a promise between men, it can’t be helped.” “A reason worth staking your life on!”

The men shout.

“My King, we understand! Let us go, we will fight as warriors!”

“Umu! No big deal, each of us just needs to beat a hundred and we’ll win.”

There is no indecision in anyone's eyes.

The men are full of smiles and their muscles tremble in excitement.

"Idiots, I hear the enemy has 13,000. 100 per person will leave 3000 alive."

The King shouts in a voice even louder than the men who shouted previously.

"Then I'll take on the remaining 3000!"

All the men cheer.

"You hear that!? The King's spewing how he'll defeat 3000."

"Oh sounds good, then why don't we all present one barrel of alcohol to him if he accomplishes it."

Smiling, the King draws his sword and raises his shield.

All the other men follow suit.

"What do we hold in our right hands!?"

""Swords of victory which will grant us vengeance.""

"What do we hold in our left hands!?"

""Shields which safeguard our fatherland.""

"What do we possess!?"

""Disciplined bodies of steel.""

"Here we go, men of Aless!"

""Uuuooooooooh!!""

The King charges forward and everyone follows behind him.

Because of the restrictions of a rather large city state, they were not able to gather a sufficient amount of horses.

That's why they will be travelling to their destination, the canyon, on foot.

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## -Aegir POV-

Hardlett Army, Outskirts of Togor Canyon

"So that's the Togor canyon... it looks pretty deep."

"According to the scout's report, the lower part is fairly narrow. There are paths in the inner part that can be used to go back and forth but not many people can fit across at once."

"It's going to be troublesome to lay in waiting here... did those guys from Atoroa really scatter?"

"Yes, we had someone trail them and they didn't enter the canyon, but rather scattered to both sides at full speed."

"We could have made a detour around too..."

Celia cuts into the conversation I was having with Leopolt.

I was thinking about that too, but different city states are separating the Togor Canyon on the left and right.

And then, their farmlands would be near the canyon.

Even though they permitted us to invade, we are still considered outsiders. If we invaded their farms and did something to their citizens, they might recognize that as a form of hostility and immediately give us a warning.

"We have no other choice but to follow this narrow path. This is something we rarely get to see on the Central Plains, maybe I can include this in my stories when I recount my adventures to Nonna and the others."

When I pet Celia's head, her unhappy face slowly loosens up and her eyes narrow.

"Yes... let Leah listen too."

Recently, Celia and Leah have been strangely getting along quite well.

They're around the same age, plus it seems the short-tempered and precise Celia is compatible with the soft and calm Leah.

“Leah is like a little sister, but she’s quite the handful.”

Leah also said something like that in the past, something like: ‘Celia is like a little sister who gets flustered at everything really easily.’

There’s nothing better than when both sides give a piece of their heart to the other.

The army advances while I ponder such things.

Despite the area being a battlefield, the soldiers don’t feel any sense of tension because the enemy was already defeated once.

The only thing left was to attack the city of Atoroa and that’s it – Such an atmosphere was given off by all of the soldiers.

“Urgent message! A military force of some sort appears to have set up camp near the exit of the Togor Canyon.”

I wasn’t the only one surprised, Leopolt and Myla were as well.

“The enemy? Is Atoroa standing their ground?”

“No, the flag is different. Unfortunately, the details are...”

If the scout doesn’t know, that means it’s a flag he has never seen before.  
Perhaps another nearby Polis is interfering.

“How many?”

“I believe about 100 of them”

“Fumu...”

Leopolt and I both tilt our heads.

That isn’t a large force, which means they won’t be much of a threat to us at all.

“There is a chance more soldiers are hiding.”

“However, the paths besides the one we’ve taken are all quite steep. I can’t imagine them hiding in cliffs like these...”



It's a simple task for soldiers to lay in ambush and rather comical if they went through great pains to stumble their way down from the cliffs.

"Let's just be cautious. We'll divide the vanguard into three waves of 200 people each and march forward that way."

"I agree, we should dispatch a messenger later and get them to move out of our way. It might be a commander who deployed in a panic because he didn't get the earlier message."

We eventually progress to the canyon and ascend up a slope to see, as indicated by the report, an army of roughly a hundred men linking arms while standing imposingly in front of the canyon's exit.

They are tightly blocking the only path out of the canyon.

"Fumu... we sent out a messenger, right?"

"Yes... but we didn't get the desired response."

It can't be helped, let's talk to them directly.

I walk up to the front and shout at them.

"We are the army from Goldonia! We are advancing our army so we can dispose of the lawless individuals and save Atoroa. Why are you standing in our way?"

A booming voice echoes in response immediately after I finish.

"I am Gildress, King of Aless! I am taking a walk and enjoying the beautiful scenery here!"

"King... he said?"

Leopolt opens up some sort of document.

We don't have much information regarding the city states. A minimal investigation was done to somehow determine the Poleis along our marching route, but because many of the Poleis were closed off to outsiders, we couldn't find out much about anything.

“Gildress... that’s the name of the King of Aless, if I’m not mistaken. Aless is a Polis in the west and they don’t particularly have an alliance with Atoroa.”

This seems like it’ll be problematic.

“King Gildress! I am Margrave Hardlett from Goldonia. You mentioned something about taking a walk, but could you allow our army to pass through before taking your time to enjoy the view!?”

“Nay! There will be no charm to the landscape once an army of ten thousand tramples through!”

I guessed this would happen.

In fact, I can’t imagine him really coming here for a walk.

“Leopolt, what do you think?”

“Aless should be a militaristic nation with its power concentrated around the King. There’s no way they could not assemble more than a measly 100 soldiers... the only guess I have is that the King is unable to move freely.”

I see... well, no use thinking about something you don’t know.

“King Gildress, we have received approval from the surrounding Poleis which allows our army to advance into Atoroa. Should I take this as Aless not acknowledging that approval?”

“Nay to that as well, Aless has no intention of opposing Goldonia! The ones here with me are close friends who I have chosen to accompany me on my walk!”

“What kind of ridiculous lie is he spewing...”

“There’s no way you bring swords and shields to take a walk’ – Celia mutters. However, I don’t hate this kind of man.

“King, how long should we wait here?”

Gildress probably didn’t consider the time as he tilted his head slightly before answering.

“We will return home when snow starts to fall and it gets cold.”

A soldier standing behind the king unconsciously cracked a smile.

“How dare you act all high-and-mighty with a mere small force of a hundred!!”

Myla’s face warps from Gildress’s provocative manner of speech.

Negotiations have completely broken down.

I can’t just return home feeling sad though.

“King... we do not intend to oppose Aless either. However, if you continue to say you won’t move, we have no choice but to push through with force, do you understand?”

“Of course, I don’t mind. I do not have the fatherland on my shoulders at the moment, but I will fully demonstrate to you the power of the men of Aless.”

They wanted to do that from the start.

Any further attempts at negotiating would be meaningless.

I step down and return to the back in order to make arrangements to the formation.

“Just a hundred men, they’ll be defeated in an instant.”

He put up a good fight during our little argument, but there’s nothing he can do when it’s 13,000 vs. 100.

“We can only deploy 20 soldiers per row in the area they have positioned themselves. It is uphill as well...”

Tristan doesn’t seem to feel a sense of urgency either.

Although he’s always like this.

“Since he barked so much, he must have quite the confidence in the strength of his troops. We’ll suffer casualties as well if we collide head-on with them. Let’s rain some arrows down to drive them away.”

Only 20 soldiers can be side-by-side, but archers can be used in a vertical formation. That is probably the best way to settle things.

“They are already deployed.”

Leopolt has already ordered the archers to the front.

From what can be seen of their equipment, they all only have swords and shields... they shouldn't be able to counterattack.

“Loose!”

Several hundred arrows pour on the enemy like rain.

The enemies immediately topple... or not.

“Defense! Stance up!”

In an instant, the enemy turns into a steel box.

The arrows rain down on them but are all deflected by their shields.

If they bounced off instead of stabbing into the shields, it means they're made of metal... they should have considerable weight to them, yet everyone seems to carrying them like it's nothing.

“...What incredible toughness.”

“Yes.”

The shields that each soldier is propping up with their left hand is actually shielding the soldier beside them.

They themselves are protected from the right.

They entrust their life to the man beside them when showered with arrows... they must have gone through harsh training and have a strong trust in their companions to do something like that.

“Second volley!”

Once again, arrows soar into the air and fall towards the enemy, but there is absolutely no effect.

I thought a few arrows would get through the gaps though I don't see a single shield dropping to the ground.

“Third volley!”

It happened as soon as the commander shouted.

“Charrrrrrrggeeeee—!!”

The enemy charges forward collectively as soon as the arrows were released into the air.

So they were measuring the timing.

“...got too close in distance?”

The enemy didn't seem to be affected by their attacks so the archers got slightly irritated and moved too close.

It didn't take more than a second for them to shift from a defensive position to charging straight at us.

As soon as the command was shouted on our side, they dashed forward at full speed. That wasn't in response to an order, everyone just understood from the beginning what they needed to do next.

“Tch-! What speed.”

Not to mention they are fast, almost like some charging wild boar.

“Reserve unit, loose!”

We can do things besides making fools of ourselves too.

As a precaution, a unit with around a hundred archers stayed back with their arrows nocked.

Those soldiers loosed their arrows in scattered locations.

It should have a greater effect on them now that they have undone their defensive formation.

“Sweep!”

In an instant, the men brush away the arrows soaring at them with their swords.

Most of the arrows were deflected and only a few managed to hit their targets... although the men who were stabbed in the arms by the arrows continued to press forward as if nothing happened, shouting even louder while doing so.

“What skill... even the privates are like this?”

Since the archers can't move immediately after releasing their volley, the infantry escorting them step up to intercept the enemy.

"Archers, stand down! Infantry, retreat slowly while buying time..."

"Behold the strength of the men of Aless!"

Gildress, who is wearing a crimson cape, stood at the front of the army as they all jumped at us not long after the commander gave the order.

As soon as they collided with our forces, they knocked over several staggering fellow infantry with one blow from the shields they were holding out in front of them.

"Lukewarm! You guys are tepid! In Aless, you wouldn't even be put in charge of preparing our meals!"

They are highly skilled in setting up their formation, moreover each individual is unbelievably strong.

Our fellow infantry couldn't do much against them and just continue to fall over one after the other.

Even the rare counterattacks that our forces managed to pull off were easily brushed aside by the enemy's shields before getting knocked out.

King Gildress stood out even among all those strong men... he jumped ahead of the army, slammed a soldier with his shield, cut down another two with his sword, then turned around to lop the head off of another.

All the swords and spears swung at him from the left and right were flicked away with his shield.

Every time there was a trail of red from the cloak the King wore, a fountain of blood would gush out and an ally would collapse to the ground.

"Behold my military prowess! This is what a man of Aless can do!!"

The enemy shouts loudly in response to the King's bellows, while our allies took a slight step backwards.

I wonder if such a man – despite being an enemy – would be called a hero.

"This... no way..."

Celia mutters quietly as she stares in blank amazement, watching the man tear apart

the infantry and even start to cut some archers down.

The commander shouts desperately to get the army to retreat, but is unable to do so efficiently because of the narrow path.

Some space was left for them to retreat just in case, but a complete collapse like this was not within our expectations.

“Have the archers forcibly shoot them, they just have to hit their targets.”

“They are fairly behind. There is a chance of friendly fire.”

“I know, Luna. At this rate, we would suffer heavy casualties though. I don’t mind if there is a misfire, just have them shoot.”

My order must have been relayed to them as several hundred arrows rain down shortly afterwards.

Sure enough, the arrows don’t only pour on the enemies, but also our allies. The enemy – judging that they would be at a disadvantage if they engaged in melee combat while being hit with arrows – retreated slightly to the back in order to assemble their formation.

“Those who are injured, move to the back!” “They only have a hundred... what’s with these injuries!?”

The soldiers are feeling shaken from not being able to instantly rout an enemy with an overwhelming numerical advantage as they planned.

Celia tries her best to run around and get control of the situation.

“This is unexpected.”

“Unfortunately... I heard they were powerful, but not to this extent.”

“Right? There are plenty of things in this world we don’t know. Like why I’m here in the first place...”

Myla is staring at Tristan, but this isn’t the time to be falling out.

“What we do know is their terrifying skill. Their teamwork is brilliant but the individual strength of their soldiers is not normal. Each of them can be considered a master at their craft.”

“That’s right. In addition, we don’t have the space to surround them.”

“Yeah, if we allow only 20 people to fight them at a time, we would suffer tremendous casualties.”

I look towards Leopolt.

“I understand. The enemy does not possess any long spears. Let us trample them with our horses.”

Right, it’s our turn to attack next.

About 200 cavalry are lined up, with 10 in each row because of the terrain. Still, the infantry should not be able to stop the charging spears.

No matter how strong the soldiers of Aless are, they are no match for the weight and momentum of horses.

“Hardlett-dono! I’m off to trample them!”

Irijina will be the one leading the charge.

“I’m counting on you.”

“Let’s go, charge! Avenge the archers!”

‘Oooh!’ – the soldier shout in response and the sound of hooves soon drown out their voices.

Well, let’s see how they handle horses.

“Normally, we can expect them to get into a defensive formation and then aim at the horses’ legs through the gaps in their shields.”

“However strong they may be, if they receive a decent hit from the charging horses, they would be blown back along with their shields. Then we just have to wait until they get trampled by the hooves.”

I watch on with that hope in mind but the enemy doesn’t seem to bat an eyelid at the appearance of our cavalry.

They are standing in front of us, more confident than ever.



It was then that Gildress standing in front shouted again.

“Charrngeeee-!”

“What-!?”

I accidentally let my voice leak out.

To my surprise, those guys respond to the charging cavalry by charging forward themselves instead of defending.

“Idiots, there’s no way they could go toe-to-toe with horses.”

“It should be over now, they’re doing something so reckless.”

Myla and Tristan also express their astonishment.

I don’t know where Leopolt went.

And then, right when the two sides were about to collide.

“T-they’re flying!?”

The 20 Aless soldiers at the front stopped charging to get themselves in a half-bent posture, and then the soldiers in the rearguard used the ones in front as a jumping platform to leap at the cavalry.

The cavalry were pointing their spears downward so they were unable to block the aerial maneuvers, getting cut down one after the other by the swords of the enemy.

Some of the cavalry were able to react and intercept the initial strike, but the enemy soldiers were deflecting spears with their shields and then slashing at the horses or soldiers while pouncing.

Because the vanguard had to stop suddenly, the rearguard had no choice but to slow down, eliminating any momentum they built up.

With their legs sealed, the only advantage horses had was the higher line of sight.

Only the agonizing cries of allies could be heard as they get cut down and their horses are strewn all over the place.

“Uoooooooooh!”

“Kyaaaah!”

With an especially loud growl, the man in the red cloak grabbed a horse's neck and broke it.

The soldier riding the horse was thrown to the ground.

What an absurd man to snap a horse's neck with his bare hands.

"...tch."

It was understandable to get irritated. Celia clicks her tongue and looks up at me worriedly.

I know, I won't charge out by myself.

"Kuh! Bastard!"

Irijina turned into an infantry after losing her horse and is swinging her spear, but she doesn't have her usual vigor. In fact, she seems to be getting pushed back.

"Irijina is getting outmuscled in a one-on-one fight with a private..."

Celia couldn't believe her eyes.

I'm just getting surprised left and right today, all in a bad way though.

She fights valiantly and not only is she unable to defeat a single one, all her opponents looked completely calm.

At this rate, we might get defeated if we aren't careful.

"We have to retreat... we won't win even if we continue fighting."

"It can't be helped..."

"This situation seems oddly familiar... the part where power is used to push through."

As if they were waiting for my orders, the commander shouts to get the cavalry to retreat, although the enemy is hot on their tail.

And behind them...

"Did you see that, Hardlett or whatever, this is Aless! This is what men of Aless are capable of! Wahahahahaha!"

With one leg each on top of a horse that lost its rider, Gildress declares his victory.

“That man... Pipi! Can’t you shoot him down!?”

“Pipi will try.”

I cover the arrow Pipi aims at the man with my hand.

The fight is over, it will leave a bad taste in my mouth even if he was killed like that. Furthermore, it would drastically lower morale if he caught the arrow.

“The sun is setting. This is our loss today. Let’s just quietly prepare for tomorrow.”

Now that I look, the other soldiers are pretty out of sorts too.

We struggled this much against a paltry one hundred enemies and only the bodies of allies can be seen all over the battlefield.

Good grief, what an inconceivable enemy that showed up.

I turn to look at Leopolt, who is fumbling around with something behind me.

“Leopolt, are we going to lose tomorrow?”

“We will undoubtedly win.”

Then that’s fine, I can go to sleep tonight.

“I’m going to bed. Celia, wipe my body down later.”

“R-right. Naturally, I will attend to you at night too...”

“No, it’s fine. I’ll embrace you after defeating that guy. Until then, I’ll hold off.”

With that said, I enter the tent personally prepared for me, and after confirming there was no one else around, kick away an empty barrel.

“So he’s actually quite angry...”

“He was provoked that much after all...”

“He was never an obedient person in the first place.”

Quiet, I can hear you.

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Protagonist: Aegir Hardlett. 23 years old. Summer.

Status: Goldonia Kingdom Margrave. Great Feudal Lord of Eastern Area. King of the Mountains. Friend of the Dwarves.

Citizens: 160,000. Major Cities – Rafen: 23,000. Lintbloom: 4000.

Private Army: 12,100 men (-500)

Infantry: 6500, Cavalry: 850, Archers: 750, Bow Cavalry: 4000

Cannons: 18

Assets: 300 gold

Sexual Partners: 202, children who have been born: 46

# Chapter 189

## Orthodox Magrado Clean-up Battle (3)

### Conclusion

**-Aegir POV-**

Within the Togor Canyon, Morning

“They didn’t raid us at night.”

Celia murmurs next to me.

“Their strength lies in holding us within a narrow landscape with their elite soldiers. They might have an advantage with their small numbers when conducting a night raid, but that gives us the opportunity to sneak some of our squads out of the canyon while they’re kept busy.”

As Leopolt said, if they’re surrounded from the back and front, we just have to close in on them from all sides and press with our numbers. They would be finished, no matter how strong they are.

“We can’t detour nor can we set up a partial encirclement...”

“That’s probably why this place was chosen as the battlefield.”

There is only one way through, and that is to break past them from the front. Ever since the late morning sun shone its rays into the canyon, the enemy camp has been making a lot of noise.

“Heeey, Hardlett! The sun has risen!! Are we going to resume the battle or what!?”

Gildress bangs his sword against his shield, making metallic crashing sounds while shouting loudly.  
He seems to be having lots of fun.

“Can’t we burn them with cannons or flaming arrows?”

“Celia, it was mentioned yesterday. If we were up against Magrado and their familiar box formation, we would have a field day shooting them, but these guys can move swiftly depending on the situation... if we aren’t careful and send out our defenseless siege weapons to the front, we would get wiped out.”

“Should we try the flaming arrows anyways?”

Leopolt gives a signal and then arrows tipped with fire are simultaneously loosed towards the enemy.

However, they only get blocked by their impenetrable shields, and the flames which were caused by the arrows that fell to the ground were easily stomped out during the interval between volleys.

They don’t only move together as a box, each individual is extremely quick.

“Hardlett! It’s already summer, so we don’t need more warmth, you know? Wahahahaha!”

“And that’s the result...”

Gildress, who is standing at the front of his army, brushes away several flaming arrows and guffaws.

Eeei, he pisses me off.

“There really is no other option than a frontal attack.”

“Yes, the best solution is to use our ballistae and cannons to disrupt them – even though they won’t have the highest accuracy – and then ram our forces against them head-on. When it gets to the point where you have no choice but to fight under these conditions, you really don’t have much room for strategic depth.”

So it’s a pretty bad situation with very few options available to us.

“There was never a chance for us to lose from the beginning, except we just need to worry about time. If we take too long, we would give the Atoaroan army which escaped enough time to gather more forces, plus the nearby Poleis would start doubting why they opened a path for us when we’re struggling this much against a measly 100

people.”

“So we have to push past... don’t they have a weakness or something?”

“It’s not like there’s nothing... but they’re not attached to a main force. That’s perfect for a brilliant plan like a frontal attack.”

We just have to do it.

I brandish my spear.

“An all-out attack. We’ll get through by noon.”

“““Ooooooh-!”“““

We were thoroughly beaten up yesterday but the morale of the soldiers somehow managed to recover.

Let’s bring them down quickly.

Sounds of explosions roar as the cannons fire their rounds.

The ballistae launches their large bolts as well.

Not many of them can be setup because of the topography and they need to be angled in a way that they wouldn’t hit any allies from the back.

Furthermore, the enemy only has 100 people, so we can’t expect many of the projectiles to hit their target, however there is still a chance that an attack which they can’t fend off with their shields would lower morale, even if just a tiny bit.

“Charrgeeee-!!”

At that moment, the infantry charged forward with a squad of spearmen as the vanguard.

From what I saw yesterday, the infantry won’t be able to win in a clash on even terms. In addition, only 20 of them can fight at a time... they’re certainly going to be overwhelmed like that.

That’s why this time, the spearmen are in front to disrupt the enemy lines.

“Take that!”

Just before the tip of the spear reached the enemy, the very first line of enemies crouched low to the ground.

The spearheads pass the vanguards and collide with the shields of the enemy soldiers in the second row.

Immediately after, the crouching enemies swing their shields up to hit the spears from the bottom, causing the tips to point in the air.

“Crush them!”

Without any delay, the enemy closed the distance.

The spears are nothing but long sticks at this point.

The 20 men in front get cut down in an instant.

“Save the spearmen unit!”

“Kooiiyaa!”

The infantry unit hastily pushes forward, propping up their shields to meet the enemy.

“This is ugly...”

As soon as the infantry collided with the enemy, the ally soldiers were pushed back as if they were sliding on top of ice.

“Did we hit something?”

“Aah, that was even lighter than a tackle from my daughter so I don’t know.”

The Aless soldiers crack some jokes and laugh.

“Don’t falter! Continue charging! 4th and 6th units stand down, 7th unit step forward.”

The severely beaten squads were pulled out and another squad was sent out in front to rush the enemy.

That new squad quickly gets defeated and retreats, although another squad quickly fills the hole.

The enemy is strong, creating piles of corpses from only the soldiers on our side.

However, there are times on the battlefield where flukes happen, and even veteran soldiers can be defeated after 10 attacks, no matter how shoddy those attacks were.

“Guo... my King... I’ll be heading there first!”

“Uugh... Fufu, we were talking about a hundred each but I still only have ten defeated.



The God of War in that realm would scold me!"

One enemy soldier collapses, and then another one falls over.

Once they were held back, even if only for a short time, the archers immediately rained arrows on them, turning the soldiers who couldn't defend themselves into porcupines. The enemy, who was as solid as a boulder and couldn't be budged before, finally took steps backward.

"Space has been created from the enemy's retreat. We can push forward all at once."

The enemy stepped back... meaning they moved further up the hill.

And that means our allies can chase forward after them.

A ballistae can be setup in that gap which was left.

It's taking all the enemy's efforts to hold off our all-out attack so they shouldn't have time to spare to rush in and destroy our bows.

"Fire!"

The barrage wasn't something launched from the back just for intimidation purposes. The ballistae were aimed carefully to take out the upper bodies of the large buff men, along with their shields, and open a hole in their formation.

"Now, finish them off quickly!"

Seeing an opening in the enemy lines, our ally infantry charged in vigorously with ferocious war cries.

As it was before, only our allies who were getting defeated, but now it wasn't as brutal as before.

The enemy appeared just a little bit fatigued and their movements dulled, letting our infantry make their way into the center of their battle ranks.

"It's about time we settle this."

Celia has also regained her composure.

I feel somewhat torn right now. It's true Gildress pissed me off, but I don't hate men like him.

Crushing an enemy who challenged me with his military prowess... it might seem like a natural way to deal with someone like that, but I still have some lingering feelings in my heart.

“We won!”

Just like Irijina said, the outcome of battle has been decided.  
And for the cleanup afterwards...

“Not yet! Something like this won’t end us warriors of Aless!”

His crimson cloak flutters.

Then, close to 10 ally soldiers cry out and get flung backwards.

The muscular man stands boldly in front of his army which was getting torn apart, unafraid getting shot by arrows.

“What’s wrong, did you guys drop your balls somewhere? Are the men from Aless really that weak!?”

It goes without saying who that loud booming voice belongs to. Gildress yells while slashing at our soldiers.

He grabs the head of a spear and tosses the soldier aside, then slashes the shoulders of all soldiers who chose to clash with him, breaking their swords while he was at it too.

A front kick sends a soldier tumbling, causing that soldier’s head to snap and dangle against his own chest, as Gildress raises his blood-stained sword before howling like a beast.

“The Light of Aless... it was said that the God of War gifted it to the first King.”

“The God of War is watching over us. I can’t die an unsightly death.”

I guess ‘The Light of Aless’ is the name of the sword Gildress is holding.

There is a faint blue glow radiating from his sword – impossible for a weapon made of steel – which reminds me of my Dual Crater’s divine appearance.

“Advance, you warriors! Our only path lies before us!”

The numerically inferior enemies rallied and repelled our ally soldiers as they advanced forward.

Their numbers have decreased to almost half but one could not sense any fatigue in their charge as they ran down the hill, their terrifying momentum reminiscent of a rockslide.

“H-hey, this is dangerous!”

“B-block them... there’s no way I can do that!”

The enemy no longer had any intention – or need for that matter – to get into any special formation.

All of the remaining enemy soldiers swung the swords and shields in their hands and dashed forward at full speed, cutting down or knocking away any enemy in their path.

At that moment, a large bolt flew in a straight line directly at Gildress who was leading the charge, almost as if to save the collapsing allies.

“It hit!”

Irijina exclaimed in reaction.

“My King!”

“No need to worry!”

Gildress roared and leapt, straight towards the large bolt.

“I won’t be defeated by a toy like this!”

He twists his body in midair and slams the butt of his sword against the speeding bolt. Unable to withstand the blow, the oversized arrow snapped in half and the pieces fell to the bottom of the cliff.

That sight left both ally and enemy speechless.

Gildress sucked in a deep breath.

“This is Alesssssss!!!”

“Uooooooooh!!”

All the enemy soldiers roared in response to the King’s yell.

“C-can we win against something like that!?””F-fall back and retreat!”

The men of Aless propelled themselves forward with their voices, as our allies slowly

fell into a state of disorder, withdrawing almost in a state of panic.

The ballistae were abandoned... since it was something which required several people to look after it, but the enemy soldiers easily picked it up with one hand and tossed it over the edge of the cliff.

...Those things were pretty expensive.

“The vanguard has collapsed! I can’t keep them under control!”

“We can’t continue the offensive if we retreat here.”

Myla and Leopolt look at me.

There’s only one thing left to do, use the strongest force available to drive them back.

“Escort unit, follow me. We won’t let them do as they please anymore.”

“Yessir!”

The strongest force in my army are the hand-picked heavy cavalry in the escort unit. There is no real merit in mounting a horse and riding through all the current chaos, so everyone is on foot, but their equipment and skill are both several levels higher than regular infantry.

“Oooh! Something new has come out!”

“Let’s fight them, let’s fight!”

I lead my escort unit to the collapsing front lines and when we push through, the enemy stops their pursuit and faces us with beaming smiles.

These men, bulkier than the typical infantry, charge with their heavier and better equipment. Perhaps judging it to be a bad idea to collide head-on with the skirmishers, the enemy fall back slightly to form a horizontal formation with their shields pushed out.

Loud metallic clashes resounded as both sides slammed into each other and then... the escort unit was pushed back.

“Wahaha! That’s better than my daughter, but not better than my wife!”

“If you’d like, I can drill your ass just like I do with my wife!”

“Can you still boast after this?”

I swing my spear with all my might at the enemy, using all the pent-up frustration from

yesterday and today as an additional boost in power.

“Dowaa!”

The soldier who blocked my strike with his shield flew sideways and fell off the side of the cliff.

“Ooh! Impressive!”

Even so, the enemy does not waver.

The next soldier comes at me with his sword without a moment’s delay.

“It really feels good to fight in person!”

I parry the man’s sword attack and meet the man’s shield with a front kick.

Most men would be sent flying after that, but this man only loses balance slightly before quickly readying his sword again.

“This much is nothing!”

When I block his sword with the handle of my spear, the man swings his shield at me almost as if he threw it, and then slashes at my thigh.

Those aren’t the movements of a mere soldier. All of them have the strength to be called heroes in other nations.

“Then how about this!?”

I evade his sword by a hair’s breadth and swing my spear down towards his head.

The man brings his shield up to block, but is unable to do so completely and falls to his knees.

“The finishing blow!”

I thrust my spear at the neck which finally comes into my line of sight, and after a splashing of blood, the man collapses on the spot with an extra hole in his body.

“Not yet!”

I don’t have time to take a breather.

I avoid the next man's sword and punch him in the face, yet he still doesn't stop attacking even after blood drips down from his nose.

After the third clash, his left leg finally gets blown off, but the man doesn't let go of his sword.

"A man of Aless won't be defeated until his heart stops!"

"Eeei, how irritating!"

I pierce the man's abdomen with my spear, pick him up and toss him over the cliff. That finally makes it the third man defeated.

I realize that I am isolated in the center of the enemy.

Because the enemy is so resilient, none of the other soldiers had advanced, and even the escort unit was made to retreat.

I guess I'll just whip my spear around as hard as I can and send some enemies flying.

"Ready!?" "Ooooh!"

The enemies around me quickly push their shields forward and get into a defensive stance, so the four soldiers I sent flying were all unharmed and came running at me with their swords soon after.

"Aegir-sama! This guy-!"

Celia is being pushed around but somehow putting up a fight, although she can't manage to find time to rush to my side.

"Seei!"

She skillfully finds an opening to stab the enemy soldier in the side of his body, but he doesn't fall down.

"Why..."

"A weak attack like that won't penetrate my muscles!"

Celia dodges the downward swing from the man's sword, then hops backward and throws a few knives at the man in succession.

The enemy deflects the knives aimed at his vitals, and even though a few knives

stabbed the man's shoulder and stomach, they weren't deep enough to stop him from moving.

To deliver the final blow, Irijina rushes in from the side and lops the man's head off, and the enemy soldier finally collapses.

"Haa... Haa..."

Celia is panting and has stopped moving.

It doesn't look like she can go any further forward, should I fall back too?

"Uoooooh!"

And then, five soldiers came rushing at me from the front with their shields held up. They must want to destroy our battle ranks, I respond by swinging my spear powerfully.

"Hmph!"

My spear slams into the wall of shields, sending the five soldiers and their shields flying, while I also get pushed back.

Right when the enemy soldiers were about to get ready to charge again, a crimson cape came into view.

"Hardlett... you fight brilliant against the warriors of Aless! But don't you think the best should go up against the best?"

"That would certainly settle things quicker, this battle is pretty much over anyways."

"What did you say?"

I jerk my chin towards his back.

As the melee continued between ally and enemy, a battle cry could be heard coming from the rear.

The enemy soldiers hastily turn around to look behind them and see my flag planted near the exit of the canyon... the pitch black cloth fluttering in the wind.

"...you detoured around the cliff."

The cliff might have been steep, but there was still enough room for a small group of soldiers to cross.

Seeing how the frontal attack wasn't going anywhere, Leopolt used the information he surveyed yesterday to determine which parts of the cliff can be climbed and descended.

Of course, only an extremely small number of people with superior athletic ability were chosen to be in the group, but it didn't matter how many people crossed as long as there was a group behind them. The battle was over as soon as they succeeded in doing so.

If the enemy turned around to rout the smaller group, they would eat the full brunt of our frontal assault, whereas if they left that group alone, arrows which they cannot defend against would rain down on them from behind.

Gildress most likely understood his own fate as he faced me and laughed.

"Fuhaha, it looks like I'll finally get to pay my respects to God. However, you're quite the interesting fellow, the general himself is challenging me despite being aware of his superior position. Surely, you are loved by the God of war."

"If I'm going to be loved, I'd rather it be a voluptuous Goddess."

"You're still green, Hardlett. I'm good with anyone as long as they're female."

Gildress and I face off against each other with our weapons.

The large battle royale which was still happening between ally and enemy halted, and a circle began to form around the two of us.

"The King is entering one-on-one combat!"

"This man must be mad, there is no way he can win against an incarnation of military prowess like Gildress."

"What are you talking about, nobody can put up a fight against the feudal lord-sama."

"The War Demon Hardlett would crush any enemy in battle, even if it happened to be a dragon!"

They're saying whatever they please, though I know Gildress is terrifyingly strong.

I entrust my spear to Celia who is standing behind me.

It would be impossible to fight this guy at close range with a spear.



When I unsheathe my Dual Crater, Gildress widens his eyes in surprise.

“Hooh... how beautiful. So yours is white.”

The white glow emanating from my Dual Crater must appear more beautiful from an outsider’s perspective compared to the pale blue of his Light of Aless.

This sword will soon be stained with both of our blood though.

“Let’s go.”

“Come at me anytime.”

I was the first one to move as I kick the ground hard and charge at him.

Gildress similarly does the same not even a split second later and the two treasured swords clash when the two of us reach the middle ground of our battlefield.

There was a high-pitched metallic sound and sparks fly from the collision of the two weapons.

“Guo!”

My sword was pushed back from the impact.

It almost flew out of my hand, so this guy has quite the monstrous strength.

He was also repelled by the impact but it looked like he moved a shorter distance than I did.

“It didn’t break eh? That’s a nice sword.”

“As is yours.”

I put all my strength into my Dual Crater and his sword isn’t even chipped.

As I thought, that sword isn’t any ordinary sword.

In other words, just a slight touch from it would send arms flying.

“Mmuuh!”

“Hmph!”

Standing still, the two of us face off in an intense duel of swords.

A downward strike was parried to the side, a thrust was sidestepped, and then the counter thrust was evaded with a twist of the body.

The soldiers watching on the perimeter didn’t do any heckling. Both ally and enemy stood side-by-side and watched the fight unfold before their eyes.

“There!”

Gildress freezes for a second when he steps on a small rock.

I don't miss that chance to slash at his shoulder, but he intercepts with this shield. Naturally, something like a shield would be cut through like butter if it blocked my Dual Crater directly.

However, he angled his shield to make my sword glance off to the side, then bashes my face with his shield.

“Guh...”

“Fuhaha, shields aren't bad weapons. Blocking isn't the only thing they're good for.”

I wipe the blood dripping from my nose and smile.

“That woke me up just now.”

I face Gildress and take a big swing at him with my sword.

He evades my attack, then bends down to slice my body in half with a horizontal slash.

“What!?”

I wrench my body to the side and avoid the slash, then I spin around once before taking a swing at his neck.

He instinctively reacts by bringing his shield up to block, however he isn't able to deflect my attack this time.

With a sharp clang, the thick metal shield is bisected and both sections fall to the ground.

“No, I don't think a shield is necessary.”

“Fufu... Touché.”

Gildress lets the sliced shield fall out of his hand and wields his sword with both hands.

“Come, Hardlett! The God of War is bearing witness, to this battle between us men of valor!”

The two of us cross swords at speeds that the human eye could not follow, taking turns blocking each other's strikes, deflecting them, and then returning counter attacks. Not only is each attack good enough to be fatal if it landed, if not enough power was put into each blow, the impact would be strong enough to send either sword flying.

Every one of our clashes would cause the atmosphere to tremble, the sparks caused by the grinding of our blades would scatter and the harsh ringing of metal echoed off the cliffs.

And when I lost count of how many times our blades crossed, the side of my sword, which I thrust at Gildress, was deflected with his hand and then a slash was returned at me, prompting me to jump back on reaction. His blade must have grazed me as the armor around my chest was sliced open and fell to the ground.

That was close... just one more step forward and it would have cut my body.

I lost the upper portion of my armor and left pretty much half-naked, although there really is no point to wearing armor against a sword like that.

"It's my turn next!"

Perhaps it's because I got lighter after my armor got removed, I was able to parry Gildress's sword and give him a slash on the arm in the next exchange of slashes.

The cut was a shallow one, but it still felt good to draw first blood.

"Nuu... so it really was heavy!"

Gildress removes his red cloak and even strips the small amount of armor he was wearing, leaving just his leather pants on.

He originally only had a small piece of armor protecting his vital areas so now that he's taken it off, he's mostly naked.

"Umu, now I can move easier!"

With a muscular build like his, his armor probably wasn't heavy enough that he could feel it, although he is visibly faster with it taken off.

His downward strike would crush me if I just blocked it, so I respond with an upward swing to meet his blade, and then answer his horizontal swing with a sideways slash of my own.

Our strength is equal... no, if I'm not careful, he'll overpower me slightly.

However, now that I've exchanged so many blows with him, I can predict how he will

attack.

I'll decide the fight here and now.

"Doryaa!"

I dodge his horizontal slash and escape to his flank.

I slash his side while running right by him – a clean strike.

"Uugh!"

"Tch, too shallow!?"

I thought I completely gouged out the side of his body, but the cut wasn't deep enough. Gildress's inhuman speed and developed muscle mass prevented the attack from reaching his organs.

"W-what-!?"

"The King is on his knees!"

Even so, his blood was spilled and he was made to fall on one knee, which was apparently shocking to the enemy troops.

There is a clear feeling of unrest in their faces.

"...I'll allow you to surrender."

"You think I would?"

No, I didn't think so.

Gildress takes a couple steps away from me and holds out his hand to indicate that he wants me to wait.

"Still too heavy! I'll take this off!"

He said he'll take it off, but he's not wearing his cloak or armor anymore.

He's got nothing except his leather pants, which is acting as his underwear.

"Don't tell me!"

"This kind of thing is not needed in a battle between men!"

""N-noooo!""

Gildress unbelievably grabs his pants.  
The cute screams are from Celia and Myla.

“W-wait! Don’t be too hasty! I’ll wait, so don’t take that off!”

It won’t be a fight if that thing exposes itself, what does he intend to do if there was an awkward bounce and it slaps against my flesh or something.

“You think? Well, we should be settling this battle soon.”

After checking on his bleeding wound, Gildress raises his sword up high, something which he didn’t do until now.

He’s full of openings, but he probably wants to finish things in one attack.

“Yeah, I’ll hurry up and cut you down, then I can go have some fun with the girls.”

In response, I raise my own sword above my head.

Both of us approach each other slowly, and then take one final huge swing at each other.

After a loud crashing sound, Gildress’s sword was knocked out of his hands and onto the ground.

It’s over.

As I raise my sword again to deliver the final blow... I feel a fierce strike hitting my jaw. I lose grip on my Dual Crater and it slips out of my hands.

“It can’t be called a fight if we only use swords!”

Before I realized what hit me, Gildress sends a flurry of punches at my face.

Each punch was heavy and powerful enough to knock out an average man on its own.

“Nooo!”

I could hear Celia scream.

There’s no way I can let myself be beaten here.

As Gildress winds up for another punch, I pounce into his chest, and headbutt him in the face.

“Guooh!”

I follow up with consecutive punches to the staggering Gildress's abdomen. Just when I thought he was about to fall over, I receive a hook to the cheek.

"So persistent!"

"You too!"

I wrap my arms around his neck to try and break it, however I was the one who got thrown down to the ground.

I catch the kick aimed at my head, drag him down and punch his face in.

The one-on-one battle between generals has devolved into something ugly, like a street brawl in the city.

"Haa, haa..."

"Fuu, fuu."

The both of us have trails of blood running down our noses, but we gather the last of our strength and charge at each other.

"Gaaaaaah!"

"Uggoooooh!"

His fist connects with my face and I can feel the world around me spinning out of control.

I could feel my fist slam against his jaw though.

"Aah!"

"Ah, a simultaneous knockout!?"

"My King, please stand up!"

"Faster than the opponent!"

I got knocked pretty hard, yet I still try to stand up, however my legs don't listen to me at all.

From the corner of my eye, I see Gildress also attempting to get up and failing. After confirming that he fell flat on his stomach, I close my eyes.

"Help the King! We can't let him fall into the enemy's hands!"

“Save the feudal lord-sama! Exterminate the enemy!”

“Aegir-sama, grab onto me!”

I can hear Celia’s voice through the pitch black darkness.

Aah, this small body carried me in a similar fashion in the past too.

Sorry, I’ll need to entrust myself to you again.

I don’t think I can stand.

“All troops, give chase! Wipe out the enemy!”

“The situation has changed! We can’t let the King die when he’s unconscious like this.  
Open up a path and escape!”

Looks like the battle is still ongoing.

I can hear Leopolt’s voice.

“Everyone, become a wall! Just breakthrough the enemy at the back! Getting defeated  
by 10 or 20 arrows is shameful as a man!”

“Annihilate the enemy! Take out the enemy King!”

“I gotta let Aegir-sama lay down! And someone fetch me some water quickly!”

Celia... your body has gotten much softer.

I completely pass out after that final thought.

---

189Protagonist: Aegir Hardlett. 23 years old. Summer.

Status: Goldonia Kingdom Margrave. Great Feudal Lord of Eastern Area. King of the Mountains. Friend of the Dwarves.

Citizens: 160,000. Major Cities – Rafen: 23,000. Lintbloom: 4000.

Private Army: 11,000 men ( -1100)

Infantry: 5500, Cavalry: 800, Archers: 750, Bow Cavalry: 3950

Cannons: 18

Assets: 300 gold

Sexual Partners: 202, children who have been born: 46



# Chapter 190

## Orthodox Magrado Clean-up Battle (4)

### Rematch With the King

**-Aegir POV-**

“Uuggh...”

I sense some light hitting my face and wake up.

This place is... probably the inside of a tent, where I've been carried to after losing consciousness at the end of battle.

I touch here and there on my body and feel pain all over... my face hurts the most in particular, plus there are bumps covering the surface.

I might be mistaken as some monster with all that swelling on my face.

“Ah! Have you woken up!?”

Celia, who was clinging to my leg, suddenly jerks her head up.  
She must have been nursing me this entire time.

“My head and face hurt. Was I beaten up that badly?”

“Yes... your face looks really beat up. You were asleep for one whole day.”

As I thought, I can tell my eyes are swollen just by touching it.  
I have no time to worry about my face right now though.

“What happened after that?”

Celia answers as she wipes my face with a cool cloth.

“The enemy King and Aegir-sama knocked each other out. The Aless army used that as a signal to retreat.”

“There should have been a blockade behind them though. If they turned around, they would have been defeated quickly.”

Even if I’m down, I can’t imagine Leopolt missing his opportunity to strike.

“Three soldiers carried the enemy King away while the others formed a wall of flesh to protect them... They instantly broke through the detachment behind them and they retreated in a rain of arrows.”

“I see, and we couldn’t chase after them.”

“Yes, after they broke through our squad, the ones who weren’t carrying the King stood their ground and fought, buying enough time for the enemy King to escape. They continued fighting until they all died...”

“Alright. I get it.”

I can easily picture the scene in my mind,  
Knowing that musclehead didn’t die makes me smile for some reason.  
Of course I would want to kill him if he showed up in front of me, but it would be just a little sad if he was shot to death in some unknown place.

“Um, what are you smiling about... aah, you can’t! You were hit in the head, so you have to lie down!”

I break free from Celia as she tries to restrain me and then exit the tent.

The corpses have already been cleaned up from the battlefield and separated into ally and enemy.

On the enemy side... there are 97 corpses, meaning all of them literally fought to the death.

Amongst the corpses, there was a group of three soldiers who died with their arms linked together, with arrows stabbing in various places on their bodies and their swords still tightly gripped in their hands, probably trying their hardest to block the path to their King.

“How should we deal with them?”

If we just leave the mountain of corpses as it is, they will surely be eaten by beasts or

birds.

That would be a sad end to the heroic soldiers who fought to the death.

“It will take some time to send the injured back home and reorganize our troops. Have those who aren’t busy bury them. And also, what was the name of this place again?”

“I think it should be the Togor Canyon.”

Fumu, I see.

“Our allies were roughed up quite a bit too.”

I want to return as many of the fallen allies’ bodies to their families, but there are just too many of them.

“The death count reached into the thousands. Nobody would believe this to be the damage done by a mere 100 soldiers...”

The soldiers confirming the lost articles mutter in amazement.  
This kind of thing only happens when you think in simple terms.

After hearing that I woke up, Leopolt, Tristan, Myla, Luna, and everyone... no, Irijina is the only one raising her voice and trying to encourage the soldiers.

“The damage is great but it isn’t impossible for us to continue marching forward. The reorganization would be complete by evening, and we should be able to resume our advance tomorrow morning together with the sun rise.”

As usual, Leopolt doesn’t say anything to me to indicate his concerns for my health.

“Uwaa... your face looks horrible. Just like an orc... oww! Stop it, please! Er, it ate more time than I thought so Atoroa has probably regrouped. A hasty march at this time is risky. We should send out scouts and advance carefully.”

Tristan gets strangled immediately by Celia from behind as soon as he started being rude to me.

I see... so we can’t clean things up quickly.

“The morale of the soldiers is lacking too. Letting the enemy King escape had a big

effect...”

“In addition to the morale, there’s that lingering unease of what we would do if they dispatched several thousand Aless soldiers instead of the hundred.”

Myla and Luna comment anxiously.

“Several thousand Aless soldiers...”

The struggle we had against them this time was largely due to the terrain. In a battle on the plains, we would be able to use horses so this kind of thing probably wouldn’t happen.

“Still, if thousands of those guys appeared... what could be done?”

More than anything, they’ll be unbelievably heated<sup>1</sup>.  
They aren’t enemies I would want to fight in the summer.

“This case with Aless, it’s an unnatural move when the surrounding Poleis have acknowledged the subjugation of Atoroa. I could understand if a Polis had an alliance with them, but I think it’s better to send an envoy just in case considering their extremely small number of forces.”

“I’ll leave that to you. If I could avoid fighting with them in the future, I wouldn’t have done all this.”

Leopolt nods silently and takes his leave.

“Well, the sortie was the next morning, was it? Then it will be one day from now...”

I reach out nearby and grab Luna’s ass.

“Ah...”

Luna bends her body in surprise as if trying to avoid the touch, but as she realizes the hand moving into her crotch, she relaxes and lifts her butt to make it easier for me to gain access.

Just when I was about to embrace her and slam the lust I built up from the fierce fighting against her.

“You can’t!”

I was stopped by Celia.

“You were punched in the head and remained unconscious for a whole day! You absolutely can’t be fucking girls left and right.”

“I’m fine, I don’t feel the pain anymore.”

Even if I say not to worry, Celia doesn’t listen.

She clings to my right hand, desperately pleading for me to stop.

“It really isn’t good to rock your body too much after you’ve hit your head. Please, Aegir-sama... listen to me. If anything happened to Aegir-sama, I-... I-... I won’t be able to live anymore.”

Now that tears are starting to flow out from her eyes, I can’t just ignore her warnings. This small girl always cares so much about my body.

“Alright. Then I’ll listen and go to bed today. But sleeping together is fine, right?”

“If it’s only that, then as much as you want!”

Celia sneaks quietly to the floor where I’m lying down and crawls beside me.

Luna, who lost her chance to get embraced by me, also crawls beside me on the other side.

“Tristan, take care of the rest, ‘kay?”

After saying that, Myla also crawls toward my feet.

Pipi holds herself back from jumping on me and instead quietly grabs my leg.

“Yes, yes... I’ll work seriously while the feudal lord-sama enjoys himself.”

After confirming the lamenting Tristan has left the tent, the girls wriggle around like worms, taking off their shirts and underwear in a flash.

Umu, it’s a shame I can’t embrace any of them, but being surrounded by naked women like this will definitely make my wound heal faster.

“Mu-! You’re mean to leave me out! Let me sleep together with you too!”

“Irijina-san, you stink of sweat so go take a bath!”

“I always get all sweaty whenever I get embraced, do I not?”

“It stinks after a while! And Irijina-san has a strong body odor to begin with!”

I fall back asleep as I listen to Celia and Irijina exchange words.

We depart the next morning, leaving behind a stone monument decorated with numerous swords at the exit of the Togor Canyon.

[Here lies the 97 brave men of Aless who fought in the battle of Togor]

---

A Little Later, City of Atoroe

“All cannons, open fire.”

Accompanying Leopold’s emotionless voice are the roar of cannons, followed by the rising smoke and dust from the sturdy outer walls.

These walls around the city of Atoroe – higher and thicker than the ones around Rafen – didn’t crumble instantly even from the cannons’ onslaught.

Even so, the gunpowder-propelled iron balls dug into the stone walls and created cracks in various places.

“If we keep this up, it’ll eventually be destroyed. It doesn’t look like the enemy intends to come out though.”

“Fumu, maybe it’ll be quicker if we shot flaming arrows into the city.”

The present attacks on the city of Atoroe are only from the cannons angled practically in a straight horizontal line.

Catapults and flaming arrows are available options, but direct damage to the citizens is being avoided if at all possible.

“Is Aless making a move?”

“The scouts have been dispatched but they haven’t reported any abnormalities.”

Ever since the King ran back home, it’s been quiet.

It’s nice when it’s quiet and all, but getting no response even after an envoy was sent doesn’t make me happy.

“If we can make Atoroa fall and defeat those Orthodox Magrado guys, they won’t mess with us.”

A messenger was sent to the surrounding Poleis as well, but they were also surprised with Aless’s actions and have turned their eyes to the Council.

It looks like they’ll be sending a messenger to confirm the situation immediately.

“Perhaps that was an arbitrary decision made by the King.”

I nod in response to Tristan’s comment.

“That’s why he deliberately said he was taking a walk... and took only 100 soldiers with him.”

In that case, Gildress might be in bad standing.

“It would be easier if he couldn’t make a move.”

Speaking of the devil, reports come in saying several human-shaped figures can be seen approaching from the direction of Aless.

“Messengers?”

After seeing their valor, naturally Leopolt couldn’t let them enter the headquarters, so he led them to a place further away.

As expected, many bows were aimed and ready to be fired if necessary.

“So, what do you want?”

“Because of yesterday’s incident, we would like for you to come to the council of Aless to discuss further details.”

Fumu, if the greatest decision-making body is the Council, then this will be the fastest

way to settle things.

It will be dangerous, so I wonder who I should send as a messenger.

“They said they would like to invite Lord Hardlett himself.”

“Haah! Are they fucking serious!?”

Myla and Celia raise their voices.

“I also don’t want to head straight into the middle of the enemy who I just finished battling.”

This isn’t about being a coward or whatever.

There isn’t a single element I can trust.

“Of course, I answered as such, but-...”

Before Leopolt could finish his sentence, a familiar loud voice makes our ears ring.

“Hardlett! In the name of the King of Aless, Gildress, I swear that there is nothing related to conspiracies and such!”

“There he is again!”

Celia shouts out unexpectedly.

My head is starting to hurt.

“Uuumu... at least make it a point in between the two sides...”

“I also had a reason to invite you. Believe me! Look, I’m unarmed, if you judge I have an ulterior motive, then kill me where I stand!”

Gildress lightly flips up his long red mantle and shows me he has no weapons of any kind...

“Gyaaaaa!”

“You idiot! You’re not only unarmed, you’re fully naked!”



Her eyes were concentrating on his lower half to check if he was actually unarmed, but Celia shouted after she saw what wasn't there. I also unconsciously let my voice out without minding my manners.

That idiotic Gildress was completely naked under his mantle.

He wasn't even wearing his usual leather pants and the 'thing' I didn't want to see was being waved around.

"I-it's big..."

"No, Hardlett-dono's is... mu, I can't tell."

Myla and Irijina also blush as they automatically direct their gazes to the dangling cock.

It's true that this guy is big.

It's big enough that I honestly don't know if his or mine is larger.

"As you can see, I came to the enemy headquarters unarmed! It's because I trust you won't harm me. You should trust that I'm not plotting anything against you and follow me!"

Gildress doesn't let the spears and bowguns pointed at him affect his actions as he spreads his arms open and lumbers towards me in his naked mantle-wearing appearance.

"I can tell you're unarmed, you don't have to come over here!"

"Well I won't go back until I bring you back with me! Bring your spears or bows or whatever and come with me!"

Now that I look, he didn't ride his horse over here.

He must have ran all the way here from Aless, since as I approach Gildress, his entire body is dripping sweat like a waterfall and the intense stench of a man's body starts wafting into my nose.

"Come with me! You're a brave man and Aless welcomes brave men! Come on! C'mon, c'mon, c'mon!"

"Alright! I get it, so don't come any closer! At least put some pants on!"

And so, I accepted Gildress's invitation and paid Aless a visit.

---

“...”

Celia and I ride Schwartz and follow Gildress.

For appearance sake, we took a few soldiers from the escort unit with us, but they probably won't act as proper escorts.

If Aless was to try and kill me now, they couldn't do anything to stop them.

“I told you wait for me, didn't I?”

“No way. I want to be with Aegir-sama, in life and in death.”

Celia clings to my back, swearing she won't ever separate herself from me.

“Fumu, as expected of a man of valor like you to make women fall for you... then I have something to look forward to in our match.”

What is he talking about?

Before I could get a response from Gildress, a large set of castle walls appeared in front of us.

“Welcome to our city of Aless!”

We get past the city walls and see the place filled with an unusual energy.

For a city state, the population of their city is usually concentrated in the capital and the population density should be higher in there than in the other provincial cities. Aless has a population of about 40,000, nearly double the amount of Rafen's population.

However, it isn't the population density that is abnormal.

In Rafen, it is typical for the noise from the hustle and bustle from the marketplace or the working laborers to dominate the atmosphere of the city. In this city, the liveliness from the sound of men fighting stands out the most.

Perhaps they might be doing military training, but their upper halves are bare... there are even some fully naked men grappling with each other further inside.

“It’s a mock battle. The men of Aless from ages 10 to 45 train diligently every day.”

“From 10 years old...”

Celia is also taken aback.

Taking a look around, I can see a boy of a very young age holding a piece of wood and striking a man as old as the King, and then that man catching the boy’s attack and mercilessly throwing him aside.

“This is Aless’s strength, Aless’s soul.”

Gildress puffs out his chest with pride.

“Your nation, Goldonia, was it? Its soldiers are soft and weak-willed! If they were in Aless, I would personally train them for five straight years...”

I wouldn’t be able to bear it if it was with this guy.

“But Hardlett, you’re a different story. It is really a shame that you have such courage, yet you weren’t born here in Aless, which is why I and this city of Aless welcomes you!”

When Gildress raises his hand, the several thousand soldiers who were in the middle of training stop moving all together and they collectively move from the gates to the heart of the city, lining up on both sides of the main street which runs through the center, where the building which houses the Council is located.

“Give praise to the brave!”

“Uooooooooh—!!”

What a ferocious roar, I wonder if they mind that we were the ones who killed their companions.

“Warriors alike fought magnificently and then perished in battle. What is there to hold a grudge against? Besides-”

Gildress bows deeply to me.

“I saw what was at the canyon. I just thought it would be pitiful for the birds to peck at the remains of our fallen comrades... it was us who picked a fight in the first place, but you didn’t let that bother you and gave them a proper burial.”

It makes me feel kind of uncomfortable when this muscle-head bows his head like that.

“Alright, I’m done bowing. Now, let’s go to the Council.”

Gildress quickly lifts his head and stomps forward, with me following not far behind, however...

“Aegir-samaa... waaah”

Celia crawls under my mantle with tears in her eyes.

I don’t blame her, unbelievably muscular men are lined up on both sides of the street, men who were training not too long ago and have worked up a great sweat, plus many of them were fully naked and their dangling dicks in plain sight.

“This kind of thing is just weird! And it really stinks!”

There, there, you don’t have to look at another man’s dick.  
Just hide under my cloak.

---

“Aless does not intend to go up against Goldonia. Of course, Aless does not support Atorora either.”

That was the first thing the Council said when we arrived in front of them.  
But I can’t just say ‘Oh, is that so? Good.’ and let it slide so simply.

“So blocking the path was an accidental incident?”

“That was the King taking a walk. We acknowledge that it was an inappropriate act but it was ultimately his own personal decision. The Council makes Aless’s decisions, not the King.”

The man who appears to be the head of the Council glares at Gildress.

“The Council is extremely angry with the unnecessary conflict and sacrifices caused by the King. Thus, all the Council members unanimously support the decision to suspend the King’s authority for a reasonable duration of time. Are there any objections to that?”

This is surprising.

The King loses his power just from the decision of the Council? Aless’s political system is interesting.

“I have no objections. I shamelessly returned while letting my companions die. I have no choice but to accept the punishment.”

The head of the Council nods.

“Lord Hardlett, this battle brought misfortune on both nations. Will this outcome be satisfactory?”

“So there won’t be any compensation payments?”

Celia mumbles, and it’s certainly true the result doesn’t fit the sacrifices made. But we can’t grumble and take the option of opposing Aless. Our first priority right now is to take down Atoroa.

“...Sure. However I ask you to be watchful in the future as we act outside of Aless’s territory.”

“That goes without saying. We are the people of Aless, and it will naturally be us who will protect them, not someone else.”

After that, the meeting ends and the head of the Council entrusts me with a letter to the Goldonian King as a form of courtesy.

Celia put the letter up to the sun to take a peek at the contents, but there was nothing but inoffensive and harmless words of etiquette written on it.

I guess we don’t have to worry about a sudden attack from Aless for now.

I can go back and focus on how to capture Atoroa.

“Wait, Hardlett!”

“...What do you want now?”

I reactively put up my guard when Gildress opens his mouth.

“Part with that ridiculous keigo. We fought each other with our lives on the line, and are friends so to speak.”

“Don’t jump straight from enemy to friend like that...”

“Just as you heard, my authority as King is being suspended and I have nothing to do now. I am about to return home, so why don’t you come and stay for the night.”

“No way! It’ll definitely have a manly stench!”

Celia is against it.

But the sun is setting already.

It’s probably safer to stay in this guy’s mansion than it is to sleep in some crappy inn of an unfamiliar city.

“Besides, we ended in a draw, didn’t we? We still have to settle the score somehow.”

“Fighting again?”

I unconsciously put up my guard again.

The swelling on my face just went down too.

“No, the fight to the death ended in a draw. We’ll face-off in a different kind of battle.”

The two of us follow after Gildress while staying vigilant, Celia standing in front of me as if trying to protect me from whatever comes my way.

We enter his relatively large mansion, which wasn’t as big as a palace and didn’t have a reception room or dining room, and go straight to the bedroom.

“This is my wife.”

“It is a pleasure to meet you.”

She appears to be a woman in her mid-thirties, who has a rather large physique and also relatively plump tits and ass.

Well, it would take at least that kind of body to take a cock of his size.

“This is my younger sister.”

“Nice to meet you.”

She looks around mid-twenties in age, and is a slender beauty, shockingly nothing like her brother.

She’s lacking a bit in the boob department, but her toned form with sculpted muscles in all areas of her body gives her an impressive figure.

“And this is my daughter.”

“...hi there.”

She’s in her late teens, I think.

She is still developing, but little mounds are already starting to form on her chest and she’s at the prime age where she starts smelling like a woman.

Fortunately, her looks resemble that of her mother’s.

“I should be the one who’s happy to meet you all. Although, shouldn’t we eat as we introduce each other?”

Gildress laughs heartily and snaps his finger.

The three women then begin to remove their clothes.

“Hey now...”

“Now Hardlett, the next battlefield we’ll be competing on is the bed. Let’s see which one of us can make their woman cry!”

---

“D-dear! You’re too big, as usual! We’ve been married for 20 years and you’re making my hole scream out with joy again! N-no more, I’m cumming! Cumminnnngg!!”

Gildress is slamming his dick into his wife who lays face-up on the bed.

He is grasping her breasts and fondling them intensely, and although it looks like it should hurt when he uses that much strength, his wife looks happy with her arms

around his head while moaning in pleasure.

And that huge dick of his which is stuffed into the woman's hole is just like a thick log. Her vagina is ruthlessly being stretched to the point it might tear at any moment.

"What a dick. Is this guy really human?"

"It's about the same size as Aegir-sama's though."

Celia is covering her naked body with the sheets and preventing Gildress from looking at her as she sticks tightly to me.

Apparently, she wanted to wait on me because she saw how the opponent had three women waiting on him.

"Igyyyiiii!"

The woman's feet stretched up high stiffly and then her arms and legs eventually drop down powerlessly.

His wife's face is slovenly and drool is dripping from her lips.

She splendidly reached her climax.

"...so, what are you trying to say by showing off how a married couple has sex?"

To be honest, it turned me on a bit, but I don't get what he wants me to do.

"Umu, you're up next."

Gildress picks up his exhausted wife and lays her in front of me.

"You're going to fuck my wife next! It's a battle of who can make her feel the best."

"You're fine with this?"

"Of course, did you hear, Daphne?"

The wife named Daphne nods to indicate her approval.

"If you can win over Daphne, then you'll win, but if she feels bored, then I'll win. As a trophy..."



Gildress points at Celia.

“If I win, you’ll let me have one night with her. I’ll put my mark on her.”

“Hiiih!!”

Celia jumps and darts to a corner of the room.

“And if you win, you may plant your seed in Daphne. Is it safe today?”

“No, my ovaries are on standby. If you ejaculate inside, I’ll get pregnant.”

“That’s how it is. Oh yeah, you are free to indulge in my sister and daughter too.”

What ridiculous conditions.

“Y-you can’t, Aegir-sama! He’s just putting on an act with his wife so he can devour me!”

“He’s not that clever. Besides...”

As a man, I can’t back down from this kind of fight.

If worse comes to worse, I’ll just run away naked with Celia like the secret lover of a married woman.

Besides, I’m confident in myself. Because of my injury, enough semen has accumulated in my balls to make them feel heavy, and Gildress only relied on his size and strength from what I saw just now, not on his proficiency in turning a woman on.

For all the soldiers who died in battle, I’ll impregnate this King’s entire household.

I approach Daphne, who remains lying down, and give her a kiss.

“Daphne, bear with it.”

“I’ll be fine. I won’t feel anything from a man besides you, my dear.”

The woman mutters to me.

“If you have anything you want me to do, then I will comply with all requests accordingly. Naturally, I will not be putting up any resistance, and although I will try

my best to squeeze down, I was just penetrated by the incredible dick of my husband, so there might not be any meaning in penetrating me unless you are big enough."

I lower my pants and unleash my dick to shut her up.

"After all, my husband's big dick isn't just a run-of-the-mill-... hiih! T-this is-"

As I unveil my relatively erect cock, Daphne becomes speechless and touches it gingerly.

"A-at the very least, it seems like you aren't playing tricks on me. M-my dear, what should I do, this one's pretty big!"

"Just let him embrace you however he wants, I believe in you, Daphne."

I wrap my arms around the wife in front of her husband, sucking on her breasts and gently rubbing her from her stomach to her thighs.

"Nnhh, ahh... I'm already wet enough, if you're a real man, why don't you try and show me by ramming into me already?"

"Don't be so hasty, you have such a nice body so let me enjoy it a little more."

I spread her legs wide apart and shove my face in between, licking her genitals thoroughly.

The woman was considerably experienced and so her body responds to my caresses by secreting its viscous love juices.

Changing positions, I get the woman to sit on the bed, then I embrace her from behind, slowly but persistently massaging her breasts.

"Nnah! H-how vexing, this tingling sensation... nnoh..."

I focus on her sucking her neck while keeping my hands moving on her breasts, then guide her own hands to her crotch to stimulate her clitoris.

"Maybe this is enough."

"Hhaoh! Nnaaah!"

As a finishing touch, I use my fingers to pinch her clit, causing a burst of juice to jet out of her hole.

She's in her mid-thirties, the age where she craves for men the most, and she's already been developed nicely.

I don't think it'll be hard for me to conquer this woman.

First, I spread her legs apart and insert myself into her hole in the missionary position.

"Oooh, it's going in."

I push my hips forward and my shaft slides in smoothly.

Perhaps Gildress helped by expanding it beforehand, but I was able to easily fit my entire length into her.

And then the tip of my dick nudges against the entrance of her womb.

It looks like he's about the same size as me.

"Ah, my dear! This is bad. This person is big... almost as big..."

As the wife desperately pleads to her husband, I put my hands on her waist and give her a light thrust.

"Oohn!"

She let out a low groan and her legs bounced up.

Her ripe hole is stretched open, not squeezing tightly but gently enveloping my member.

It looks like I can enjoy myself not only with our little competition.

If I slam my dick into her with my entire weight behind it, Daphne squeals and after a while of thrusting, she starts wrapping her arms around my neck.

When she realizes she is in front of her husband shortly after, she panics and removes her hands from me.

"So this feels good for you?"

"Y-you're wrong. It's just because you're thrusting so hard."

Then I'll do this next.

I lift Daphne up and hold onto her thighs, then thrust as if I'm dropping my hips down on her.

"Hiih! Fuui! Aahn!"

She lets out some sharp screams and her love juices squirt out with each thrust. Her tongue hangs out loosely as she gazes at me with moist eyes.

"How was that? Was it better than what your husband can do?"

"...No, my husband still felt better."

That wasn't any good, then next is this.

The woman on the bed gets on all fours as I thrust into her from behind. If I use large swings of my hips, I can prod the entrance of her womb.

"Aaaaaaah-! T-this is amazing! It feels so good!"

Daphne sprinkles her love juices like she's urinating, and when I press against her further from behind while pinching her nipples, she reaches her climax and screams.

I also feel like some semen leaked out from my dick, but I can't ejaculate completely until she submits to me, otherwise it would be my loss.

"How was that, better than your husband?"

"Ah... ah..."

Daphne's body trembles slightly, yet Gildress still looks relaxed and unworried.

"N-not yet... it doesn't come close... to the pleasure of the climax my husband gives me..."

"Fuhaha, you saw her orgasm earlier, didn't you? When my wife reaches her peak and climaxes from the bottom of her heart, her entire body loses strength. The fact she's only twitching here and there means it wasn't a real orgasm."

“Kuh! Then how about this!”

“Aoooooh—!”

I insert a finger into her asshole and thrust harder into her vagina.

Daphne repeatedly climbed to the top and climaxed countless times, but she doesn't collapse in exhaustion.

I can feel my cock start to pulse, meaning I'll cum first at this rate.

“Fufufu, the woman who I've embraced for 20 years has been completely dyed in my color, so even if you use the same techniques, she won't fall for you so easily.”

“Aegir-sama! Please do your best!”

Gildress is slowly inching closer to Celia, there's no way I can lose here.

“Eh? In this position-...”

We get into a sitting position where we face each other, with her on top of me as I slowly push my hips up into her hips.

Daphne, who was anguishing from the pleasure of the previously intense thrusting, looked slightly disappointed.

“Have you given up? Will you just take your time and ejaculate in this position?”

“Of course not... I plan to make you fall.”

I bring my mouth to Daphne's neck and bite playfully into her flesh.

Perhaps because she agreed to respond to any sexual act I wanted, she similarly digs her teeth lightly into my neck.

“Do it harder.”

“Like this?”

As Daphne's teeth pierce the skin barrier and sinks deeper into my neck, my crotch simultaneously pulses.

“Eh!? No way, what in the-... getting bigger... ggh, it hurts... u,uaah, nnhhhhiiiiiii!!”

My cock instantly expands inside her womb and makes her scream out in anguish as well as throw her head back.

Her love juices flow out endlessly accompanied by her continuous squeals.

“Now we’ll proceed to having some real sex.”

I forcefully pull out my enlarged dick from her insides and expose a cock whose size was nothing compared to what it was before.

“Wah! Like my thigh!?”

“Nuu! I certainly did not expect it to be this big!”

Celia and Gildress were also shocked, while the sister and daughter waiting patiently on the bed also gasp in surprise.

“Now get ready.”

“W-wait, that thing won’t fit! It’s so much bigger than my husband’s... h-help me, my dear, if this thing violates me then I’ll-...”

“This is a competition, endure it.”

“How could I, it’s impossible, no way. Nnaaaaaaaah!!”

I plunge my giant dick into Daphne in the doggy-style position.

In an instant, that thick rod reached straight to her womb, and it inflated her baby room so much that a bulge appeared on the outside of her stomach.

Daphne tries to escape as she collapses to her knees but her body just slides flat onto the bed.

It’s really easy for me to fuck her like this.

“Well... looks like it somehow went in.”

I push my dick even deeper inside.

A wet slimy sound can be heard accompanied by a groan of agony.

Don’t worry, there’s only a little more to go.

As soon as I put in even more strength, my dick is sucked in and I don't feel anymore resistance.

My cock finally entered her womb.

"Ahh..."

Daphne, who was once making lots of noise, suddenly became quiet.

"Daphne... between that man and me, which one of us feels better?"

Daphne doesn't answer Gildress's question, remaining flat on the bed and exhaling deeply.

Her entire body gradually loses its strength.

The woman lifts her calm face that says she's given up on everything, and then smiles at her beloved husband.

"I'm sorry, my dear. This man... is better... than you, even though I wanted to love only you... I lost to this exceptionally large dick!! I was defeated and conquered by his penis! I like this man more nowwww!!"

"Nuu! So she got stolen from me!"

"Well said. It's my win!"

At the same time, I feel myself reaching my limit and ejaculating into her honey pot. In a flash, Daphne's uterus is filled with my semen and she eventually loses her consciousness with a satisfied expression on her face.

"Fuu... if we used the contraception now, wouldn't we be able to make it in time?"

I came directly into her womb so it might be too late to slather any ointment.

"No, my wife's womb is yours as promised. I'm sure she will give birth to a wonderful child."

Gildress had his wife stolen from him and impregnated right in front of his eyes, yet he can still smile with such a carefree attitude.

“Man, I lost! As expected of Hardlett, he’s also quite the warrior in bed.”

He follows up by instructing his sister and daughter to service me.

Going by his promise, these girls belong to me for the night too.

However, the girls are already blushing from seeing my cock and don’t seem hesitant to my advances.

“This huge cock made my mother go crazy... how immense this thing is.”

“This is... terrifying.”

The two of them grab my cock as it immerses in the lingering sensation of pleasure and tries to ride me.

“Hey now, it won’t go in so quickly.”

Daphne was accustomed to Gildress’s big dick so it went in despite the tightness of her hole, but these girls will definitely break if this thing enters them right now.

I want them to at least wait until it returns to its normal size.

“No, it won’t be a problem... because, aaahn!”

The King’s sister inserts the rod into her body by force.

Her insides are clenching tightly around me although it doesn’t seem like it’ll tear.

“My virginity was taken by my brother when I was 17 and he would frequently stir me up.”

So he fucked his sister... how greedy is he for sex?

“I became old enough to be considered a woman last year so my father took my virginity...”

He even violated his daughter?

What a man, how outrageous.

As I ponder his unethical deeds, the daughter switches places with the sister.

It’s hard to call her voluptuous when compared with Daphne, and I can’t do whatever I want to her with my dick, but it feels good to engrave myself in this still unripened fruit.



“D-don’t leave me out.”

Celia hurries and adds herself to this orgy, jostling for position.

“Nuu... I feel lonely by myself. Hey, can I fuck you?”

Gildress calls out to the young servant girl who brought in some water, and then the girl smiles as she happily takes off her underwear.

Based on that expression she just made, it seems she’s completely entranced with him.

“Now let’s thrust from behind and release our seed as we watch the girls kiss.”

Gildress pounds the servant while I bump hips with his daughter from behind.

The girls passionately tangle their tongues with each other and the two of us mercilessly pump our seed into their canals while enjoying the immoral scene.

It felt like I got along with this clingy man for just a tiny moment.

---

Protagonist: Aegir Hardlett. 23 years old. Summer.

Status: Goldonia Kingdom Margrave. Great Feudal Lord of Eastern Area. King of the Mountains. Friend of the Dwarves. Friend of the King of Aless.

Citizens: 159,000. Major Cities – Rafen: 23,000. Lintbloom: 4000.

Private Army: 11,000 men

Infantry: 5500, Cavalry: 800, Archers: 750, Bow Cavalry: 3950

Cannons: 15 (3 damaged)

Assets: 300 gold

Sexual Partners: 205, children who have been born: 46

# Chapter 191

## Orthodox Magrado Clean-up Battle (5)

### Just As Planned

#### -Aegir POV-

Sleeping with four women however I please naturally tires me out so I end up sleeping later than usual.

As I doze off on the soft bed, I feel hot sighs breathed towards my lips and then something soft touching them soon after.

I don't even have to think to figure out what it was – a woman's lips.

"Uuunn."

Knowing I can't remain sleeping, I open my eyes slightly to see Celia pushing her lips against mine.

How strange, Celia often comes to me to get spoiled but she wouldn't forcefully try to wake me up.

I'm certain I can't stay asleep now, so I open my eyes wider.

"Uu... Aegir-sama, I woke you up... I'm really sorry."

"Nn, I don't really mind, but why are you... ooh."

As I caress the face of the apologetic Celia and twist my tongue with hers, I feel an intense pleasure in my crotch.

"Not fair, mother! How could you take the tip like that?"

"It would be rude to leave it to an inexperienced girl like you, please lick the side instead. Zefira-san, take care of his balls."

"Hamohamo... his balls are big too and I can't get them all in my mouth."

The spoils of war from yesterday's battle service me – the King's wife stuffs the tip of my dick in her mouth, the sister takes my balls in her mouth and the daughter pouts

while licking the side of my shaft.

“I wanted to service you slowly as you woke up, but your dick was taken by somebody else before me...”

“So that’s why you wanted my lips... uuu! As expected, how skilled.”

“I can manage if it’s only this big, since I got used to licking my husband. If it was as large as it was yesterday, my jaw would dislocate... no, even if it dislocates, I’ll swallow it all the way to my stomach, so please don’t hold back and get as big as you can.”

It isn’t something I can do on my own, even if I wanted to.

Just enjoy its current size for now.

There aren’t too many women who can take in my dick this skillfully with their mouth. Of course, the girls in my household can do it too, but getting this fresh stimulation is nice. I close my eyes and relish the feeling of being inside her mouth.

“Muu-! How frustrating!”

Celia gets irritated when she sees me in a trance, using her hands to tease my nipples in addition to kissing me.

What a cute way to express her jealousy.

As I hug her close, she looks down at the three girls crowding around my crotch as if trying to impress them.

“Uu... I want his lips too.”

“That kiss... I could feel the love behind it.”

The daughter and sister was jealous of Celia in return.

“Not to worry, we have his cock in our hands. If we thoroughly pleasure him, we’ll win for sure.”

I don’t know what on earth you’re trying to win, but it feels good for me, so do your best.

Celia and the other three girls increase the intensity in their service of my body as if trying to compete with each other, and pleasure slowly builds up more and more

without having to do anything myself.

“Puha, Daphne-san, his balls just shifted. He’s just about there...”

“Right, the tip is also swelling up. He’s going to blow his load.”

“Mother! Let me drink his seed...”

The three women start quarreling with each other when their sharp eyes realize the nearing of my release.

Celia pretty much decided to focus on giving me hot kisses.

“No way! I won’t relinquish the extra thick seed of his first ejaculation to anyone, even my daughter. I will gulp it down.”

“Aaahn, not fair! Uwah, the entire thing is starting to pulsate... he’s cumming now.”

My patience has reached its limit.

The mother, Daphne, keeps her pleading daughter back as she pushes my rod deep into her throat.

“Cumming... there’s gonna be a lot, prepare yourself!”

With a final grunt, I push my hips forward.

My cock slides deeper into her throat and encroaches closer to her stomach.

“Nnggoh! Nnbh!!”

When Daphne starts making noise like she’s struggling, the sister and daughter naturally move to help her.

“Eeei!” “This is punishment for keeping all the good stuff to yourself.”

Unexpectedly, the two of them held Daphne’s head in place from behind, keeping my dick imbedded deeply in her throat.

“Nbbh—! Nnnnnh—! Nnnnnh—!”

My dick spit out its heavy load after fixing itself in a spot at the back of her throat. At first, Daphne tries her best to swallow everything, but eventually her stomach gets

filled and she holds her belly, struggling to get free.  
However, the two girls behind her don't let go of her head.

"Nnnh-... Nnbh..."

The wife who filled her gut with another man's semen looked up at me with tear-filled eyes.

"Sorry, I haven't even released half of it. I'm still cumming."

My meat rod is still pulsing wildly, expanding the woman's esophagus with the gooey fluid.

Daphne eventually uses up her strength and she collapses with her eyes rolled back.

"Anymore than that and she might die. Maybe you should let her go now."

"I guess so, then..."

As soon as the two of them released their hands, Daphne rolls herself away from the bed.

The two hands keeping her mouth closed must mean that her stomach reached its maximum capacity.

She bends over into a nearby tub and pukes out an immense amount of the sperm.

"Oobbbhh! Uubbbohhh!... haa, haa."

"Uwah, you're so nasty, mother... that's rather rude to Hardlett-sama. What a waste of his ejaculation."

"You girls went too far. Although, I'm still cumming..."

"Ara ara, I didn't realize."

The sister opens her mouth and guides the opening to my dick, quickly gulping down everything that gushes out.

It has been some time since I started ejaculating, so the momentum and amount have both decreased to a level which can be handled more easily.

"Ah-! It got taken from me again."

“Don’t worry, just feel my balls. There is plenty left, you two just need to milk it out.”

Celia looks at me with a pained expression.

There, there, I’ll save some for you too.

My balls work their hardest to satisfy the sister, the daughter was also able to get her fill of my semen, and I had enough to let Celia drink some too.

After emptying my nutsack in the morning, my hips feel rather light.

Two girls lie on either side of me, using my arms as pillows, while the others cling to my feet as I lay sideways on the bed.

It makes me feel like a King.

Speaking of King, where did the real King go?

Last night, he fucked that servant girl so much that she pitifully stared at the ceiling with an unfocused gaze, spraying her love juices everywhere as her tongue hung loosely from her mouth.

“Aheeeh... Gildress-sama... aahee.”

Taking on the King by herself in the middle of the night might have made her go insane. I hope she didn’t get broken.

As I bathe in the languidness I feel after releasing my load, my ears prick up to hear the muffled voices from the adjacent room used by the servants.

“Gildress-sama! Y-you must not. I am already 60 years old and have three grandchildren.”

“Fufufu, head maid. I always wanted to embrace you at least once.”

“If you sleep with a roughed-up granny like me, it’ll only dirty your tool... aah! You really put it in!”

“Wahahahaha! This wrinkled body is still pretty nice! How does it feel to have my rod in you!?”

“Aahhhiiiih! This hole which hasn’t been used in 20 years... spring has come again for this granny’s hole!”

It looks like something I don't want to see or hear is happening on the other side. Not long after the elderly woman's screaming stops, Gildress enters my room while still naked.

"Kya!"

Not wanting to show her body to any man besides me, Celia quickly hid herself under the sheets and dove under my arm.

"Hardlett, how did you like the taste of my family?"

"They were the best."

Gildress stands boldly in front of the door with his erect member out in the open. I didn't expect him to embrace an old woman too, what a despicable man.

"Umu, of course they are. They're women I brought up and cared for personally after all."

I don't see a hint of frustration or jealousy in him as Gildress places his hand on his hips and laughs heartily. He's an interesting fellow, but I don't want to become like him.

"Are you going back now?"

"Yeah, we're in the middle of a siege after all. I have to get back quickly."

And then Gildress immediately stands beside me after I get up. Get away, your juice-covered dick is too close.

"The battle is over. I know this might not be my place to say when Atoroa is about to be brought down, but... it's a request from a late friend of mine. Could you at least spare Isabella, the mayor of Atoroa?"

He draws near to me and asks with a grave expression, he's completely naked though.

"...I don't plan to completely destroy Atoroa. The mayor... won't be deliberately killed, especially if it's a girl."



“Is that so!?”

Gildress once again shows me a delighted smile.  
When he does so, his swinging dick barely misses me.

“In that case, I’ll definitely come to your rescue whenever you need help. I’ll bring the soldiers of Aless with me if possible, and if I’m unable to do so, I’ll still come even if I have to come alone. This is a man’s promise.”

As a sign of friendship, he hugs me tightly.  
And then finally... his dick was pushed against my thigh.  
This is one of the worst feelings in my life so far.

“Look, it’s a naked hug between two men.”  
“How good would it feel if you were sandwiched in between those men and their rods penetrated you from both sides...”  
“In the front and the back... hau.”

“Aegir-sama was dirtied...”

The girls were saying whatever they wanted as they watched from the side.  
Celia... use your soft hands to wipe me clean.

“Now go, Hardlett! The men of Aless will see you off!”

I won’t be that happy with this send off though.  
Celia and I depart from Aless and return to the encirclement of Atoroa.

“Aegir-sama, you might be muscular and all... but I actually love your kind side. So, please don’t become like that, ‘kay?”

“I know. More importantly, could you wipe me clean, I can still feel the lingering sensation.”

---

“With the firm promise from Aless that they won’t get involved, this is all but settled.”

Right after returning to base, Leopolt states plainly with his emotionless expression.

“It doesn’t look like there has been any development with the siege though.”

Taking a look at the situation, I can see that the cannons did their damage to the castle gates and walls, causing huge chunks to crumble to the ground.

However, the Atoroan soldiers easily fill in the gaps by constructing encampments, preventing our ally soldiers from setting one foot into the ramparts.

Despite the sporadic cannon fire and volleys from the catapults, the encampments concentrated around the city near the walls is still unharmed.

Enemy morale doesn’t seem low either, in fact it seems they’re rather confident.

“That is also part of the plan.”

Leopolt points to the flag.

The pure black battle standard which represents my army and should have been raised in the center of our camp is actually lowered so that it can’t be seen by the enemy.

“When the flag in the center of the camp is not raised, it means either the commander is absent or is unable to take command at the moment.”

“That might be so during peace times, but... there probably won’t be any idiots who would purposely tell the enemy of their situation during war times.”

Apparently, it is done ceremoniously but deceptions are commonplace during war.

“The battle standard wasn’t raised during a siege. How do you think the enemy will interpret this?”

Celia tilts her head.

“Don’t tell me they know that the general left to do negotiations... Leopolt, you-!”

“Right, the commander in Lord Hardlett got injured. They didn’t see you – who likes to stand at the front – during the attack just now either.”

The enemy probably thinks I’m injured or sick and can’t move.

Which in turn brings up the morale of the defenders.

“But will they fall for a simple trick like that?”

“Normally, they wouldn’t. But when they see a tiny ray of hope in the middle of a desperate situation like this siege battle, they can’t help but believe it.”

Leopolt glances briefly at Tristan, who answers while drinking his tea on the battlefield.

“Even in a bad situation, the brave will try their best to pull through. If you push through by force, they’ll struggle to the death. A person is the weakest... when they believe they can succeed at first and then get let down immediately after.”

What an ill-natured method, the one who came up with this is... probably Leopolt.

“Raise the flag. Bring all the siege weapons to the front, and perform an all-out assault.”

He must have planned to do this as soon as I came back.

Instead of the earlier sporadic shooting, the siege weapons fired a collective barrage. The already damaged city walls started to fall apart in certain places.

The burning rocks and pots of oil launched by the catapults caused the unharmed parts of the wall to catch on fire.

In addition, a volley of several thousand arrows rained down from above, turning the enemy camp into a pincushion.

“Attack now! Charge!”

The infantry and the cavalry aimed for the gaps in the wall, rushing into the city one after the other.

Even at a distance, we could tell that the enemy is in disarray.

They were saying things like ‘It wasn’t supposed to turn out this way’ and ‘The enemy general should be unable to move’.

Their expressions instantly turned to despair-filled faces when they saw the risen flag and my appearance on the frontlines.

The Atoroan army might not be as strong as the Aless soldiers, but they are definitely not weak and should have been fighting to protect their own city, yet they're falling apart like melted butter.

"Stop firing! Infantry, invade through the gaps of their camps and open up a path for the cavalry!"

"Archers, continue loosing your arrows! Don't worry about precision, just focus on getting as many arrows up as possible!"

Most of the encampments crumbled after one hit.

A few places managed to put up a decent resistance, although they were no match for my army who – probably because of the frustration they felt after the small group of Aless soldiers walked all over them – pushed into the camps with a bloodcurdling appearance and cut down the enemy soldiers.

The areas around the walls were quickly controlled by ally forces.

"The way has been cleared too. Cavalry begin charging, break through the enemy's defense lines and advance into the center."

The sound of countless hooves running on the ground which accompanied the herd of cavalry, might not have much effect on the soldiers, but it instills terror into the hearts of the citizens.

The enemies who were still resisting were quickly trampled as the cavalry completely broke past them, and then loud horns can be heard in various locations in the city where they invaded.

When that happened the Atoroan soldiers stopped fighting back altogether and took a seat on the spot.

"It's over."

Looking inside the city and at the most elevated mansion, a white flag was raised on the tallest tower.

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### **-Third Person POV-**

Side Story: Leave Her Alone. In the City of Rafen.

“Hey Leticia, do you know about it? The rumor of that lake.”

The two girls who came into Leticia’s restaurant spoke excitedly.

These ladies lived around the area, one of them has a husband who is an affluent merchant, while the other one – although single – has parents who were former bosses of peddlers and was well-off.

They would come into the restaurant everyday to enjoy food and talk about random topics.

“What about it?”

Leticia tilts her head curiously.

She was busy enough just managing the shop so she was unfamiliar with the happenings around her.

She accumulated a fair amount of money already but she felt happy just from letting other people taste her cooking so she never thought of taking a break.

“Outside Rafen... there’s this really pretty lake.”

“Aah... you mean how people said that they saw a mermaid appear there?”

‘Right, that.’ – the girls continue the story happily.

“Apparently, they said she appeared a long time ago, but there have been a lot more cases recently. Stories keep coming in saying they encountered one.”

“Heeh~, but if it’s only a mermaid, it won’t be dangerous unless you get too close to the lake. It’s much better than something like an orc, isn’t it?”

“That’s how it always starts. You see, my friend’s boyfriend had a lot of time on his hands and went to that lake to go fishing.”

Leticia nods and prompts the girl to continue, while another inches closer to listen in as well.

“And then, this tiny mermaid... which looked like a little girl, was reeled in. She was crying almost like a human child.”

“Eeeh! He fished her out!?”

“Something like a little girl? Poor thing...”

One of them was surprised while Leticia looked slightly sad.

“And then he wanted to bring that crying child back and show everyone.”

“Fumu, fumu.”

“And then... she came out.”

The girl paused for a second before suddenly raising her voice, which startled Leticia and caused her to scream.

The other girl must have been used to scary stories because she didn't seem too affected.

“She came out... so the parent of the mermaid appeared and ate him? Isn't that a normal chain of events?”

Fufufu – the girl laughs.

“Well, it was called a mermaid... but apparently, it had legs.”

“What the heck, it's not a mermaid if it has legs!”

“It had legs... but apparently the top half was that of a fish! It was super fast and chased after the man when he started running away!”

“Hiiiiiiiiih!”

“Ahahahahahaha! What the heck, that's super gross.”

Leticia shrieked but the other one burst out in laughter.

“And then, the man tripped on a stump. That mermaid caught up to him and stared at him with its big fish eyes... and then it said ‘Leave her alone~, leave her alone~. He

was drawn in by those eyes and lost consciousness... when he woke up, his rod and bucket... and of course, the tiny mermaid girl was gone too.”

After the story was over, Leticia let out a relieved sigh, while the other girl seemed a little disappointed.

“That’s obviously a lie he spouted because he wouldn’t look cool if he came back after not being able to catch any fish. I won’t say mermaids don’t exist... but they aren’t as common as goblins and won’t just pop up frequently like an everyday occurrence.”

“Well, you’re probably right~ It’s not like they give birth to hundreds of kids at one time like a regular fish.”

The person who told the story didn’t appear to fully believe the rumor either, as she folded her arms and requested a second helping of food from Leticia.

“By the way, what happened to Sharon? It’s pretty quiet right now, so maybe taking an afternoon nap?”

“Sharon is, well...”

Sharon became even more enamored with the feudal lord ever since he got embraced by the feudal lord.

He would take the clothes with that man’s scent... left behind after his first time... and sniff them while frantically consoling himself.

“He should know that if he goes at it too much, his own tool might get bigger though...”

“What are you talking about? But Sharon is kinda cute with how ambiguous he looks. If you keep it a secret from my husband, I wouldn’t mind helping him graduate from being a virgin, you know?”

“Yeah~, I was aiming for Sharon’s virginity too. I think some cute moans will come out from those lips of his.”

“Well, that’s... I don’t think it’s possible...”

After Leticia declined the two girls, they didn’t particularly get hung up over it and went back to enjoying their meals.

“He looks the type to be okay with his sister. But it’s not like we could suggest that, right?”

“Isn’t it fine if Leticia helps him lose his virginity? There won’t be a problem as long as she uses contraception.”

There was no way Leticia could tell them Sharon had absolutely no interest in girls anymore.



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Protagonist: Aegir Hardlett. 23 years old. Summer.

Status: Goldonia Kingdom Margrave. Great Feudal Lord of Eastern Area. King of the Mountains. Friend of the Dwarves. Friend of the King of Aless.

Citizens: 159,000. Major Cities – Rafen: 23,000. Lintbloom: 4000.

Private Army: 10,900 men (Lost infantry: 100)

Infantry: 5400, Cavalry: 800, Archers: 750, Bow Cavalry: 3950

Cannons: 12 (3 damaged)

Assets: 300 gold

Sexual Partners: 205, children who have been born: 46

# Chapter 192

## The Key is a Woman

**-Aegir POV-**

"I will repeat myself, our goal is not to capture Atoroa. If you hand over the insurgent Orthodox Magrado and an adequate amount of compensation, we will pull our forces out of the city right away."

I sit at a table across from the feudal lord of Atoroa, Isabella. Leopolt stands behind me with his typical indifferent expression. I want to settle this matter through negotiations as Gildress requested, but she isn't cooperating.

"...I don't know about the rebels you are referring to. The answer will be the same no matter how many times you ask."

We are stuck at this juncture.

"That kind of excuse won't work. We have already arrested several key commanders of the rebel force who were hiding within this city and have heard their testimony. We know you have agreed for this city to be the main headquarters for Orthodox Magrado... based on the request of a man named Maximilian."

"..."

Isabella whips her head to the side to feign innocence as soon as Maximilian's name was mentioned.

As soon as my cavalry unit broke past the defense lines and invaded the city, the Atoroan Parliament decided to surrender.

As a result, the Atoroan army stopped resisting, however Isabella didn't agree and insisted on remaining hostile to the end, somewhat forcing the Parliament and aides to agree.

Because Atoroa was the central hub for Orthodox Magrado, most of the top brass were apprehended when we flooded into the city.

The two most important things still remain unknown, namely the leader in Maximilian and the location of the funds he is hiding.

If we allow him to escape with the money, it will definitely create problems for us later down the road.

“Mayor, why do you go so far to protect him? He is hostile not only to us but to the surrounding Poleis as well. Even if you had some sort of agreement with him, no one would blame you for giving him up after he’s abandoned you. In fact, I think this pointless time-wasting strategy lowers your credibility.”

“I told you, I don’t know what you’re talking about. The citizens may have been silenced temporarily by the elders of the Parliament, but if the city continues to be occupied by you, I’m sure the people won’t be able to stay quiet. If you want to leave, now is your chance.”

We won’t get anywhere at this rate.

“The city surroundings are being monitored but the probability of escape increases as more time passes. We would have no choice but to do an honest search in all the houses where he is likely to hide.”

Leopolt also doesn’t look like he has another option.

“That Maximilian though, what a pathetic man he is, hiding behind a woman’s ass.”

As I contemplate the hassle which I would have to go through, I mutter my complaints under my breath.

“What was that!?”

My words weren’t directed at anybody in particular, yet Isabella flared up.

“Maximilian isn’t a savage like you... don’t mind me.”

“It seems you’re quite familiar with him.”

I see, that’s how it is.

I signal Leopolt with my eyes.

“Leopolt, what do you think about Maximilian?”

“Based on my observations so far, he’s a sneaky coward... in terms of appearance, he’s probably a terribly ugly man.”

We deliberately converse loud enough for Isabella to hear and she turns red with anger.

“What are you saying without having met him once!? He’s way more handsome than you, plus he’s huge... no, ignore what I said.”

I see, I thought it was strange for Atorua to cover for Orthodox Magrado without any particular reason.

Judging by the tone of the Parliament and the citizens of Atorua, they don’t seem to support Orthodox Magrado.

Which means Isabella must have made a personal offer based on romantic feelings to Maximilian for this city to be their stronghold, and is continuing to shelter him even as we speak.

From what we saw briefly of Isabella, she allows her feelings to show outwardly, just like a child.

If that guy is used to being with women, he could easily manipulate her however he wanted.

The two of us step out of the meeting room to discuss our next steps.

“Lord Hardlett, if she’s motivated by romantic feelings, then she won’t be moved by any kind of reason or logic.”

Right, if she’s in love then persuading her with money or threats of punishment won’t work.

“If you’re okay with being forceful, we could torture her to get her to talk.”

“That option is out of the question.”

I made a promise with Gildress, besides she’s a woman.

I look over at Isabella again.

She appears to be a bit younger than 30, although her pouting face as she averts her eyes makes her seem more childish.

Her height is around 170 cm, which is fairly tall for a woman, and the impression she gives from her slightly alluring eyes to her waist-long red hair is one of a stubborn tomboy.

She isn't the most charming... although I'm still curious about her as a woman.

"Lord Hardlett, I have a suggestion."

For once, I wholeheartedly approve of Leopolt's plan.

"...So you're finally starting to understand me better."

"I simply believe this to be the best course of action. I will arrange the details surrounding the operation..."

I'll rest my body and my dick to prepare for that moment then.

---

Night

"Fumu, looks like Leopolt did a good job."

I wait in the garrison until after the sun sets and head to the mayor's residence once again.

I don't have prior consent from Isabella nor the Parliament though.

This is 100% trespassing.

I walk along the hallway and pass by a maid who was doing her night rounds.

The maid doesn't make a sound, only glancing briefly at me before looking away and pretending she didn't see anything.

Leopolt must have done something to make the maids and guards working at night to look the other way.

Despite being seen by many servants, I didn't have much trouble reaching Isabella's bedroom.

I put my ear to the door and hear the faint sound of someone's voice.  
I open the door quietly and enter the room, making sure the person doesn't realize my presence.  
Light enters through the crack and illuminates the dark room, but the woman absorbed in her own actions shouldn't be able to tell the difference.

"Nnh! Aahn! Aah! Aaaah... my beloved... I want it soon... right after those guys leave... Aaah! More!"

From the wet rubbing and soft moans, Isabella must be masturbating.  
It isn't a good idea to develop a habit of eavesdropping on women as they pleasure themselves, so I'll have to pounce on her quickly.

"Aah... Maximilian... cum... cumming... eeeshh!?"

Right when Isabella's body started to tremble, I get on the bed.  
The woman stares blankly with her fingers still inside her vagina in reaction to a sudden appearance of a human-shaped figure.  
And then a few moments pass before the moonlight shines on me and Isabella cries out like she's on fire, realizing I was there.

"Why are you here!? Y-you insolent fellow... nnggh!"

If I let her scream, it might rope in those who Leopolt didn't get around to.  
I cover Isabella's mouth and mount her.

"Be quiet. Don't make a fuss."

"Mmmgmmh..."

Just then, a scraping and shuffling sound could be heard from the hallway.  
Those sounds are metallic in nature so they couldn't be from a maid's shoes, which means that guards were coming.

Isabella instantly intensifies her struggles, taking her mouth away from my hand.

"Guards! There's a suspicious individual! Hurry and remove him!"

The sound of footsteps stop briefly but then resumes, passing by the front of the room

as if nothing happened.

So those soldiers were the ones Leopolt turned to our side.

“N-no way...”

A look of resignation appeared on Isabella’s face as she knew there was no way the guards didn’t hear anything, but rather ignored the sound.

“Don’t make that face, it’s not like I’m going to do something bad to you.”

“Do you think I’ll believe you in this situation...? Well, I guess I have to hear you out... so why have you come?”

Since she was masturbating not too long ago, Isabella’s nightwear is pretty messed up – one of her breasts is exposed, her shirttail was rolled up to her stomach, her genitals are completely exposed, and my body is in between the legs she spread open.

“This won’t be what you are afraid of. In other words, I want to thrust my meat rod into your hole.”

I take off my shirt and get half-naked while I’m at it.

“What difference is that!? You’re going to rape me, right!?”

I cover Isabella’s mouth again as she raised her voice.

“No, I don’t rape women, that’s why I’ll get you to accept me.”

I take my hand away from her mouth and wait for her reply.

“Don’t be ridiculous! You expect there to be women who will just go ‘Oh, is that so’ and spread their legs for you!? Move, get off me!”

Isabella flaps her arms and legs to get free from me, but everytime she does so, her hand hits my cock which is gradually getting harder from the girl’s foolishness.

“Mu, can’t you see that you’re hurting me?”

“Eh?... hey. What on earth is that?”

It's not like a radish is growing out from my crotch or something.  
It's my dick of course.

"Y-your dick... this entire thing?"

Isabella stops resisting and after being surprised, she carefully pets the bulge in my pants.

It looks like she's interested.

"Yeah, touch it gently."

I raise my hips up to make it easier for her to feel its shape through my pants.  
The lively girl strokes my dick somewhat timidly.

"It reaches all the way here... it's so much bigger... than his."

In a complete turn of events, she acts more charmingly and my dick gets even harder and bigger from the gentle stimulation.

"It's still getting bigger!?"

"Of course. I'm still only 80% hard. Here, I'll let you see it up close."

I remove my pants and reveal my dick.

My dick springs up in front of her face as it gets unleashed from its bindings.

Isabella lets out a tiny gasp although her eyes don't close in fear.

"It isn't only big, it's thick... and rugged... almost like some monster's dick..."

It might be an unconscious reaction, but the woman's mouth gradually falls open and her cute pink tongue stretches towards my length.

Right before her tongue touches the tip, I confirm with her.

"Your tongue is sticking out. Do you want to suck on it?"

"T-that's not it! I was just surprised at how big it was, that's it!"

Isabella gets flustered and quickly hides her tongue in the safety of her mouth,



distancing herself from me while she was at it.  
It doesn't look like she's going to scream anymore.

Her reactions are similar to Catherine's. In that case, she should be quite the nymph.  
I chase after her and get her to touch my meat rod again.

"Don't you want to put this inside you? I'll be sure to make you feel good."

"Uu... T-that's-... I'm a little interested... actually, nevermind!"

"Is it because of Maximilian?"

"...I- I didn't say anything."

The reason Leopolt aided me in this nocturnal visit was for this reason – in order to sever the feelings Isabella has towards Maximilian.  
It's this reason that prompted the solution of embracing her.

"Then let's do it this way. I'll help you get off. It doesn't count as cheating as long as there's no penetration."

I don't even wait for her to answer as I lift up her thighs and put my mouth against her vagina.

"Hahnn! Aau!"

She squeals in a high-pitched voice, but doesn't resist.  
It looks like I have her consent.

Isabella's earlier masturbation probably has something to do with it, but it doesn't take long before her vagina starts overflowing.

Rather than soft and slow teasing, stronger and more vigorous motions work better on an already sopping wet pussy.

I make an effort to slurp louder to let her hear the sounds coming from her crotch, occasionally sucking on her clit, and then pushing my tongue as far as it can go into her inner folds.

"Aaau! Aaaah... uuuuuuuun!"

As she writhes in pleasure, she puts her hands on my head.  
She wasn't trying to push me away, but rather trying to keep me from stopping.

"Puha, what's wrong? Was that better than Maximilian's technique?"

"It was so sudden... he never used his mouth for that long... more importantly, don't stop..."

Oh, so he doesn't lick her much?  
What a wasteful guy.

I put my mouth against her vagina once again and lick up a storm, rubbing her clitoris with my nose and giving her great stimulation.  
Isabella writhes in pleasure, moaning while gradually climbs closer to climax.  
And then finally, she reaches the zenith.

"Aau! Cu-cumming... I'm cumming... from your mouth!!"

Both her hands extend to my head and she presses down stronger than she ever has before.  
To amplify the pleasure of her orgasm, I take her bean in my mouth and suck hard while making sure not to hurt her.

"Ah, ah, ah, Aaaaaah—-!!"

When Isabella throws her head back, a wave of liquid sprays into my mouth from her opening.  
The woman seems sodden, so the amount of juice she leaked out was tremendous.  
If I take my mouth away, it would feel like I lost to her though.  
I'll just have to drink every last drop.

"Haa... haa... what an incredible orgasm..."

The exhausted woman immerses in the lingering sensation of pleasure, as I roll her onto her stomach.

"It's my turn to use this place next."

"Fueh! Ah! Y-you can't!"

The weakened Isabella suddenly covers her genitals.  
I thought I could just get her in the mood and put it in, but I guess not.  
Maybe she needs one more push.

“Then why don’t you just use your hands. That wouldn’t count as cheating.”

“Uuu... it’s so hot and hard, I never thought such a cock actually existed.”

We’re actually in a position where doggy style is possible, but she doesn’t raise her ass and she’s shielding her hole with her hand. However I can still rub my dick along her body without penetrating her, sliding my shaft on the back of her hand instead. Her red hair which is spread out on the bed hides her shoulder and back, causing an increase in arousal from what I can’t see and makes my erection even harder.

Everytime I rub my dick against her, I can see the tips of her ears getting more red. That attitude earlier also signals to me that she apparently likes big tools.

“You like large cocks?”

“I love it!... er, well I don’t dislike them. They’re just manly.”

“Then take your time to savor this, I’ll rub it against you as much as you want.”

I drag my length slowly back and forth, making sure she won’t forget the size and girth, then I change the topic.

“I think you’re a good woman. Why do you have such deep feelings for Maximilian? He’s the kind of man who would conceal himself in the basement of some house while leaving you out by yourself. “

“W-when he embraces me and I am brought to climax, it feels so good... and his dick is big too...”

I could also tell from my earlier caressing that Isabella’s body is very sensitive and she has quite the lewd disposition.

A man who knows – even a little – of how to handle women could easily send her to heaven.

So it wasn’t because Maximilian was a supremely talented womanizer.

“Isabella, so am I more skilled or is he?”

The woman looks at me, slightly taken aback.

“Could he make you cum with his mouth?”

“Y-... yeah, but the orgasm wasn’t as intense...”

“And his dick? Which is bigger, mine or his?”

I press my dick against her so she could feel its shape.

“Yours, his is big but obviously not as large as this...”

She indicates his size with her hands.

Fufufu, only that much?

“But he would properly caress my entire body and-...”

Before she could finish her sentence, I hug her from behind, licking her shoulders while reaching under her and grabbing her breasts with one hand.

The other hand gently brushes against her neck and rubs her lightly, naturally I don’t stop rubbing her crotch with my dick.

“Ah! N-no way, you only touched me a little bit!”

I continue my petting and stroking and Isabella’s body eventually turns red, as if her entire body was blushing.

It’s really easy to turn her on, so she’ll probably be helpless when I thrust into her like this.

“How was that, my technique is not too shabby either. If you would allow me to enter, I can make you feel even better.”

I knock lightly on the hand guarding her vagina with the tip of my dick.

“But... that would be cheating on him. I vowed to love only him too.”

Although Isabella is in tears, she doesn't push me back.

"Picture it in your mind. My dick will enter you... probably reaching the back in an instant. And then I'll slam it into your womb."

"Aah... my womb... slam it..."

Isabella mumbles incoherently, trying to repeat what I said.

"Besides, you can feel it. The tip of my meat rod is wider than your hole... it'll definitely scrape your insides well. It'll grind against your G-spot while stretching your opening and plunging itself deep inside your canal."

"Scraping... stretching... that huge dick will... enter my hole..."

Isabella's hand becomes powerless and the protection around her pussy is gradually lowered.

I bring my mouth close to her ear and whisper.

"Why don't you switch to loving me and let yourself feel good, Isabella. If you want me inside, just take your hand away."

"Ah... aaau."

At that moment, her hand was pulled back swiftly, exposing her ass and vagina.

"Then I'll take that as an okay."

I press myself against her back and grab her shoulder, sliding my meat rod without hesitation into her genitals.

Just like I told the woman, my dick scrapes against her inner walls and stirs up insides as the entire length makes its way through the fleshy membrane and reaches the very end.

"Nnnhhhhiiiiiiiiiih!! I-it's innnnn! I cheated on hiiiiim!"

I don't waver when I finally got to put it in, plus the woman wouldn't want that either. I swing my hips furiously from the beginning, continuously hitting the deepest part of her intimacy.

“Aagghaaaaah! Uwaaaaaaah!”

Her voice would be too loud, so I have her bite on a pillow while I continue plowing away at her.

With every thrust, she would sprinkle her love juices and her limbs would stretch out. How easily aroused... there's nothing she could do to prevent being manipulated my men when her body is this lewd.

“Does it feel good? Doesn't it feel better with me?”

“Nnnnnnnnnnnh-!! Nnngghhhhh!!”

Isabella bites down harder into the pillow as she shakes her head in a frenzy, making it hard for me to tell if she agrees or disagrees.

I'll at least finish what I started.

As Isabella rampages on her stomach, I completely climb on top of her and drop my hips.

Her muffled screams and the sound of splashing continued endlessly, and even I start losing track of how much time passed.

As I approach my inevitable ejaculation, I turn the head of the pinned girl towards me to make doubly sure of her feelings.

“What a face.”

I unintentionally said something rude.

Her body, which is spread out like a flattened frog, looks pretty bad, but her face is just as bad if not worse.

Her eyes are half-open and rolled back, while her tongue is hanging out sloppily and sticking to the bed sheet.

Tears and snot drip down the orifices of her face and saliva trickles down from her mouth as she pants like a doll broken by the pleasure.

“It's so goood, big penis is, haahiii... aheeh...”

She doesn't look capable of intelligent speech anymore.

I should finish soon for the woman's sake too.

“I’m going to invade your womb with my cock. You might get pregnant.”

“Aaheh... preg-... -nant... don’t.”

She still has some reason left in her as a mayor.

“I told you to abandon Maximilian and be mine. And then you have to tell me everything, including where he is. If you do, I’ll make you happy.”

“Betraying... that man... but... after all...”

“It feels incredible when I ejaculate in your womb though. Better than anything you felt before.”

The melting yet vacant eyes of Isabella widen.

“I would... die from that... die from pleasure... as I cum...”

I raise my hips and change the angle of my thrusts.  
I wrap the woman tightly and kiss her saliva-stained lips.

“I’m cumming... You’re getting stolen by me!”

My cock pushes past the slackened entrance of her uterus with an indescribable sound.

The stimulation on my tip as it rubs against the narrow passage sends me over the edge as I empty my load.

“I-it went innnnn! I’ve never felt this beforeee! Not goooooodd!”

Isabella curled her back so much that she probably would have broken her own backbone if I wasn’t holding her down.

In the next moment, she fainted.

At the very last second before she passed out, I’m sure I heard her say: ‘I don’t need that man anymore. This dick is so much better!’

## The Next Day

“This is truly what they call a big haul.”

As Tristan said, all the top-level commanders of Orthodox Magrado who accompanied the mayor and also the assets hidden away by them were being dragged out one after the other.

They were hiding in the waterways which pulled water and directed it throughout the entire city, which didn't seem wide enough to fit people at first glance, but there was a wide space which opened up in the middle, seemingly created after exploiting the originally hollow area.

Furthermore, there was a path which led outside the town from there.

“We're fortunate they didn't just run away as fast as they could.”

Celia also sighs in relief.

The mayor, Isabella, was the only person who knew of this secret about the waterways, so they must have been confident they wouldn't be found.

Since my army was carefully keeping watch over the area, it seemed they would rather wait until we retreated than trying to escape and get caught.

“We confirmed the people we just arrested and it looks like we successfully captured all the top-level commanders.”

“Good work. We suffered an unexpected amount of casualties but we completed all of our objectives.”

I nod as I watch the wrists of the enemy commanders get tied to their waist with rope. One of them in particular glares provokingly at this direction... more precisely, at Isabella who was standing behind me.

“...bitch, how dare you betray me like this, even after I showed you all that affection...”

Hooh, so this guy is the one called Maximilian?

Sorry, but I stole your woman away.



“ .. ”

“What was said to you to make you do that!? Was it for money!? Or perhaps you were going to get status in Goldonia!?”

Maximilian shouts in an unsightly manner, and while I intend to stay quiet, Isabella approaches him with a calm demeanor.

“Now that I look at you, you’re not such a great man after all.”

“Haah!?”

The air in the area seems to stop flowing.

“I’m sorry, Maximilian. I was naive and believed that no other man could reach your level.”

Isabella grabs my arm and rubs her cheek lovingly on it.  
Celia’s eyebrows are raised, so please stop for now.

“After being embraced by him, I learned what a real man was like. That’s why your half-hearted technique and below average dick is no longer needed. From now on, I’ll be getting love from the greatest cock ever. Goodbye Maximilian, I don’t think we’ll ever see each other again.”

After receiving such a cold response, the men nearby all look at him with eyes of compassion.

Maximilian was taken away with his mouth left hanging open in disbelief.

He will be dragged to the capital and executed there.

I’ll probably feed him one final decent meal so he doesn’t haunt me when he dies.

After the battle, approximately 30,000 gold was confiscated from the assets hidden by Orthodox Magrado as reparations and Atoroa also paid approximately 10,000 gold to compensate for any damages caused.

Most of it was actually done by Gildress and his soldiers though.

Isabella was rubbing her body against me as she insisted on paying me, so I decided to accept the money.

Atoroa is a comparatively large and wealthy Polis, though losing out on 10,000 gold

still hurts.

Moreover, their soldiers... who are pretty much their citizens, suffered great casualties, and the city walls which can be considered a symbol of their Polis was almost reduced to rubble by our cannons.

The source of blame for all that happened ended up falling on Isabella as the mayor and the citizens even started openly criticizing her.

If left alone, she would be in danger of getting assassinated or the citizens would revolt.

We can't take the mayor away and I can't stay behind to protect her either.

"Gildress talked about a promise with her father or something, so I'll let him manage."

Now that his authority as King has been suspended, he should have plenty of free time. Even though he can't mobilize any soldiers, he can still provide advice.

Besides, I'm sure it's better to have a fellow ruler help out than a complete outsider like me butt in.

I'll send a letter to Gildress, load the riches, tie up all the Orthodox Magrado members, and then head out.

"...it's finally over."

"You said it, if some muscle head didn't do anything unnecessary, we would have had a much easier time."

He said I could call him when I need help, right?

I hope he's prepared for some extreme situations then.

---

Side Story, A Few Days Later

"Aegir-sama, an express messenger from Atoroa has arrived."

Not long after we left Atoroa, a messenger caught up to us from behind before we even reached my territory.

I take a look at the letter and it's from Isabella.

Was there a rebellion or something?

“I’ll read it. Let’s see... it’s an apology letter.”

Apology? We already received the compensation funds, so I don’t think there was anything else which required the use of an express messenger.

Celia continues reading.

“My beloved Hardlett-sama, I’m sorry. I felt I had to apologize for our temporary parting after you did me the favor of teaching me what a real man was.”

Parting? I’m getting more and more confused here.

“Worried for my sake, my father’s best friend Gildress came to Atoroa.”

I did send him a letter, so that isn’t anything strange.

“And then last night, he forced himself on me and I gave in to his advances. With a terrifying cock rivalling that of Hardlett-sama’s, and the pleasure to match... I swore to become Gildress’s woman.”

“...What the heck?”

“This doesn’t mean my love for you has disappeared, but the love for the man embracing me now just won’t stop. If you ever come back to Atoroa again, please come embrace me whenever you want. I will return to being your woman right away so-... - what’s with this woman!!?”

Celia throws the letter on the ground and stomps on it.

Looking at it again, there are some wet stains around the blank spaces and it seems strangely pliable.

Don’t tell me she wrote this as she was being fucked.

“Aegir-sama! You should abandon a lewd woman such as her! She’s fine with anyone as long as they have a dick.”

That might be true.

If you think about it, it’s only been a few days since I left... and she’s already on top of another man considering that the letter took 2-3 days for the letter to reach us.

She always had a lewd body, but she really lost all restraint if she’s cheating and letting

herself be taken by another man.

However, the thing I'm most shocked about is Gildress, who ate and conquered the daughter of his best friend entrusted to him on the first day of arriving in Atoroa.

"I can't ever let him meet any of my women."

"Agreed! I was getting cold sweat, not knowing when he might pounce on me."

Celia was in quite the precarious position.  
I'll be sure to protect her better from now on.

As I pat Celia and watch her cute eyes narrow from the pleasing sensation, we slowly arrive back home.

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Protagonist: Aegir Hardlett. 23 years old. Summer.

Status: Goldonia Kingdom Margrave. Great Feudal Lord of Eastern Area. King of the Mountains. Friend of the Dwarves. Friend of the King of Aless.

Citizens: 159,000. Major Cities – Rafen: 23,000. Lintbloom: 4000.

Private Army: 10,900 men

Infantry: 5400, Cavalry: 800, Archers: 750, Bow Cavalry: 3950

Cannons: 12

Assets: 40,300 gold (Reparations +40,000)

Sexual Partners: 206, children who have been born: 46



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